

# Current Literature



Edward J. Wheeler, Editor

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## A Review of the World



WHEN two of the chief officers of the Standard Oil Company issue a signed statement to the public solemnly asserting that the downfall of the company, through any cause whatever, "would be a national disaster," it is a pretty sure indication that they are at last facing what they regard as a serious situation. A little less than one month after John D. Rockefeller and John D. Archbold issued this warning to the public, Judge Landis, of the United States District Court, sentenced the company, through one of its subsidiary companies, to fines aggregating \$29,240,000 for transactions covering but three years of its existence and operations over a single railroad. Two days later the Bureau of Corporations, at Washington, issued a report on the general character of the company and its relation to the public weal. The report was to the effect that the company has for twenty-five years secured its domination of the oil business "by methods economically and morally unjustifiable." This all seems, on the face of it, to mean that a war for the extermination of the company has actually begun. It will take more than a fine of twenty-nine millions to destroy it; but that fine may be but a beginning. There are, says Mr. Garfield, secretary of the interior and former commissioner of the bureau of corporations, ten thousand other offenses of the same sort on which the company may be prosecuted; and, more significant still, the federal officials are proceeding in their preparations for the trial of officers of the company for criminal conspiracy, the penalty of which is two years in the penitentiary. The Standard Oil Company was the first of the trust organizations and the group of multi-millionaires made by it have dominated in the great financial transactions

of recent years. Its downfall would be a stupendous affair. The events of the last few weeks are therefore events of the first magnitude.

THE trial which has thus resulted in the imposition of the largest fine ever imposed by any court was for violation of the Elkins law of 1903, which forbids railroads to transport the goods of a shipper at rates less than those published by the road and filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission, and forbids shippers to receive such rates. The company was tried on 1,903 counts, each count representing the shipment of a carload over the Chicago & Alton Railroad—one of the Harriman roads. The jury found a verdict of not guilty on 441 of these counts and of guilty on 1,462. The defendant in the case was not the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, which is the head of the system, but a subsidiary company called the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, which has a capital stock of but one million dollars and property valued at ten millions. But from a certified copy of a resolution of the stockholders, it appears that "of its \$1,000,000 capital all but four \$100 shares are owned by what is called the 'Standard Oil Trust.'" The question is whether the parent company of New Jersey, with its capital stock of one hundred millions and with its earnings, during the three years covered by the offenses, of \$199,800,000, can be made to pay the fines of the subsidiary company. That question will yet have to be fought out. The whole case will unquestionably go to the Supreme Court.

QUESTIONS of law are one thing and questions of equity may be another thing. Defeated, so far, on questions of law, the



TWO OF THE THREE ROCKEFELLER BROTHERS

A recent picture of John D. and William D. There is a third brother, Frank, living in Cleveland. According to the Rockefeller family physician, their father, William A., is still living at the age of 94 and some of the sensational newspapers are trying hard to cook up a scandal in regard to the relations existing between the sons and the father. Frank is reported as bitterly hostile to John D., and an alleged interview with him (which he repudiates) has been published in which John D. is severely arraigned as an inhuman monster.

Standard Oil officials have taken the trouble to lay before the people the questions of equity involved, as they see them. In a statement issued by the president of the subsidiary company, James A. Moffett, an appeal is made to the public for "fair play." This appeal is based almost entirely upon one point, the alleged ignorance of the company that it was receiving from the railroad company an illegal rate. The advertised rate from Whiting to East St. Louis was eighteen cents per hundredweight. But this, says the company, was a class rate, not a commodity rate. The rate given to it by the chief rate clerk of the railroad was six cents. "The uncontradicted evidence," says President Moffett, "also showed that the Standard Oil Company was advised by the rate clerk of the Chicago & Alton that this six-cent rate was filed with the

Interstate Commerce Commission." How was the company to know, then, that this rate was illegal? If a shipper is to be held responsible in such a case, "every shipper of freight is in danger of the penitentiary or confiscation of his property, by way of excessive fines, every time he undertakes to make a shipment from one state to another." Under the circumstances, says Mr. Moffett, the prosecution of the company ought never to have been begun. It was "a prostitution of the spirit and the high purposes of the Interstate Commerce Act."

ONE thing Mr. Moffett does not say, tho he clearly intends that it shall be inferred, namely that the company was in fact ignorant that the rate of six cents was illegal. It is probably true that the company was advised by the railroad clerk that the rate was six cents. The evidence shows that it was so advised, and that the clerk gave to its traffic manager a special billing order blank on which



HE THOUGHT HE WAS HID  
—Bartholomew in Minneapolis Journal.

that rate was printed. But this special billing order is believed by the judge and the jury to have been a mere trick to enable the company to escape prosecution. This order did not purport to have been filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission. It was not distributed to the freight agents of the railroad. It was not referred to in any way on the application sheet which contained the advertised rates of the railroad. It was a part,

apparently, of the confidential arrangement made between the company and the railroad. The company's traffic manager testified that he received this billing order from the rate clerk each year and was told that the special rate thereon had been filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission as required by law. Then the judge asked a very simple question. He wanted to know of the defendant's counsel whether the traffic manager was in fact misled on this point. The counsel and the traffic manager had to hold a serious conference before answering that question. Then the answer that was made was skilfully evasive. It was as follows: "The traffic manager tells me he assumed that the Alton Company did its legal duty in that regard." If he had been honestly misled why did he not say so? If the oil company was in fact ignorant that the rate was illegal why does not President Moffett say so, since his entire case of equity, in his appeal to the public, hangs upon that point? The same appeal was made to the jury by the Standard's lawyers, and after listening to it they pro-



#### A JUDGE WITH A "FINE" RECORD

Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, of the United States District Court of Northern Illinois, has just inflicted on the Standard Oil Company the largest fine ever recorded. Judge Landis said: "The men who thus deliberately violate the law wound society more deeply than does he who counterfeits the coin or steals letters from the mail."

rate clerk, by the way, promptly disappeared when this trial was begun, and the prosecution is still trying to find him.



"POOR JOHN"

—Atlanta Constitution.

ceeded to render a verdict of guilty. Judge Landis listened to it and then commended the jury, saying: "In the opinion of the court, the evidence fully justified the jury in finding the defendant guilty on each of the 1,462 counts." And the judge remarked further, in pronouncing sentence, that "a jury is not required to accept an obviously improbable thing as true merely because in a lawsuit a witness may testify to its having happened." That

JUST two days after the infliction of this huge fine by Judge Landis and the appeal to the public by President Moffett for "fair play" came the report of Herbert Knox Smith, the new commissioner of corporations, giving the results of the bureau's investigation into Standard Oil affairs. A previous report was made over a year ago by Commissioner Garfield. This second report is based chiefly on the same investigation and deals with the subject of prices and profits as they have affected the pocketbooks of the general public. The fact that the first part of the report was made public just two days after the sentence by Judge Landis is pointed to as significant by Vice-President Archbold, of the Standard Oil Company. The act creating the bureau of corporations, he observes, provides that its reports shall be submitted to the President and may be made public in whole or part only in the discretion of the

President. Mr. Archbold goes on to remark that in the preparation of the report the commissioner "did not see fit even to confer with us." If he had done so, the company "would readily have furnished him the data for a truthful statement of facts on this question." The retort to this that is made in Washington is tart and uncomplimentary. "In every step we have taken in our efforts to get at the facts concerning the Standard Oil Company," said an officer of the federal government who refused to allow his name to be used, "we have met deception in men and deceit in methods. I might use shorter and uglier words, but you will catch my meaning."

**T**HE report of the bureau is long, statistical and accompanied with diagrams. The commissioner sends with it a letter setting forth the conclusions which he thinks are to be drawn from the facts contained in it. The main stress both in the report and the letter is laid upon the relation between the price of crude petroleum and the retail prices charged the public. The price to the public has been raised during the last ten years, we are told, "not only absolutely but also relatively to the cost of crude oil." Here is a paragraph from the commissioner's letter:

"The following facts are proved: The Standard has not reduced margins [the differences between the retail price and the cost of crude oil] during the period in which it has been responsible for the prices of oil. During the last eight years covered by this report (1898 to 1905), it has raised both prices and margins. Its domination has not been acquired or maintained by its superior efficiency, but rather by unfair competition and by methods economically and morally unjustifiable. The Standard has superior efficiency in running its own business; it has an equal efficiency in destroying the business of competitors. It keeps for itself the profits of the first

and adds to these the monopoly profits secured by the second. Its profits are far above the highest possible standard of a reasonable commercial return, and have been steadily increasing; finally, the history of this great industry is a history of the persistent use of the worst industrial methods, the exaction of exorbitant prices from the consumer and the securing of excessive profits for the small group of men who over a long series of years have thus dominated the business."

**I**N twenty-four years' time (1882 to 1906) profits of \$790,000,000 or more were earned by the Standard Oil Company, if the commissioner's estimates, made from incomplete figures, are reliable. These enormous profits, averaging about thirty-three millions a year for the entire period, were earned on an investment "worth at the time of its original acquisition not more than \$75,000,000." The bureau goes into the boasted efficiency of methods to which the company attributes its success, and it finds that its superiority in this respect over independent dealers is largely a myth. There is some superiority, but it is "not very great," and it is not to this that the profits are mainly due. "It extorts a profit over and above all the profits due to its economies." It is able to do this because of its "unfair practices" in competition with the independent concerns. "The most important of these, the cornerstone on which the Standard's power was first built up, was railroad discrimination." Almost equally effective have been "its unfair methods of competition in the selling of products." The net result to the public of these methods and of the domination acquired thereby has been not a decrease of price but the reverse. Says the commissioner:

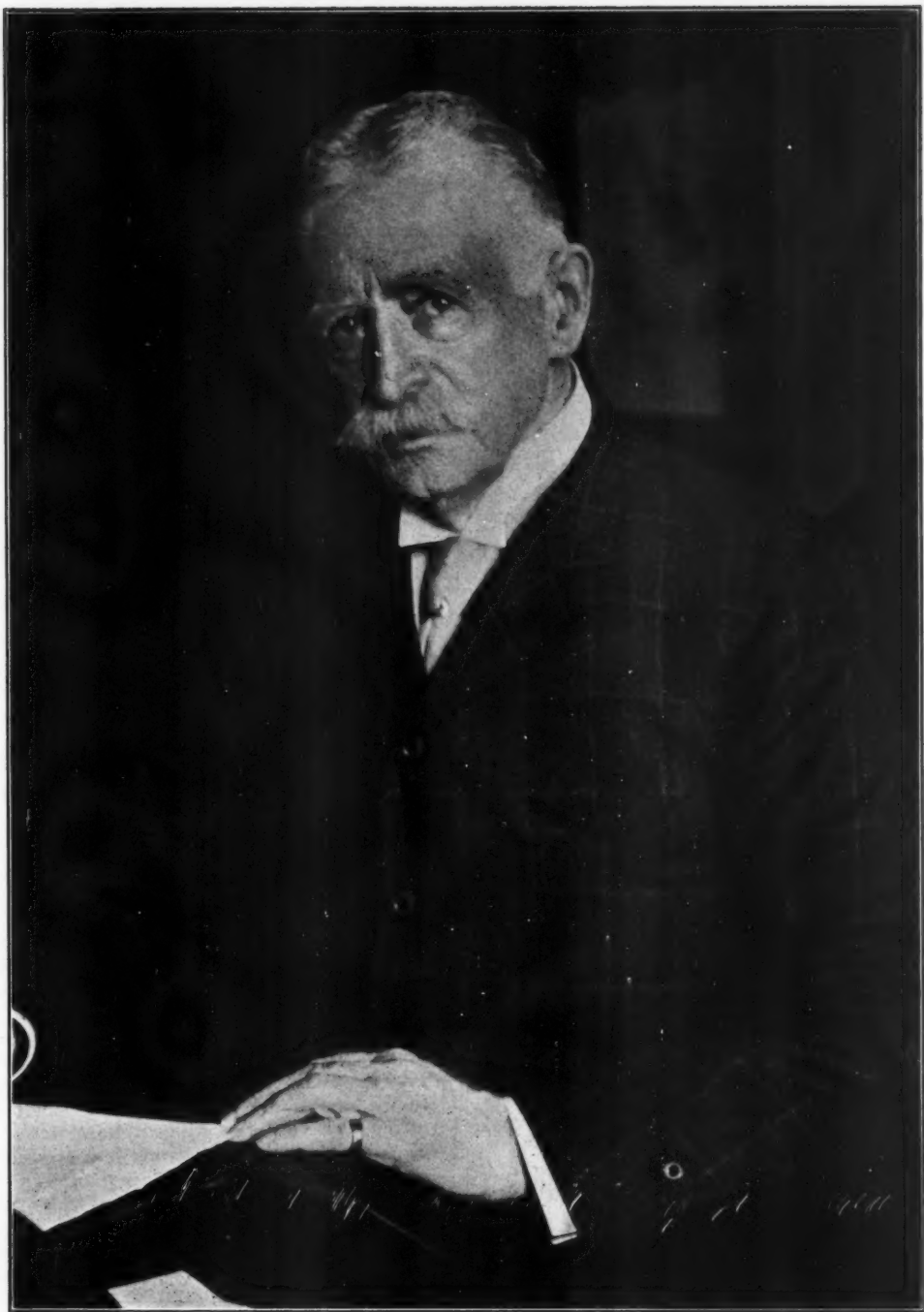
"In short, it may be said that the great decrease in prices which took place in the period from 1866 to 1874 was due to competitive conditions, while the much smaller decreases that took place from 1874 to the present under the domination of the Standard has been due to conditions over which the Standard had no control, has been more than offset by increase in the value of by-products, and can not be placed in any way to the credit of the Standard Oil Company."

**N**O VERY illuminating comment on these developments has come under our observation. The Standard Oil Company has not had many friends among the newspapers for a good many years, and what regret is shown at the present time is caused not so much by sympathy for the company itself as by apprehension of the results upon the financial situation. This apprehension was quickly justified to the extent of an immediate heavy drop in prices on Wall Street, many of the



29 MILLIONS, PLEASE!  
—W. A. Rogers in N. Y. Herald.





THE PRESIDING GENIUS AT NUMBER TWENTY-SIX BROADWAY

This is a picture of Henry H. Rogers at his desk in the headquarters of the Standard Oil Company. He has aged much since his former photograph was taken. If his friends (among whom is Mark Twain) correctly estimate his character, he is not a man who is indifferent to public disapprobation, and since John D. Rockefeller's retirement from active business six years ago Mr. Rogers has been the target for most of the criticism of the company of which he is the executive head.



UNCLE SAM'S OFFICIAL REPORTER

As head of the Bureau of Corporations (succeeding Mr. Garfield), Herbert Knox Smith gathers the facts about big corporations, reports to the President and supplies data for prosecutions to the Attorney-General. He is but thirty-eight, one of the group of young men President Roosevelt has gathered about him and on whom he has bestowed a large measure of his confidence. Smith is a prominent Y. M. C. A. man, unmarried and a Yale graduate.

stocks going to the lowest figures seen in the last six years. "What will be the effect," asks the *New York Times*, "upon the peace of mind of the bondholders and of investors whose demands constitute the bond market?" The effect, it thinks, will not be stimulating:

"There has been some hope that foreign capital might be drawn upon by sales of bonds abroad for the immense additions to railroad facilities that the transportation interests of the country demand. The fine of \$29,240,000 imposed upon the Standard Oil Company of Indiana and the steps taken to call the Chicago & Alton to account for granting the rebate will doubtless put an end to foreign inquiry for American bonds. This is one of the consequences of applying the extreme rigor of the law that might easily have been foreseen. But the present temper of the public toward the corporations takes account of no consequences save those incident to works of revenge and destruction."

The *Baltimore American* thinks that the delay which will be caused by appeals to higher courts will prevent any serious effect on market values for some time to come. And from the general public the company will receive no sympathy:

"It is commonly regarded as the worst of all the trusts, the most defiant and daring of all monopolies. It has set state as well as fed-

eral law at naught, has corrupted statesmen and lawmakers, has bribed members of legislatures, tempted railroads and other corporations into wrongdoing for its own profit. By such methods as these it has made itself master not only of the oil market of this country, but of the world. In attaining this it has crushed out opposition by the most brutal methods, driven thousands of small dealers into bankruptcy; not a few to suicide."

**E**VEN if the payment of the penalty is indefinitely deferred by further legal proceedings, the *Pittsburg Dispatch* thinks, Judge Landis's sentence will have a salutary effect. "Great corporate magnates can hardly fail to see that the courts are reaching the point where penalties for corporate violations of the law will be made sharp enough to hurt."

The amount of the fine is tremendous, remarks *The Evening Post* (New York), but it is inflicted upon a tremendous offender. It continues:

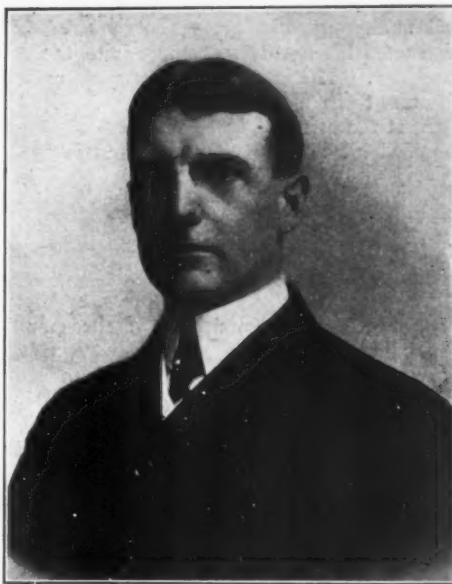
"It is no exaggeration to say, as Secretary Garfield is reported as saying this morning, that the Standard has for years conducted itself as if it were above the law. It has snapped its fingers at the punishments laid down in the statutes. They were for the little fellows. The law would think twice before damning a corporation with such untold millions at command. Now, to have men of that kind of arrogance brought up with a round turn, is undoubtedly a good thing. It makes for social justice, and so for social content. It helps people to believe that the law is, after all, equal."

The *Springfield Republican* reminds its readers that this Elkins law, under which the conviction took place, abolished punishment by imprisonment for rebating, and as the only penalty left was a fine, it should be made large enough to have a real deterrent effect. It thinks the sentence is popularly approved. "Our laws in these matters," it says, "must have teeth in them if they are to be of the slightest use. The Elkins law has teeth, as Judge Landis has shown. Let the law be enforced to the limit." The *Philadelphia North American* thinks the sentence "righteous and wholly admirable," and answers for all time the question whether our institutions were not in the course of transformation into a tyranny of wealth. Other of the radical journals, such as the *New York Press* and the *New York Journal*, assert that the fine, if paid, will come out of the pockets of the consumer, and they renew their demands for criminal suits against officers of the company as the only way to secure lasting results. The attorney-general announces that such suits are in preparation and will be directed not against subordinates but chiefs.



VISIONS of nullification re-aring from its long sleep—of state militia called out to resist the decrees of a federal court—of federal troops marching to enforce the decree—of a clash that might mean incipient civil war—have been firing the minds of many editors during the last few hot weeks. The occasion for such visions arose in North Carolina, where the contest that is raging practically all over the country between state governments and the railroad corporations reached an acute crisis that for a time seemed to threaten serious results. The legislature of North Carolina, at its recent session, enacted a law forbidding railroads to charge a higher rate of fare for passengers than two and one-quarter cents a mile. The law provides that any railroad violating any of its provisions shall be liable to a penalty of \$500 for each offense, and that any agent or employee of a railroad company violating the law shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and shall be fined or imprisoned, or both. The railroads resisted the enactment of this law. President Finley, of the Southern Railway, appeared before the legislative committee that had the bill under consideration and protested that such legislation would be confiscatory. He was asked to produce his statistics. He said it would take months to collect them. He was given four days.

AS soon as the law went into force one of the ticket agents of the Southern was arrested, convicted of violating the law, and sentenced to thirty days in the chain-gang. The railroad company went at once to the United States Circuit Court, presided over by Judge Pritchard, and a writ of habeas corpus was secured and the ticket agent was released. This action of Judge Pritchard was promptly denounced by the governor of the state as an unwarranted invasion of the rights of the sovereign state of North Carolina. The governor issued a letter to the state judges and prosecuting attorneys all over the state to proceed, in spite of Judge Pritchard's ruling, with the indictment and trial of any other agents found disregarding the rate law. Judge Reynolds, of the state court, sentenced another agent to thirty days in the chain-gang. The attorneys for the railroad secured another writ of habeas corpus and sought to have Judge Pritchard issue an order for the arrest of Judge Reynolds for contempt of the federal court. Governor Glenn issued public notice to the effect that such an order of



THE MAN WHO PUT TEETH IN THE ELKINS LAW

Milton D. Purdy has been the chief reliance of three successive attorney-generals. Lawyers generally consider that it was he who breathed life into the Elkins anti-rebate law, under which the Standard Oil has just been fined nearly thirty million dollars, as well as into the Sherman anti-trust law. His latest legal device is to apply for a receivership for a trust violating the Sherman law. The device is to be tried out on the Tobacco trust. Trust lawyers say it can't work. Purdy smiles and says "We'll see." He is forty and is said to look like Roosevelt.

arrest would be resisted by all the powers of the state, implying very clearly that he would call out the state militia if necessary to release the state judge. The situation thus assumed a critical stage that aroused excitement all over the country. The United States assistant attorney-general, Sanford, hastened from Washington to the scene of trouble with authority to take whatever steps he might deem necessary to uphold the power of the federal court. "This court," said Judge Pritchard, "is confronted with open and avowed opposition by the powers of the state." An attempt was made by the assistant attorney-general to bring about a peaceful adjustment between the state and the railroad corporation whereby the matters under dispute would be hastened to adjudication by the United States Supreme Court. Governor Glenn refused to enter into any agreement unless the railroad accepted the new rate pending such adjudication. The assistant attorney-general, finding his efforts as a pacificator in vain, returned to Washington. Then President Finley, of the Southern Railroad,

after the arrest of a few more of his agents and finally his own arrest, surrendered, and instructed his agents to comply with the new rate law. The governor thereupon advised all suits to be discontinued. Judge Pritchard, then, at the request of the railroad's attorneys, modified his order of restraint, and the crisis passed.

NOTHING, perhaps, has happened in the long struggle between the people and the corporations that has aroused more ominous reflections on the part of the press, and some of the best poised journals of the country seemed for a time to lose their heads and to grow wildly inflammatory. Governor Glenn is a Democrat, and his stand in behalf of what he considered the rights of the state would naturally be expected to receive the most applause from Democratic journals and the most violent censure from Republican journals. Yet it is from some of the Democratic papers in the North that he has received the most severe chastisement, and the *Brooklyn Eagle* and *New York Times* have gone to the extent of bitterly assailing President Roosevelt for allowing the situation to develop to the point where the railroad was forced to surrender. Said the *Eagle*:

"No precedent for this chapter of United States history can be discovered. . . . What has been characterized as an abject surrender by the railroads will figure in history as something much more humiliating. Theodore Roosevelt has contributed something new to the history of presi-

dents. He has permitted the constitution of the United States, the instrument he registered a vow to support, to go by default pending passage through the final crucible. He has permitted a state to force the abrogation of right hitherto held to be inalienable. Incidentally he has 'played to the galleries' of the South."

UNDER the title "If Jackson were President," The *New York Times*, also Democratic, had a double-leaded editorial which the *Boston Herald* contemptuously characterizes as "rubbish." It ran as follows:

"When Andrew Jackson was president and South Carolina threatened nullification of a federal law, the administration's procedure was swift, stern, and effective. Under the administration of Theodore Roosevelt a governor of North Carolina trumpets it through all the land he flouts the Constitution of the United States, and will resist the enforcement of the orders of a federal court. As his sole response to this threat, President Roosevelt dispatches to North Carolina Assistant Attorney-General Edward T. Sanford to propose a compromise and 'peaceful settlement.' Sometimes, not conscience, but calculation and self-interest, make cowards."

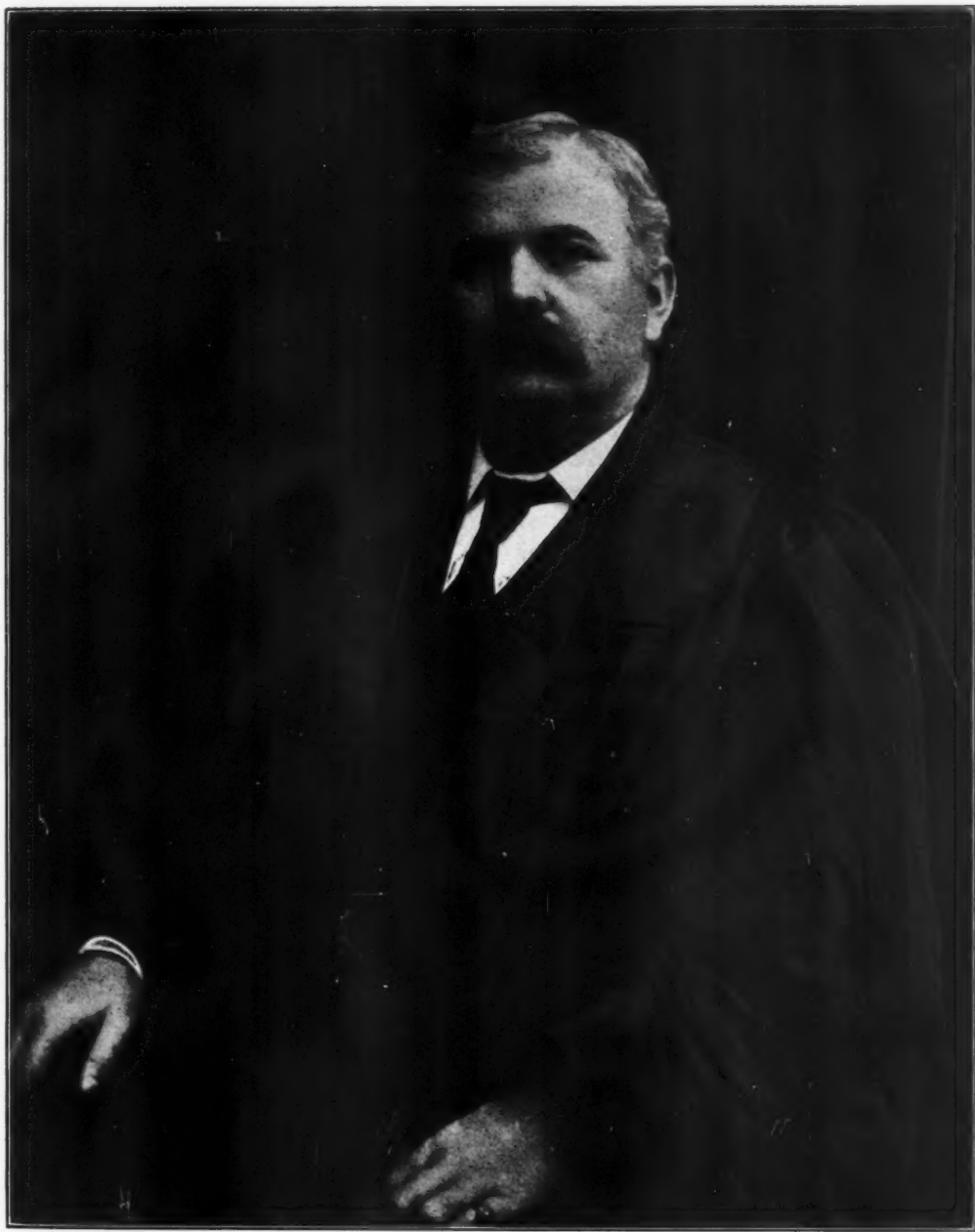
LIGHT upon the legal situation is thrown by the statements issued by Governor Glenn, Judge Pritchard and Attorney-General Bonaparte. Judge Pritchard in his decision did not declare the rate law unconstitutional, but he appointed a commission to investigate into the facts with a view to determine whether the new rate would be, as the railroad claims, confiscatory. If it is so, then it is unconstitutional. Pending the report of his commission, however, Judge Pritchard declared that the penalty clause of the law is unconstitutional, inasmuch as the penalty, if enforced on the sale of each ticket, would amount to two and one-half million dollars a day, and would, by bankrupting the railroad, close the doors to a judicial hearing. He therefore issued an order directing the railroad company to provide its tickets with coupons attached for the amount of the difference between the price charged and the price according to the rate law. This coupon was to be retained by the passenger and to be collectible upon the company in case the law is found to be unconstitutional. Having issued this order, Judge Pritchard held, it became the company's duty to observe the same and a failure to observe it would render the company liable for contempt. Yet for the observance of that order, ticket agents were imprisoned and the company fined. Said the judge:

"Any attempt to punish the company or its agents for the observance of the order and decree



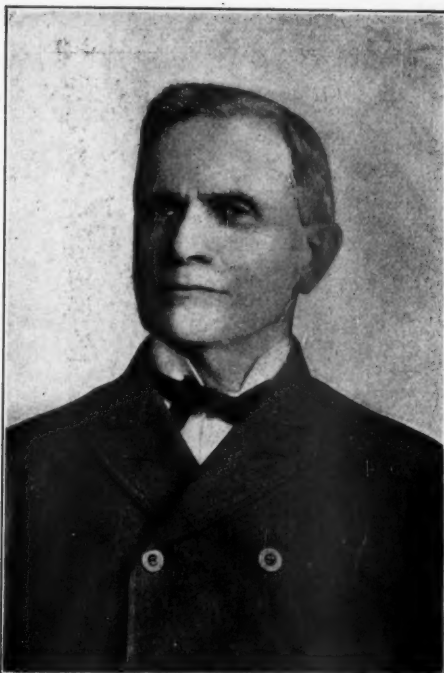
UNCLE SAM: Here, you galoot! You ain't happy unless you are trying to rock that boat.—*International Syndicate.*





ACCUSES THE OFFICIALS OF NORTH CAROLINA OF "OPEN AND AVOWED OPPOSITION" TO THE  
FEDERAL JUDICIARY

Judge Peter Connelly Pritchard, of the United States Circuit Court, was born among the "mountain whites" in Tennessee, had a common school education only, and was not admitted to the bar until he was thirty. He was an editor before he became a judge, and he has served the state of North Carolina as a (Republican) member of the United States Senate. He is spoken of by the Democrats as "a Roosevelt judge."



THE GOVERNOR OF ALABAMA JOINS IN THE  
WAR ON RAILROADS

Governor Comers ordered the franchise of the Southern Railway declared void because the railway company appealed a suit to the federal court. The company finally surrendered, and the franchise was restored.

of this court would be in utter disregard of the comity which should exist between the state and federal courts as well as an absolute nullity. If the state courts possess the power to indict persons acting under the directions of the federal court for the performance of a duty enjoined upon them in a suit which may be brought in such court then the power of the circuit courts of the United States would be completely paralyzed and such courts would be rendered unable to proceed to the determination of any question involving the validity of the statute of a state legislature."

**T**HE position taken by Governor Glenn was that until the rate law is declared confiscatory and unconstitutional he, as governor, is sworn to enforce it, and the federal court has no right to interfere with the discharge of this duty. If the rate law is not, in fact, confiscatory, then the clause making its violation a criminal offense is not unconstitutional. Those convicted of its violation have the same right as other convicted criminals to appeal to the Supreme Court of the State and then to the Supreme Court of the United States. For the federal court to issue writs enjoining the acts of the state courts

and taking these convicted criminals out of their jurisdiction was to ignore the jurisdiction of those courts. Nothing was done, he asserted, or would be done by him to resist any "legal order" of the federal court. In a later public announcement, after the agreement had been reached between the state and the railroad, he called upon the senators and representatives of other states to make the attempt, through Congress, "to curtail the growing power of the federal courts." If this call of the governor's is heeded, it is easy to see that the issue thus raised may soon loom large upon the political horizon and may even, in the next presidential campaign, overshadow all other issues. Governor Glenn has already been prominently suggested, in that case, as the proper standard-bearer for the Democratic hosts.

**I**T is difficult to reconcile Judge Pritchard's statements and those made by Attorney-General Bonaparte in reviewing the part taken in the controversy by his assistant. Mr. Sanford was sent to North Carolina, says Mr. Bonaparte, because it was reported to be the purpose of the state officials to disregard the writs of habeas corpus issued by Judge Pritchard. Mr. Sanford was simply "to report what action, if any, on the part of the department, was necessary to procure due respect for the process of the federal court in the state;" and, in case of emergency, he was to act on his own judgment. Then comes this statement by Mr. Bonaparte:

"No attempt was, in fact, made to evade or resist the service of the said writs, or to obstruct forcibly any other process of the United States court, and Mr. Sanford was assured that no such purpose was entertained. It was, therefore, unnecessary for the department to take any further action to guard against such contingency."

It is difficult to see how that statement can be correct and how Judge Pritchard's can also be correct that "this court is confronted with open and avowed opposition by the powers of the state." Apparently the attorney-general sustains Governor Glenn in his position. As for President Roosevelt, Mr. Bonaparte says:

"It is proper to say that, beyond receiving and referring to the attorney-general a single telegram, the President has had no personal connection with the entire transaction, and the printed reports representing him as giving instructions in connection with the case are altogether without foundation. The suggestions which have appeared in the press to the effect that a request for military assistance or other extraordinary measures of that character were in contemplation were also entirely groundless."

SUCH are the details of an incident that may yet, by reason of subsequent developments, assume an important place in our national history. Already it has excited renewed zeal in the contentions carried on by other states against railroad corporations. A meeting has already been held by attorney-generals of the states of the Mississippi valley to plan concerted action in the prosecution of suits against the roads and against trusts. In Alabama the Southern Railway was deprived of its franchise to do business because it had appealed a suit brought against it to the federal court. The legislature of that state, it appears, has enacted a law to the effect that any railroad appealing a case from a state court to a federal court shall forfeit its franchise! The railroad officials surrendered in this case also and the franchise was then restored. In Virginia another conflict between the federal courts and the state has been threatened. In that state the making of a legal rate was delegated by the legislature to a corporation commission. It fixed upon a two-cent rate, but before it could issue its public order to that effect, Judge Pritchard enjoined it, and the order (which was necessary to make the rate legally effective) was not issued. Governor Swanson, of Virginia, denounced this injunction as "outrageous" and publicly advised that it be ignored. In Arkansas, Judge Devanter, of the federal court, has issued an injunction restraining the secretary of state from declaring the property of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific forfeited because of its violation of state statutes. A writer in *The Atlantic Monthly*, Ray Morris, thinks we are passing through "a severe fever of legislative vindictiveness and silliness," but that good may come of it all. He writes:

"Just now, the way to win place in Minnesota or Kansas, or Nebraska, or Texas is to devise new restrictions for the railroads; but the objects of all this popular venom have learned some very important lessons, and it seems wholly likely that the net result of the legislation and the lessons together will be a good result. . . . Actual legislation to prevent railroad presidents and directors from grossly manipulating the securities of their companies in Wall Street does not seem a promising method of safeguarding the public interest; a dishonest railroad president will always be shrewder than a state legislature, and will work considerably faster. But a widespread public sentiment works all the time, whether legislatures are in session or not, and is a far more effective preventive of corporate malpractice than the law is, taken by itself alone. If the American people really want honest corporation management they will get it, just as the English people have got it."



ANOTHER GOVERNOR WHO COUNSELS DEFIANCE OF A FEDERAL INJUNCTION

The Governor of Virginia, Claude A. Swanson, advises his railroad commissioners to publish the new rates in defiance of Judge Pritchard's injunction and to take their chances of going to jail. The commissioners seem to prefer their freedom.

THE conclusions drawn from these events by the newspapers are, of course, varied, but, broadly speaking, the disposition of the Southern press is to stand for those attacking the railroads through state enactments, and the tendency of the Northern press is to deprecate many of these attacks as unwise and unjust. One of the most aggressive journals in the North against corporate abuses is the *Philadelphia North American*. Yet it says:

"Two Southern states are playing the game of their enemies. If the officials of Alabama and Arkansas were hired tools of predatory corporations, the work they are doing would entitle them to double pay. . . . In the North Carolina dispute there was room for argument. The state officers, the federal judge and the Southern Railway shared the blame for an entanglement which never should have existed. In Alabama and Arkansas but one course has been left open for the railroads, and their position is wholly right. The legislatures of both states played the fool and the governors are exaggerating the folly.

"The statutes providing for the forfeiture of a foreign corporation's license, if it transferred a lawsuit from a state to a United States court,

were null and void demagogic nonsense from the moment of their drafting. It needs no jurist to pronounce them unconstitutional on their face. The most elementary knowledge of the rights of an American citizen or corporation, as guaranteed by the Constitution and sustained by every judicial precedent, suffices to show that such statutes are not law."

THE Cleveland *Plain-Dealer* (Democratic) thinks that while the majority of Americans undoubtedly sympathize with the North Carolina officials, yet "it must be recognized by any one who will give the matter a moment's consideration that the attitude assumed is unreasonable and indefensible. . . . The railroads claim with justice that if the final decision should be in their favor they would have suffered a large loss from having sold tickets at the reduced rate, while the people of North Carolina cannot suffer in any event under the plan proposed by the companies." The Pittsburg *Dispatch*, a Republican paper, on the other hand, goes at some length into the law of the case and cites the ruling of the United States Supreme Court in the case of *Titts versus McGhee* (1898) to show that Judge Pritchard "has very peremptorily exercised powers about the validity of which there is the gravest cause for doubt." The New York *World* thinks that Judge Pritchard's action was unwise even if the law in North Carolina is a bad one. It says:

"In the present temper of the people it is clearly unwise, even if there be legal warrant for it, for these courts to interfere too drastically with states which are making an effort to deal with questions admittedly within their jurisdiction. Bad legislation enforced for a time often does more good than can possibly be accomplished by hasty judicial rulings setting it aside as unconstitutional and void. The federal courts have given a great deal of law to the people. It is to be remembered, however, that the people have also given law to the federal courts, and that they may do so again."

The Nashville *Tennessean* (Dem.) makes a heroic effort to turn the case into partizan lines, and says in conclusion:

"The North Carolina conflict may be immensely more significant than it now seems. It may be the starting point for a political contest of principles such as we have not witnessed since the days of civil conflict. Not a sanguinary contest, but one of popular rights against political and plutocratic centralization of power. If it has this effect, it will have gone quite beyond mere monetary fines and the quibblings of minor courts."

ONE phase of the question not called attention to in the other papers is taken up by the New York *Sun*. In an editorial entitled "Will the South Strangle Its Railways?" It

proceeds to give statistics showing the enormous industrial development of Southern states in the last twenty-five years. The value of their farm products has increased in that time from \$660,000,000 to \$1,750,000,000; and the assessed property of all kinds has increased from three billion dollars to six and one-half billions. *The Sun* goes on to say:

"The tremendous industrial expansion in the South overwhelmed its railways. Struggle as they might, the lines have been utterly unable to catch up with the business confronting them. The Southern Railway has perhaps been particularly overburdened. . . . The railways of the South need new equipment and more equipment. They need new tracks and trackage. They need facilities for the business already upon them and far greater facilities for the business which should lie immediately ahead of them.

"Blind to their own welfare, careless of their great economic interests and deluded by politicians who are playing with vast issues for their own political aggrandizement, some of the states of the great new South are cramping their present and strangling their future by legislation and attempts at legislation which tend to ruin their lines of communication with their markets.

"If the policy of the South toward its railways were as liberal as it is illiberal the resultant benefit to that section would be incalculable. As it is, there is grave danger of widespread industrial disaster as a consequence of ill advised railway legislation. It is the policy of suicide."

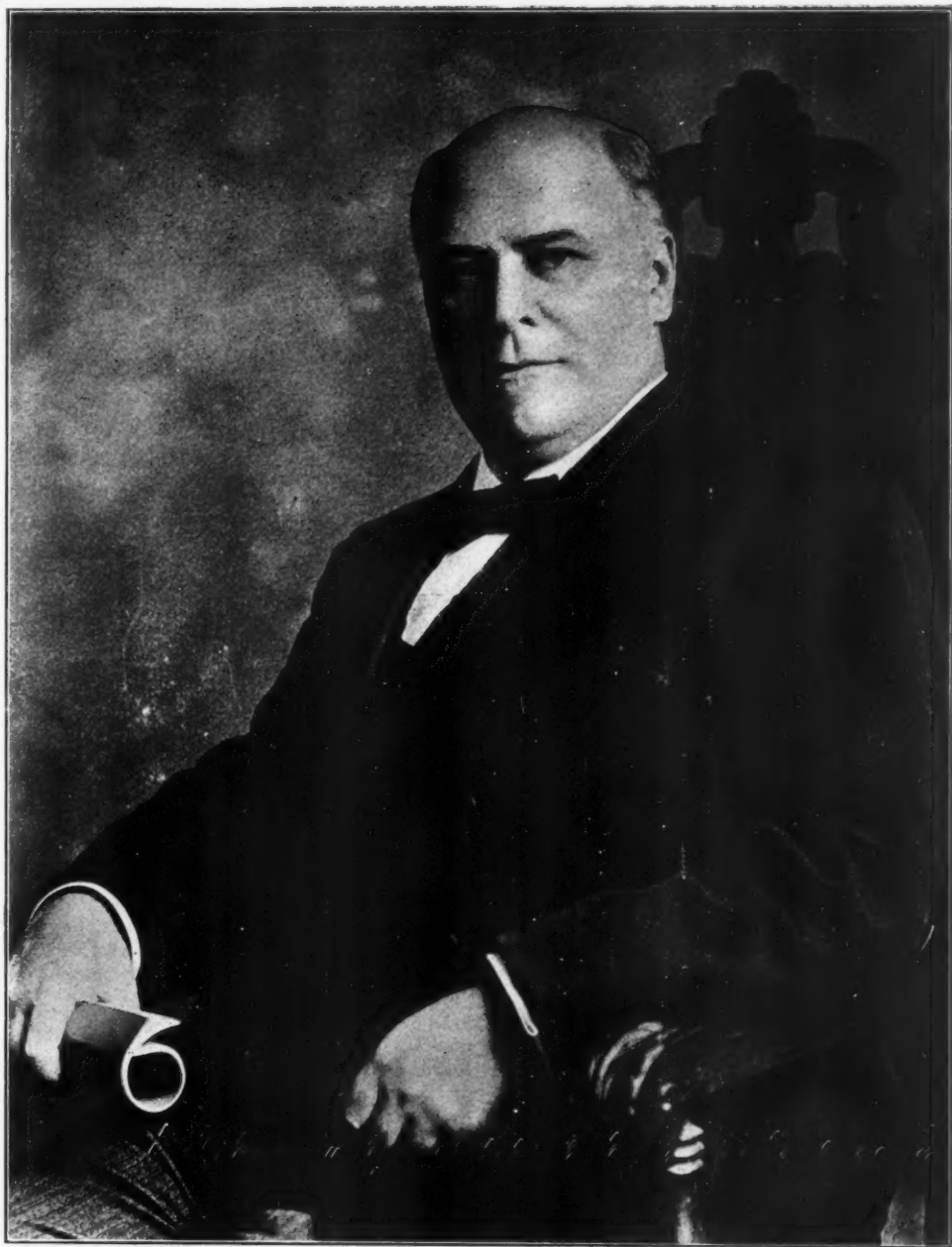
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HAT many of the chroniclers of current history regard as the most important criminal trial ever seen in this country came to an end July 28th with the acquittal of the accused—William D. Haywood. During the last phase of the trial the courthouse rang for many days with the forensic efforts of the attorneys. One speech alone of the four that were delivered—that of Darrow—filled about fifty columns of small type in the Socialist paper that reprinted it in full. It was notable not only for its length but for its bitter invective against the existing social order and for its earnest appeal in defense of labor unions as the last bulwarks of liberty. But it was not, by general consent, Darrow's speech, nor that of his colleague, Richardson, that saved Haywood. It was the charge to the jury by Judge Wood, whom the Socialist papers had been denouncing from the beginning as "a capitalist tool." And the passage in his charge that appears, by the statements of the jurors themselves, to have rendered a verdict of not guilty inevitable was this:

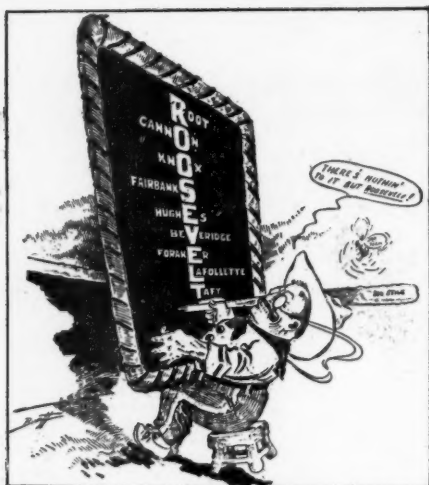
"Under the statutes of this state, a person cannot be convicted of a crime upon the testimony of an accomplice, unless such accomplice is corroborated by other evidence, which, of itself, and





"I HAVE AN AMBITION TO SHOW NORTH CAROLINA THAT A GOVERNOR CAN DO SOMETHING  
BESIDES PARDON CRIMINALS"

Robert B. Glenn, Governor of North Carolina, whose contest with a federal court and a railway corporation has excited the interest of the whole country, was formerly a railroad attorney himself. He has been classed among the more conservative of Southern political leaders and an admirer of Grover Cleveland. His hardest political fight was the one in which he downed Marion Butler, the Populist leader. He is a total abstainer, a Presbyterian, a Y. M. C. A. man, and a very popular orator.



TEDDY AND HIS PRESIDENTIAL SLATE

—Burt in Nashville American.

without the aid of the testimony of accomplices, tends to connect the defendant with the commission of the offense charged, and the corroboration is not sufficient if it merely shows the commission of the offense or the circumstances thereof.

"In order to ascertain whether or not the testimony of the accomplice is corroborated, as the law provides it must be before a conviction would be warranted, you should eliminate from the case the evidence of the accomplice and examine the evidence of the other witnesses with the view to ascertaining if there be evidence tending to connect the defendant with the offense. If there is, the accomplice is corroborated; if there is no inculpatory evidence there is no corroboration, tho the accomplice may be corroborated in regard to any number of facts sworn to by him."

AFTER eighteen months' incarceration for a crime of which he is now declared innocent, Haywood walked out of the courtroom to be assailed with telegrams of congratulation, offers of a thousand dollars each for a series of lectures, invitations to attend many glorification meetings, and requests to stand as the next candidate for President of the United States on the Socialist party's ticket. To the Socialist press of America this trial has been one of the greatest events in the history of the country or of mankind. They were not, apparently, expecting a verdict of acquittal. They had been preparing their readers for weeks for an adverse decision, calling the jurymen "puppets of plutocracy" unfairly chosen by a judge who was a "tool" of the capitalists, in a state whose entire administration was subservient to "corporation vultures and vipers." In contrast with all this, was the statement made at the conclu-

sion of the trial by Darrow, counsel for the defense, namely: "The trial has been fair, the judge impartial, and the counsel considerate. We have no complaint to make."

IN its comment on the results, the Socialist press, of course, exults with a great exultation. *The People*, of New York City, expresses itself as follows: "The jury's verdict, 'Not Guilty,' translates itself into a thundering verdict of: 'Guilty! Guilty!! Guilty!!!' hurled at the whole capitalist class." That



WHOA, BILL!

—Macauley in N. Y. World.

there was a conspiracy on the part not merely of the Mine Owners' Association but the "whole capitalist class" to railroad Haywood to the gallows is shown to the satisfaction of *The People* by the attitude of the capitalistic press. The failure of this alleged conspiracy is not clearly explained by that paper. But Eugene V. Debs is equal to that task. In an interview published in *The Worker*, he gives it as his personal opinion that the powerful interests prosecuting Haywood realized during the progress of the trial that a conviction would have a decided bearing upon the approaching national election, and accordingly "brought their influence to bear upon the court in favor of acquittal." "This," he adds, "in my judgment accounts for the instructions of the court, which amounted to a plea in favor of the defendant for the verdict resulting in his acquittal." The victory, neverthe-

less, says Mr. Debs, was one for the labor movement, and incidentally "will place President Roosevelt and the Supreme Court in an awkward position, the former for pronouncing judgment on untried men and the latter for legalizing their kidnapping in a decision that will forever stand to the discredit of that august body." The *Cleveland Citizen* (Socialist) is more bitter in its references to the President. Here is one of them: "We are also firmly convinced that our prediction made several months ago that President Roosevelt will go out of office the most despised man who ever held the Presidency, not excepting Grover Cleveland, will be fulfilled. Roosevelt's name is no longer greeted with that joyous acclaim with which it was received no longer than a year ago." The *Social-Democratic Herald* (Milwaukee) admits that the

the statements of the jurors as to what took place in the jury room. Juror Powell, the oldest of the jurors, was reported as saying:

"The jurors all thought Haywood guilty, but some of them said the state, under the prosecution, had not made out a case against the prisoner. Gilman, myself, Burns and Gess were for conviction. Gess weakened at midnight and went over to the other side. Burns followed soon after. That left Gilman and me to argue against ten men. It was hard work in the face of the instructions and the cutting out of so much testimony. And as Orchard was not corroborated, Gilman and myself went over to the majority."

This attitude of the jury corresponds pretty closely to that of the daily press. Says the *Chicago Tribune*:

"The verdict of the jury sets Haywood free, but public opinion has not cleared him. Under the Idaho statute the jury could not convict on Orchard's testimony, even if they believed it, unless it was supported by corroborative evidence of the character described by the Judge. Public opinion is not bound by the Idaho statute. Among those who are not ardent sympathizers with Haywood and his federation the belief of the greater number is that Orchard's repentance, or conversion, is genuine, and his story—which there was considerable outside evidence to corroborate—substantially true."

"The verdict at best," says the *Richmond Times*, "was the old Scotch verdict of not proven. It cannot be called a vindication by the most enthusiastic friends of Haywood." The *Evening Post* (New York) thinks the verdict "will be generally accepted as one



BUMPING THE BUMPS

—Macauley in N. Y. World.

results of the trial disproved the charges made by Socialist correspondents against the judge and jury.

AS for the "capitalistic press," the general opinion expressed by it is to the effect that the guilt of Haywood was not legally proved, and that after the judge's charge the jury could do nothing else than acquit. Considerable importance is attached, however, to



DATE OF SAILING POSTPONED

—Rogers in Harper's Weekly.

that, legally, ought to have been rendered"; but altho Haywood is found innocent in the eye of the law, "there is no doubt whatever that he belonged to a guilty, a murderous organization"; but an organization, *The Post* goes on to admit, whose lawlessness is matched by that of the mine-owners.

**M**ORE than one journal of prominence thinks that this verdict of acquittal has lessened the tension of class hostility and averted a public danger. Says the *Florida Times-Union*:

"Civil peace hung in the balance when that case was committed to the jury. Great is the prejudice that has grown among the workingmen—they comprise the majority of the voters—against courts. It was said by their organs that labor might expect no justice at the hands of the judiciary. It cannot be denied that judges have given them far too much reason to feel so. That feeling was rising to a passion, resentment was threatening at some time in the future to sweep down all barriers and drown all respect for the law and regard for order under the bitter waters of class-strife. The issues in that trial were of tremendous importance. The verdict is equally so. Just at this juncture it will serve to cool passion and pave the way to the calm discussion and decisive solution of those insistent issues which must be decided if this country is to proceed peacefully and triumphantly to realize the bright hopes which beckon in the future."

The same thought is expressed by many papers. Thus the *Springfield Republican* concludes a long and thoughtful editorial:

"Meantime it is made known by this great trial that the courts of the country are still open to do justice to the workman as to all others, even as against a mighty array of hostile influences. The suspicion or conviction that this is not so, which was used to justify the socialist and unionist street demonstrations in advance of the trial and even after it had begun, are now shown to be baseless, and we should hear no more from those classes for one long time of the commanding sway of the interests and prejudices of the wealthy over American criminal procedure. In this aspect of the case the Idaho verdict becomes of immense and salutary consequence upon the tendency to warfare between the richer and poorer classes in the nation."

**T**HE views of the *London Spectator* on this Haywood trial are of more than passing interest. It finds the case a depressing one, because of the chasm which it has revealed between employers and employed in America. The struggle has come to have "all the bitterness of a civil war," and this situation "in the model republic" is most depressing "for all who retain their hopes in the future of humanity." The root of the mischief, it is convinced, is the imperfection of

our American system for the distribution of justice. It says on this score:

"It is distrust in the courts which makes hatred of the millionaires for the workman so bitter and the fear of them among employees so extravagant; distrust in the courts which induces the toilers to combine for purposes of menace; distrust in the courts which renders verdicts worthless as instruments for preserving or creating peace. Something of that distrust may be unjust, for there must be scores of honest Judges within the Union and thousands of men who once sworn as jurymen would no more suppress or betray their own consciences than the best of British judges would."

"But, allowing for that injustice, it is clear that in a great portion of the United States the judicial system fails, while it is not clear that the people, tho they acknowledge the failure, will consent to any radical reform. They will not raise their judges above pecuniary temptation; they will not confine the jury box to the classes least likely to be corrupted, and they will not accelerate the system of trial till the opportunities either of corruption or terror are reduced to the minimum. Nor apparently will they make crime by a combination much more penal than crime by an individual."



**H**ISTORICAL authority for the excessive petulance of Queen Wilhelmina's disposition was afforded, say her unkind critics, by her refusal to attend the laying of the cornerstone of the Carnegie Palace of Peace at The Hague. All the delegates to the conference filled the grandstand on the site of Zorgvliet, itself over twelve acres in extent. The workings of her Majesty's variable mind—she is always on the upward or downward slope of a temperamental curve—kept the Prince Consort from attending at the last moment. It is affirmed that real estate speculators have exploited the selection of the site in a manner too mercenary for the Queen's taste. The million and a half dollars provided by Mr. Carnegie will suffice for a two-story structure with a decorated front, flanked by a lofty tower. But the site itself forms part of a wooded park formerly belonging to the royal family of Holland. It is whispered that her Majesty thought the delegates themselves were ignoring her too completely. The house of Orange does not care to play second fiddle to a lot of mere diplomatists, however disinterested may be their devotion to the ideal of peace. But this version of the complication is not credited in Paris. Mr. Carnegie is affirmed to have won the Queen's regard by his tactful effacement of himself when the dispute regarding the site was raging fiercely. Certain delegates to the conference were less reserved in attitude. The real source of the



difficulty is affirmed in another story to have been Queen Wilhelmina's haughty attitude toward the conference itself. She insisted upon a degree of deference to the etiquette of her own court that would have made the parliament of man a kind of Dutch states-general.

ESTABLISHMENT of a permanent international prize court, as to which Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, representing Germany, reached a complete agreement with Sir Edward Fry, who speaks for Great Britain, seems the most important of the propositions likely to be finally adopted. No less memorable will be the suggested permanent court of arbitration, credit for which is given abroad to General Horace Porter and Joseph H. Choate. The delegates had the most serious of their innumerable disagreements in private when President Nelidoff was accused of "plotting" to adjourn the conference over the hot weather. The British delegation were said to have talked pointedly to the Russian diplomatist on this subject. The English are so perturbed by the modifications of the rules of war at which the conference is suspected of aiming that they want final adjournment by the middle of the month at the latest. The men of the mailed fist, those who favor huge armaments and that state of preparation for war which is known to diplomatists as "guarantees of peace," have in reality captured The Hague Conference. The idealists, or as Baron Marschall von Bieberstein calls them, the dreamers, have been outvoted on every point. There is not a leading newspaper on the continent of Europe which does not take practically this view. Mr. William T. Stead, loudest of all the friends of arbitration and disarmament, talks to the same effect. "For the friends of peace," he laments, "it is a betrayal the like of which I have never witnessed in my time." As the Berlin *Vorwärts* expresses the idea, the conference has taken such steps as must inevitably make the next war not only "greater" but "more real."

VENEZUELA introduced with the most unobtrusive simplicity a motion that force in the collection of debts be declared repugnant as an instrument of "civilized negotiation." It transpired that she had officially announced her intention to resist The Hague tribunal's award of \$2,000,000 to her Belgian creditors. The baseness and folly of such an attitude seem obvious to the government at Brussels, which threatens to "consider meas-

ures," as, for that matter, does Caracas. "Delightful impudence!" exclaims the London *Times*. Venezuela retorts that her action reflects The Hague award in both letter and spirit. Brussels wants to do the interpreting. Caracas insists upon interpreting for herself. It is all a question of what The Hague meant by that award. A most disconcerting picture of Belgium in the capacity of creditor is painted for the benefit of Europe by the friends of Venezuela—and she has a few in the press abroad. Belgium, we are told, poses as a neutral. In that capacity she sent her subjects into Persia to collect a foreign debt for Russia through the custom houses. Once let in, the Belgians proceeded to devour the land while nominally collecting a tariff. They revised all schedules to suit themselves. They were dilatory in method. Belgium now means that Venezuela shall become another Persia. The Hague award seems to Brussels a fine opportunity to reduce a South American power to the level of an Asiatic satrapy. Caracas would go far to satisfy Brussels, but not that far.

THIS brush between Venezuela and Belgium imparted "extraordinary importance," as the London *Telegraph* says, to what the conference did last month. Dr. Drago, the Argentine father of the famous child of the Monroe Doctrine, Count Tornielli, the Italian maker of compromises, General Horace Porter, the most impressive debater at The Hague, according to the Paris *Temps*, and Sir Edward Fry, greatest of living jurists, although neither a diplomatist nor a statesman, were all dragged into the heated discussion. The subject on the program was collection of debts between sovereign powers by armed measures. Every South American delegate seemed to spring to his feet with a "reservation." Dr. Drago stated the point of view most neatly. "Debts arising from contracts between the subjects of one nation and a foreign government," ran his resolution, "justify no recourse to arbitration." He made an exception of "special cases of denial of justice after all the national jurisdictions and tribunals had been exhausted." Count Tornielli was aghast, Baron Marschall von Bieberstein rose to his feet and dropped back into his seat overwhelmed, while Sir Edward Fry looked quizzically at General Horace Porter who had to defend this proposition and did it, as the *Indépendance Belge* of Brussels, disgusted with Venezuela, admits, with an affectation of seriousness.



TO THINK THAT JAPAN AND AMERICA ARE  
SEPARATED BY AN OCEAN CALLED  
THE PACIFIC!

—Paris Rire.

THUS far Dr. Drago had supplied only milk for babies. His strong meat proved rather tough to continental European stomachs, altho General Porter commended it warmly. "In the case of loans with interest-bearing bonds, which in public law constitute a national debt, there can never be military aggression and still less territorial occupation." This was in full accord with the dispatch sent by Dr. Drago to John Hay when that statesman was at the head of our diplomatic service nearly five years ago. Mr. Hay would have none of it then, but General Porter was all for it last month. Count Tornielli made no concealment of his fear that the stage of arbitration as contemplated by Dr. Drago would be a legitimate source of comic drama. Tribunals and lawyers would always hit upon formulas, unsubstantial, frivolous and vain, to delay final decision. Sir Edward Fry thought a formula need not be as elusive as all that. The Drago proposition, he thought, had a pacific meaning. He entreated the conference to solve the glorious riddle of it, since its complexity, while dazzling, neither mocked nor eluded. Count Tornielli pronounced the Drago language ambiguous, a thing of evasion and promise, making a mockery of the serious sorrows of real diplomacy. Why was the employment of

force limited to creditors? Why was no mention made of compromise? What about small debts? General Porter had declared small debts not worth bothering about. Italy was too poor to echo such sentiments. The moment for taking the vote was as tense as the drawing of lots aboard a raft when some one has to be killed to keep the survivors of a wreck alive. Thirty-seven powers voted in favor of the proposition. Seven went against it. Thus the American Portia, confronting the European Shylock, preserved the South American pound of flesh.

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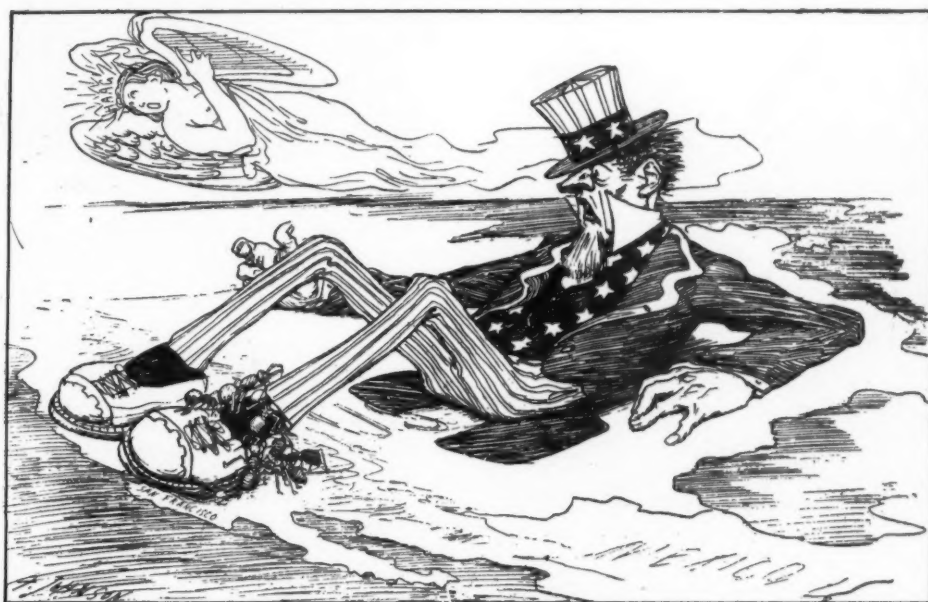
**D**ISTRACTED with the consciousness of his impotence and peril, Yi Fin, after forty-three turbulent years on the throne of Korea as king and as emperor, abdicated in what the dispatches describe as a "fit of weeping." The transfer of the insignia of regality to the new sovereign took place while a mob was storming the palace gate, only to be beaten back by the troops of Japan after the native police had fled. Yi Fin had brought this ruin upon himself, it is explained, by sending a delegation to the peace conference at The Hague, a step denounced by the Japanese Prime Minister in Tokyo as treason. The head of the ministry in the Mikado's capital had made up his mind that the head of the dynasty at Seoul is "too dangerous." That is a fantastic impression of this fifty-six year old potentate in the opinion of all who have gained first hand knowledge of his vacillation and supineness. Little, quiet, gentle, he allowed the Japanese to slay his consort in her apartments twelve years ago, since which time he has lived like a mouse in a trap—"a Japanese trap," observes the *Vossische Zeitung* of Berlin. Yi Fin held out against his destiny for days. When the Korean cabinet, or, to be more accurate, the cabal of venal intriguers designated collectively by that term, implored their sovereign to step down from his throne, he flatly refused. The Marquis Saion-ji cabled to Marquis Ito in language so imperative that the elder statesman hastened himself to the palace. He discovered that Yi Fin had arranged to fly for protection to the Russian consulate. The palace gates were doubly guarded to prevent his egress. In another twenty-four hours Korea had a new ruler.

YI FIN—who has a dozen different names—was thus summarily disposed of for reasons far weightier than his sham em-

bassy to The Hague might suggest. Ito and Saion-ji had, as the logic of the London *Spectator* suggests, plotted the ruin of Yi Fin long ago. They want the complete ascendancy of their own country in the Korean peninsula made tangible. Their prestige as statesmen with their own people had been lowered by the complete failure of the effort to get satisfaction from Washington with reference to San Francisco. Japanese, observes the London weekly, realize vividly their helpless dependence upon imports by sea for much of their food supply. Ito presses this point upon Saion-ji whenever they meet. The Mikado wonders how work and subsistence are to be provided for the teeming millions within his realm. The answer to every Japanese riddle is Korea. "When, therefore, in 1895 the war with China ended with the submission of the latter power, Japan claimed, besides the cession of Formosa and the payment of a large indemnity, that the protectorate of Korea should be transferred from China to herself. At the conclusion of the Russo-Japanese war in 1905 the demand was repeated and ever since it has been considered, in diplomatic phrase, that affairs in Korea were within the purview of Japan alone." The Marquis Ito went to Seoul as the adviser of Yi Fin in this sense. The

Japanese statesman infused much gentleness into his country's protectorate. Tokyo did not bully Seoul, but "guided" it, reasoned with it, played the part of affectionate elder brother. Tokyo newspapers tell us that, at any rate, but Paris papers, always critical of Japan, cannot quite convince themselves on this point.

ITO is revealed, from the unfriendly point of view, as a conquering lord, swaggering about Yi Fin's palace like a millionaire pickle merchant foreclosing his mortgage on the ancestral home of some patrician who despises him. Yi Fin hoped to the end that the powers would rescue him from what he felt as personal degradation. He lived among degenerate and plotting court cliques who hated Ito too. The Marquis from Japan professed to be an enemy of the old Korean pastime of pillaging the people. He hurried peculating nobles to the lockup, he spoke disrespectfully to the sovereign, and he actually suggested that the expense of maintaining the Emperor in his palace was more than it ought to be. "The army," adds *The Spectator*, "looked, of course, to its old hereditary chiefs and the masses disliked the intruding foreigners who swarmed into the peninsula and bore themselves as the efficient always do and al-



TRoublesome JAPANESE ANTS

Uncle Sam is aroused from his dream by the Japanese insect that has bitten others.

—Berlin *Kladderadatsch*.



THE GRANITE LION AT THE GATEWAY

This picture, which like the others in this series from Korea, is copyrighted by Underwood and Underwood, New York, shows one of the shrines of the humbler native element. The lion figures in the dynastic history of the Korean monarchs, and is said to have roared a warning to the Empress Min just before she was assassinated.

ways will bear themselves toward the incompetent." The immediate origin of the deadlock was an open quarrel with the Seoul courtiers on one side and Ito on the other over the claim of certain Koreans at The Hague to represent the government of Yi



THE SCENE OF YI FIN'S DEPOSITION

In this edifice, associated with the most glorious events in the reign of the native dynasty of Korea, occurred the slaughter of the Empress Min and, twelve years later, the degradation of her consort to the rank of an ordinary man. Here lives the new Emperor of Korea, who was placed upon the throne last month.

Fin in the meetings of the peace conference. Tsudzuki, that most bellicose of plenipotentiaries at the parliament of man, assured all delegates at The Hague that Korea had no right whatever to be separately represented there. The foreign affairs of the peninsular kingdom are the exclusive concern of Tokyo

EMBARRASMENTS of many kinds were created for Mr. Joseph H. Choate by Tsudzuki's impression that Washington had encouraged the Koreans to come to The Hague. Tsudzuki has been anything but friendly to America from the first moment of his arrival in the Dutch capital. It was supposed to be only natural that he should suspect intrigue in the case of the mysterious



KOREAN COURTIER WHO ARE NOW IN PRISON

These gentlemen belong to the native aristocracy, and they are said to be representative of the element which fell under the influence of resident Americans. The Americans are said to have encouraged the noblemen of Seoul to work for the independence of Korea. This was more than Ito could tolerate.

Koreans, who went among the peace delegates exhibiting credentials of an ample tenor. The dilemma was too delicate for Tsudzuki to deal with. He cabled to Tokyo. The Marquis Saion-ji convinced himself that the courtiers at Seoul were carrying out some plot. He cabled to Ito that the Emperor must disown the mysterious Koreans at The Hague. This humiliation was too personal for Yi Fin to endure. Here again, as the *Paris Figaro* affirms, is a mystery of a kind. The new Emperor, it seems, is not the big, booby-like and half-witted crown prince, but



a younger son, who, too, has a dozen different names. The new Emperor had to fly from Seoul years ago, he has lived for some years in Japan, and Ito has filled his head with admiration for Nippon.

IT seems to the *London Post* as tho the Koreans themselves were from the first determined to force Japan's hand by "compelling" her to withdraw whatever measure of national independence remained to them. "The Marquis Ito," says the *London Times*, by way of reply to the chorus of denunciation swelling throughout continental Europe as a result of the month's events, "is nothing if not sincere." He is maligned in America, we are further told, by agents of the dynasty at Seoul. Then, too, "Washington is uneasy



THE UNFORTUNATE KOREAN MINISTER OF WAR

He is seen at the left of this picture engaged in a game of "Go-ban," an Oriental form of chess. Yun-Woong-Nil, or Yi-Pak-On, has been banished from Seoul and is now a prisoner.

at the outlook," or as the *London Spectator* has it, "whatever may be the truth at the bottom of recent rumors, Washington is undoubtedly jealous for her own prospect of ascendancy in the Pacific as well as for the safety of the Pacific mouth of the canal she is engaged in cutting through Panama. But the United States will not plunge into the unknown by resisting Japan's expansion within an area so peculiarly her own." However, as the American mind is supposed in England to have been "poisoned" against Japan and "prejudiced in favor of Korea" by American "intriguers," there is much vindication of Ito



VICTIMS OF THE DYNASTIC UPHEAVAL IN KOREA

Yi-Pak-On, to give him one of his innumerable names, was Minister of War in the cabinet of the deposed Yi Fin. He stands in the door while his grandchildren are seated on the steps. Marquis Ito had Yi-Pak-On locked up, and his family are scattered.

in London dailies. His long career, we read, is not disfigured by any shadow of duplicity. In the speeches publicly delivered by him on the eve of his departure for Seoul to assume the duties of resident-general at the Korean court, he certainly meant what he said. It is thus possible to be sure that the broad princi-



WHERE THE KOREAN EMPEROR WORSHIPS

This is the temple of Heaven, associated in dynastic history with every great event in Seoul. It was here that the new Emperor went for the spiritual confirmation of his dignity, altho the Koreans of the old faith circulated statements that this proceeding was sacrilege.

ple by which he intended to be guided in dealing with the Korean problem was to effect such administrative reforms and to bring about such a development of the country's resources as would ultimately establish in the Far East a power respectable, as the *London Times* says, and able to command respect.

NOTICEABLE, however, admits this authority, was the omission by Ito of any direct reference to Korea's independence. "It could be clearly inferred that the Marquis did not intend to hamper himself by any pledges on that subject." Unfortunately, as our authority views the matter, the court nobles and the dynasty at Seoul have long listened to a group of Americans who preach national independence. It is these American sympathizers who are really responsible, we are assured, not only for Yi Fin's troubles but for misguided efforts to drag Washington into a complication that does not concern the United States directly. "It may very well be that these persons are sincere, but their emotional enthusiasm for an ideal seems to blind them." Thus the *London Times*. These Americans overlook the impossibility of Japan's abandoning her little neighbor to the chances of her own virtually desperate fortunes. They overlook the fact that Korea herself has never shown anything like intelligent perception of the factors of independence. "Her political vista seems to be limited to a change of masters. Her one weapon of self-assertion is intrigue." To grasp at power in their own interests, not in those of their country, has been the invariable program of Korean politicians throughout the whole period of foreign observation. These things, "plain enough to plain people," are seemingly obscured to the perception of Korea's American press agents.

THESE Americans are accused of seeking to disseminate the "blunder" that Japan forced the dynasty to sign existing treaties under duress. Around this pretense—"for it seems to be nothing more"—many striking legends were grouped by rumor and by the imagination of newspaper correspondents from the United States, but the proverbial grain of truth was simply that the Korean exploiters of their country found the agreement with Japan an unpleasant necessity. "They would have preferred to do without it and failing that they were quite willing to pose as victims of coercion." Coercion, we are assured, there was none. Arguments were the

only weapons used or displayed by Ito. That Yi Fin was himself an assenting party is clearly proved by his successful request to have a clause inserted pledging the Japanese government to maintain the welfare and dignity of his own imperial house. Yet it is now almost certain that, actually while he was directing his ministers to sign the agreement, maneuvers to evade it had already begun to occupy his Majesty's mind. His Majesty's American friends, who had already sent one or two sprigs of Korean royalty to America to be educated, are accused in some Tokyo organs of stimulating the intriguing propensity of Yi Fin in this business.

AMONG other things it was learned, for example, that an American educator in Seoul had been intrusted by the court party with a mission to appeal to the people of the United States against Japanese usurpations. Yi Fin and the crown prince—not the youth just elevated to the throne—signed a direct protest against Ito's forcible measures of reprisal in the imperial palace itself. The document is said to have been circulated in this country, altho of this statement there is no confirmation. "Evidently, either the Emperor was behaving with signal duplicity—caressing the Japanese with one hand and endeavoring to stab them in the back with the other—or else a party at court, ignoring the pledges given by his Majesty to the Marquis Ito, was laboring to discredit him in American eyes." The Marquis Ito showed no visible sign of perplexity. Accepting in good faith the assurances given to him and refraining from any scrutiny calculated to suggest distrust, he proceeded steadily with his program of reforms. Then came the difficulties between the Washington government and the Tokyo government on the subject of California. This crisis and the temporary absence of Ito in Tokyo, gave the courtiers an opportunity. Their American friends gave them every encouragement, leading the Emperor himself to believe, it is charged, that the Washington government looked for war with Japan and proposed to make Korean independence an outcome of the struggle. Yi Fin may not have been imposed upon by these legends, but he became less tractable than was his wont. The crown prince, supposed to be feeble minded, would not recognize Ito when the pair met. The courtiers did not rely upon their American sympathizers alone. Their plan was to enlist the co-operation of intriguing Russia.

TWO political associations figure in the Korean complications that ensued. One calls itself the Il Ching-hoi. It professes devotion to ideas of liberal progress. The other faction takes the name of the Wi Pyon. Conservatism of an old-fashioned type inspires it wholly. The Wi Pyon involved itself in an insurrection which Ito put down summarily. The Il Ching-hoi, relying upon the sympathy of Americans, resorted to intrigue with members of the diplomatic corps. Ito had some of the highest dignitaries within the palace placed under arrest. The gossip of the day represents him as sending a long dispatch to Tokyo reflecting severely upon some Americans in Seoul. The Department of State at Washington is also said to have told some of these unnamed Americans that their attitude toward the domestic crisis could not be countenanced in our country. Ito made up his mind to ignore the complicity of Yi Fin in all this. The presumption of his guilt was strong in the Japanese official mind. Not only were the leading conspirators either members of his government or in intimate relations with the palace, but a commission to raise troops under the vermilion seal of his Majesty was found in a rebel camp. Ito gave his Korean Majesty on this occasion at least the benefit of the constitutional maxim that the king can do no wrong. But the dispatch of the delegation to the peace conference, involving a widespread plot against Japan, as Tokyo's leading daily insists, sealed the doom of Yi Fin. Ito confronted the Emperor with a sheaf of treasonable documents bearing the royal seal and literally thrust him off the throne.

THE American public has been persistently misled on this whole subject. However, if, glancing at the other side, we are to be swayed by the views of the Korean emperor's sympathizers in this country. Perhaps the ablest and best known of them is Homer B. Hulbert, one of the highest living authorities on Korean policy, language and institutions. His personal friendship with the Emperor Yi Fin has been intimate and long established. "The American public," says Mr. Hulbert in his new work, on "The Passing of Korea," has been persistently told that "the Korean people are a degenerate and contemptible nation, incapable of better things, intellectually inferior and better off under Japanese rule than independent." This is prejudiced misrepresentation, a feature in a campaign of calumny. In the grip of Japan,

Korea may learn science and the industrial arts, but "she will use them only as a parrot uses human speech." Those Americans in Korea whose motives are so misrepresented in the press of Japan's ally "could lead you to country villages in Korea where the fetish shrines have been swept away, where schools and churches have been built and where the transforming power of Christianity has done a fundamental work." The events of the month as interpreted from this point of view, add to the yellow peril. Japan is "arming the Orient with the thunderbolts of the West without at the same time giving her the moral forces which will restrain her in their use." The situation is to America an unheeded warning of an international peril yet to come.

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CIVILITY was never less ruffled than that with which Raisuli, the bold bandit of Morocco, put a pistol to the head of Kaid Sir Harry MacLean and made him prisoner. Sir Harry had come out from Fez on behalf of his master, the bicycling Sultan Abd-el-Aziz, to adjust all difficulties. They have since been so complicated that France has sent squadrons, Spain has sent troops and Great Britain has sent money—all, it seems, to little purpose, apart from the intensification of that dance of images which imparts to Morocco the charm of a kaleidoscope. The scene is sometimes Zinat, where Raisuli occasionally resides, a hilly district about four hours' march from Tangier. Only a comparatively short time ago, it was nothing but a miserable Arab village. When Raisuli had made himself master of the province of Tangier he transformed Zinat into a kind of capital, the seat of that pirate sway which makes his career more vivid than Robin Hood's. With the ransom paid for the release of Ion Pericaris, Raisuli has constructed a veritable fortress for himself, aping the architecture of the castles built in the middle ages, battlements and drawbridges not being forgotten. It makes an imposing seat for Raisuli's government, the moral effect on native tribesmen being, as the *Paris Matin* observes, "prodigious." There are dungeons filled with prisoners, cellars stuffed with treasure and a great hall for prayers. Ambassadors from native tribes flock to Zinat, bringing tribute, and do their utmost to conciliate the King of the mountains of Morocco, as Raisuli styles himself, altho the pious people of the vicinity dub him "Cid," which means saint.

ORDINARY mortals find it difficult to gain audience of Raisuli, but the illustrious Kaid, Sir Harry MacLean, came as a plenipotentiary. Sir Harry Aubrey de Vere MacLean, Kaid in the army of his Shereefian Majesty, the Sultan of Morocco, whose forces he organized, was at one time commander of a British regiment of infantry. Born nearly sixty years ago, the son of a surgeon, Sir Harry began his career in Morocco some twenty years since, altho he remains a British subject and is the owner of an estate in Norfolk. His private affairs attained a sensational interest two years ago, when he was granted an annulment of his marriage with a lady who had borne him two beautiful daughters, one of whom, according to gossip, inspired a romantic passion in the bosom of Abd-el-Aziz himself. Sir Harry is on terms of such intimacy with the Sultan of Morocco that Abd-el-Aziz sheds tears, it is said, when business of state separates them. The Kaid is baffled in his efforts to organize the Moroccan army by the irregularity of pay of which the troops always complain. Nevertheless, the forces to-day are efficient, if inadequate, and if the fanaticism of the Moors, who hate all Europeanization, did not interfere with recruiting, there would be no crisis now. That is the judgment of men who know Sir Harry well. His great obstacle is the hatred of the Sultan's brother. The Moors, explains the *Paris Temps*, worship a strong ruler. Abd-el-Aziz is invertebrate. He can not control the powerful and turbulent tribes whose fastnesses are collectively grouped under the name of Morocco. Sir Harry MacLean saw reason to fear that the Sultan's brother, Prince Abd-el-Hafid, was to be set upon a throne to the south of Fez. Not that the Prince Abd-el-Hafid had made up his mind to accept a crown which some millions of his brother's subjects are eager to thrust upon him, but all Europe is preparing for a Morocco crisis upon the grandest scale and Sir Harry is eager that intervention shall find his own master—not some other man's master—in possession of the sovereignty. Now there is little doubt that Abd-el-Aziz is no match in astuteness and in every personal quality for his brother Abd-el-Hafid.

FOR many years viceroy of the southern half of the "empire," and nearing middle age, Prince Abd-el-Hafid has succeeded in holding his own not by any support from Fez but solely by the art, inherited from his late father, the former Sultan, of handling the

questions forever coming up among the powerful and ambitious chieftains of the Atlas Mountains. Without their support, as the well informed London *Post* affirms, the position of the Prince would be as precarious as is that of his brother, the Sultan, at Fez. The dignified charm of his manner, the magnetism of his personal qualities and the administrative ability he has shown in his post of honor point him out as the one available Moor should the throne become vacant and should the powers resolve upon a deposition of the vacillating potentate known officially as the holder of the green parasol. Hitherto he has indignantly—or, as *The Post* says, with a laugh—repudiated the suggestion of replacing his brother. But, according to our authority, the force of events may prove too strong for his fraternal loyalty. "Of one thing we may rest assured. Should civil war break out in real earnest—compared with which the revolt of a recent pretender to the throne would seem insignificant—European diplomacy will have something far more momentous to discuss than the agreement entered into at Algeciras just before the Morocco conference disbanded." Such were the considerations prompting Kaid Sir Harry MacLean, we are told, to try the effect of his powers of persuasion upon Raisuli.

NINE months had passed since Sultan Abd-el-Aziz ratified the protocol of the Algeciras conference when Raisuli met Sir Harry MacLean. The old civil war with the half mad dervish who claims the throne was raging fitfully in the mountains still. Raisuli himself, having extorted an official recognition of his position from the court at Fez, was defying the Sultan and the powers from his robber castle. The treasury was in the chronic condition of Mr. Wilkins Micawber. Abd-el-Aziz, as the London *Times* remarks, still wandered in helplessness and desolation through the echoing courts of his palace, prating of reforms which, as he well knows, he is powerless to execute. The people of his capital were starving. The avid and venial Viziers clung unflinchingly to the immutable principle of Oriental policy and put money in their purses, caring not whence it came. Raisuli, well informed, it seems, of all the distractions at Fez, laid a formidable catalog of grievances before Sir Harry, who stroked his venerable gray beard and answered with the good humor habitual to him and all his words. The Kaid was feasted, saluted and hailed as the pacificator of the only true Mohammedan





THE CENTRAL PERSONALITY IN THE MOROCCAN CRISIS

Kaid Sir Harry Aubrey de Vere MacLean, who organized the army of the Sultan Abd-el-Aziz, is more intimately acquainted with the situation at Fez and at Tangier than any other living man. The Kaid is about sixty, an English subject and a soldier of tried ability.

nation left in the world. At last the Kaid suggested that Raisuli himself go to Fez and lay his case before the holder of the green parasol. A safe conduct would be provided and full satisfaction for every demand would be yielded. In return, it is hinted, Raisuli was to do what he could to prop up the tottering throne. An arrangement to this effect, say European dailies, must have complicated the Moroccan crisis enormously, especially for France.

ALL arrangements had been completed for the journey of Raisuli to Fez when there was wild alarm on the battlements and towers of the brigand's castle. Troops in the pay of the Sultan himself, instigated by his Sheereefian Majesty's own Minister of War, dashed into the hall of prayers, invaded the treasure rooms, carried off half Raisuli's harem and fled as precipitately as they came. Sir Harry MacLean had come into the brigand's fortress with a loving letter from Abd-el-Aziz, praising Raisuli to the skies and assuring him that all would be well if he would but come to Fez. When the troops had wrought their havoc—Sir Harry MacLean looking on impartially—Raisuli found a letter written by the Sultan to his Minister of War in terms the very antithesis to those of the other missive. Raisuli was denounced as a traitor. The Minister of War was bidden to secure the head of Raisuli by process of decapitation and to bring it to Fez. Sir Harry MacLean endeavored to reconcile the inconsistencies here. There must have been some misunderstanding! Raisuli held the Kaid a prisoner as a preliminary to further elucidation. Raisuli is determined, he says, to show the world that he is as powerful as ever.

ONE of his last recorded exploits proves, according to the Paris *Temps*, that the powers are facing not a Moroccan crisis but a Raisuli crisis. The brigand had ordered the demolition of two houses and the destruction of a garden at Tangier which were the property of a European. "He is understood to have condescended to give an explanation." He did not consider that the title of the owner is satisfactory. The outrage seems to have been his answer to the Sultan for depriving him of the right of intervention in the purchase and sale of land about Tangier—a right which he claimed as governor of the town. "Raisuli is an eminently practical man, and he seems to have determined that if he does not receive his perquisites on the sale of land,

then no land shall be sold." He enforced his point with characteristic determination. He informed all the notaries in Tangier, according to the correspondent of the *Temps*, that they had best not conduct transactions in land outside his walls. A foreign legation entreated the local representative of the Sultan to provide it with a notary for carrying out one of the forbidden transactions. Raisuli's agents were bidden to withdraw their orders to the notaries. They replied that they felt extremely grieved, but that their orders were precise. Were any notary so rash as to disregard Raisuli's warnings, he would be carried off to the turreted castle at Zinat, where, it was hinted, dungeons are many and secure. The new police force, which figures so prominently in the dispatches relating to the action of the powers, did not figure at all in this episode.

IN QUICK succession came the murder of Dr. Mauchamp, a French physician residing in Marakesh. He was assassinated by a fanaticized mob under conditions that made the intervention of France inevitable. Dr. Mauchamp had placed a pole above his house in Marakesh to facilitate a survey of the town by a French scientific mission. The natives, believing this to be an installation of wireless telegraphy, and therefore alien to the spirit of their religion, crowded in front of the building in which the doctor was then distributing medicine to the poor. Hearing the rabble shout, Dr. Mauchamp left the building, was immediately set upon with stones, sticks and knives and done to death. The mob then looted the physician's residence. That same afternoon the mob surged about the residence of Kaid Sir Harry MacLean himself. The inmates and the guards had great difficulty in closing the doors. Luckily there are no windows on the ground floor, but the crowd attacked Sir Harry's house nevertheless, breaking the windows until the household had to open fire. Other Europeans were forced to take refuge in the walled Jewish quarter of Marakesh. Nine months before, another French citizen was shot dead on the beach at Tangier, his murderers being still at large, residing in the outskirts of the town.

IT IS a perfectly plain and elementary duty, therefore, argues the Paris *Temps*, mouthpiece of the French Foreign Office—"a duty from which no civilized government could flinch in the circumstances without humiliation to the state which it represents and grave in-



THE STRONGHOLD OF THE OUTLAW RAISULI

The locality is Zinat, at which the great Moroccan bandit built himself a castle with the money he obtained for the ransom of Ion Perdicaris. Raisuli set up dungeons in the cellar and treasure vaults in the roof, with a great hall for prayers on the ground floor. Every now and then the stronghold is invaded and the place ravaged, but Raisuli always contrives to restore it.

jury to the common interests of all nations"—which confronted the third republic last month. Emperor William's government has obtained the execution of the murderer of a German commercial traveler. "No nation has laid down more clearly than the German Government that it is the bounden duty of a great power to safeguard the lawful rights of its subjects in every land by all the forces at its command." The *Journal des Débats* (Paris) recalls the seizure by Germany of Kiaochow as retribution for the murder of two missionaries in China. The statement of the French Minister of Foreign Affairs is admitted in the *Kreuz Zeitung* to be at once moderate and resolute. He made no attempt to hide the fact, we read, that discretion does not seem to have been the most prominent of Dr. Mauchamp's good qualities. The doctor rendered great services to the poor of Marakesh. But, like the subjects of all the foreign powers in Morocco, he appears not always to have shown tact in respecting Moorish prejudices and sentiments. However, he was brutally murdered and the Moorish authorities of the city in which he lived have made no effort whatever to punish his murderers. Life in Morocco is one long series of equally atrocious incidents. If Raisuli is quiet, the Pretender grows restive.

EVERY day strengthens the conviction of the *London Post* that in whatever arrangement may be made between the Sultan and the powers, the high contracting parties will be reckoning without the vast mass of the people of Morocco. "Moreover," it adds, "signs are not lacking that this hitherto inarticulate majority is at last abandoning its attitude of passive anarchy and is ripe for active resistance to the mandates of the reigning but not ruling monarch. To ignore the absolute impotence of the government at Fez to enforce its authority on nine-tenths of the population is to miss the whole point of the present situation." There is reason to believe that the anti-government coalition includes every important tribe within an area of some twenty miles of Raisuli's castle and that the enthusiasm aroused in this region by the prospect of a fight for independence is spreading north and south, ultimately to involve, it may be, the whole African empire of France. The armed intervention of the forces of a European power may be followed by the proclamation of Prince Abd-el-Hafid as Sultan of a revived monarchy of Marakesh, if not of the whole empire. But the object of France, replies the *Temps*, is neither conquest nor the acquisition of political influence, but the exaction of reparation for wrongs done and of

guarantees that they shall not be repeated in the future. The suggestion made in a leading German daily that France ought to submit her grievance to the diplomatic corps at Tangier impresses the *London Times* as "a quite curious and inadmissible idea" which it is glad to see abandoned by the paper which advanced it. The *Kölnische Zeitung* does indeed now acknowledge its inability to see that "at this stage" any power is entitled to interfere with the present action of France, supported by Spain. "France," adds the *London Times*, "is only doing what Germany herself would assuredly do in the like case." But there are still German hints in the inspired press that this incident must be "internationalized." Such a proposal from any responsible quarter, thinks the *London Post*, could lead only to graver complications than Europe has had to face since war was narrowly averted over Fashoda. William II may tell France to pause. France may refuse. Nay, we are told, she will refuse. What would happen in that event the *London* daily professes itself "afraid" to conjecture.

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NE must go back to the year in which Pius IX issued his famous syllabus of errors condemned by the church for an official Vatican document comparable in importance with that given to the Christian world a few weeks since by the present visible head on earth of the Roman Catholic Church. French papers give much space to a story that his Holiness had a vision of the interceding mother during the days immediately preceding this new syllabus, or rather its promulgation. The document, which has engaged the attention of all Europe to a profound extent in the past fortnight, purports to have been given the Christian world only "after a profound examination and upon the advice of the reverend consultators, the most eminent and most reverend, the cardinals, inquisitors general in matters of faith and morals." As summarized in the *Paris Univers*, an official organ of the church in France, the syllabus concerns itself first with the obedience of a Roman Catholic to the authority of the church in matters connected with what goes by the general name of "science." Errors, as the Vatican deems them, having to do with the inspiration of the Scriptures are dealt with next, and finally comes denunciation of what Europe sums up as the modern liberal movement. Now, as the late Cardinal Newman

was so fond of pointing out, pontifical documents like this syllabus must be read by definite rules and by traditional principles of interpretation "which are as cogent and unchangeable as the Pope's own decisions themselves." One is that papal condemnations are to be construed strictly. Another is that when some given proposition is censured it by no means follows that what logicians call the "contrary" proposition is thereby asserted, but only the "contradictory."

IT WAS generally expected, writes the Rome correspondent of the *London Times*, that the new syllabus would have not simply a doctrinal significance, but a social and political one. It is suffering distortion to this purpose accordingly. That conflict in the bosom of the church which makes the writings of the Abbé Loisy a key, in the words of the *Paris Gaulois*, to the position of clericalism in Europe to-day, will be accentuated by the syllabus. Thus, it will supply weapons to Liberal and Socialist antagonists of pontifical policy in the great nations, having most effect, the *Paris Temps*, friendly to the Pope withal, conjectures, in the United States and England. "The interest aroused by the syllabus appears, therefore, to be unwelcome in the clerical camp, where it is apprehended that further political turmoil will ensue." The history of the syllabus itself is affirmed in the anticlerical press to be simply that the inquisition has gone suspiciously over the published writings of that most eminent of French priests, Alfred Loisy, extracted his opinions one by one and condemned them as heresy. The result, says the *Gaulois*, is to make Loisy a political as well as a religious issue. "He has become," observes the *Berlin Post*, "the theme of general interest not only in France but in all countries." Born fifty years ago in the little French village of Ambrières, and educated for the priesthood in the local diocesan seminary, Loisy was for years a mere village pastor, but he is now one of the ablest Biblical critics of the day.

PERSONS having but a cursory acquaintance with the politics of clericalism in Europe may see little connection between the position of Loisy on Biblical problems and the attitude of liberals in public affairs, observes the *London News*. But these seemingly sundered factors are twin aspects of one and the same crisis. Loisy can not allow that Mark's gospel is in any way original. It is the result of literary growth just as much as Matthew's



and Luke's. Any trace of Paul's ideas in the gospels, says Loisy, is a sign of the working of the Christian consciousness on our Lord's words. Loisy will have no half and half theories about the fourth gospel. It is not from the hand of John. It has no Johannine elements. It has no claim to be really history at all. Filling the minds of young ecclesiastics with such ideas, Loisy divided the church of France into two hostile camps. Anticlericalism took in hand the separation of church and state and faced a divided foe. The church lost the battle that ensued. France has set an example which Spain is following, which Italy has taken to heart, which Austria hopes to profit by. The Vatican detects a universal menace to the faith and Pius X, scotching the serpent of heresy with his new syllabus, has kindled a flame in the whole Catholic world. The struggle between clericalism and anticlericalism must grow more furious and the end no man can foresee. Thus do the European dailies philosophize upon the most important event of this pontificate.

THE course of the sovereign pontiff in praying for the spiritual consolation of the priest against whose teachings the syllabus is aimed commends itself to the *Eclair*, which supplies some interesting personal details concerning the unfortunate Loisy. He hails from the diocese of Chalons. After a brilliant scholastic career in his native diocese he was sent by his bishop, Mgr., afterward Cardinal Archbishop Meignan, of Tours, to the celebrated school of Carmes. Here he was graduated with honors in literature and theology. He surprised and interested his preceptors by his profound knowledge of Hebrew, Syriac and Syro-Chaldean and by the extent of his knowledge of history. He was given the chairs of Hebrew and Holy Scriptures at the Catholic Institute. Abbé Loisy utilized for his doctoral thesis his now celebrated views on the books of the Old Testament—that they are of doubtful authenticity. The examiners were horrified by his boldness, altho his opinions were then less advanced than they have since become. The young man reassured them or at least was triumphant by the force of his amazing powers of argument. But the seminarists were forbidden to attend his lectures. Next an encyclical condemned his ideas without naming the Abbé personally, precisely as the new syllabus condemns his views while ignoring the priest who has done so much for anticlericalism. The "atheistic government"

helped Loisy all it could by giving him a chair at the Sorbonne which he has since been forced to abandon, going into complete retirement from the world.

CONDEMNATIONS have been numerous during the pontificate of Pius X, and this most sensational of them all is attributed in the *Paris Matin* to the energetic attitude of the pontifical secretary of state, Cardinal Merry del Val. The Abbé Loisy had sent to the Vatican no less than three "submissions" in vain. In his first "submission" he reserved explicitly his historical and critical conclusions while submitting unreservedly to the decision of the Holy See as to theological matters. This was at once declared by Cardinal Merry del Val to be wholly insufficient. Loisy then sent in another form in which he tried, without abandoning his historical and critical position, to satisfy the requirements set forth by the Cardinal. This second form, however, was summarily rejected. An absolute and unqualified submission without any reservation as to historical and other points of detail was demanded. Sentence of excommunication against the distinguished scholar was actually formulated by the Inquisition, it appears, and placed in the hands of the Archbishop of Paris by Cardinal Merry del Val. Thereupon, Loisy, believing that his excommunication would be followed by a fatal secession of the best minds in France and anxious to avert that prospect, sent in a third submission. He resigned his position at the Sorbonne, pledged himself to certain restrictions as to publication of his future writings and consented to retire into the country from Paris in order to meet the requirements of the Vatican dignitaries.

ONLY in the light of facts such as these, declares the *Rome Tribuna*, can the spirit of the Vatican to-day be understood. The Pope has satisfied himself that with the modern world of liberalism no compromise is possible. He is quoted as having told an English prelate that all the governments of the world tend to "atheism." Trifling with the faith is called progress. Divorce is spreading everywhere in consequence. The welfare of the workers is lost sight of, not being deemed a religious consideration for the employer to take into account. The world's problem now is not political nor social nor economic so much as religious. "The restoration of all things in Christ"—this, affirms Pius X, is his aim. He will face detraction, misrepresentation, pov-

erty and the world's scorn if only the Catholic world shall possess the original deposit of the faith free from heresy. Government, he is represented as saying, has been paganized. It is one of the functions of the church to Christianize it. Civilization itself has been paganized. The masses fall away from the church because Socialism deludes them with chimeras. The Church of Christ suffers too from foes within. These must be expelled. To what extent these utterances interpret the Pope's point of view it is difficult, according to the *Indépendance Belge* of Brussels, to affirm definitely, but they seem to it to sum up most accurately the ideas of his pontificate. It foresees a period of great unrest among the Roman Catholic nations, the end being a conclave from which will emerge a sovereign pontiff elected for his qualities as a statesman rather than for his piety. The crises for the church in the immediate future, it predicts further, will arise in Austria and Spain.

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WITH the approach of the September day fixed for the election throughout Russia of the third of that series of Dumas which threaten to outnumber the ghosts in the dream of Richard III, the relations between the Czar and his Prime Minister grow frigid. Mr. Stolypin's new electoral law, which places four-fifths of the electorate under the absolute control of the great landowners, may not after all, it seems, enable 130,000 privileged voters to return some 400 moderates and reactionaries out of the 442 members of the legislative body that is to gather in the Tauride Palace next November. In a word, the Czar is fearful that Mr. Stolypin made a fatal miscalculation. The Prime Minister is now, therefore, what the London *Standard* calls "an incompletely squeezed lemon," foreign dailies being fuller than ever of the now familiar prophecies that the guillotine of the imperial discontent gapes for his official head. "You have had a free hand for a long time," said the Czar to Mr. Stolypin, thrusting one of the Prime Minister's reports from him petulantly. "I intend to manage things myself awhile." This incident is in harmony with the attitude of all courtiers at Peterhof to Stolypin.

THE political campaign now in progress differentiates itself from that which went before in this isolation of Stolypin at court. The Czar is his own political manager now. Mr. Stolypin still has his suite of apartments

in the Winter Palace. His official residence on a lovely island near St. Petersburg is as much as ever at his disposal. A torpedo boat takes him daily to Peterhof, where he confers with the Czar on the progress of the campaign, on the suppression of newspapers that comment too freely and on the wholesale arrests of all who resist what is known in official jargon as "the law." But Mr. Stolypin takes orders nowadays and gives few. He loves office, says the well-informed correspondent of the Paris *Temps*, who knows him personally. He even loves a fight. Yet his defects, as our authority catalogs them, must make him wretched. "He has no clear ideas about constitutional or even legal government. He has no definite and logical plans. He lacks the will power to have his own way with the Czar. He has been hampered withal by the knowledge that there was a reactionary clique close to the Czar to criticize every step he took." This criticism has been unsparing in all that concerns the month's events in Poland. That distracted region will send fourteen deputies to the next Duma instead of the thirty-seven who spoke so truculently in the last. It had been hoped that they would all be "safe." They threaten to be "popular." The police are making domiciliary visits, raiding printing offices, hurrying makers of speeches to jail.

ONE of the precautions taken by the Czar was to banish Mr. Golovin, who presided over the last Duma, to his country seat near Moscow. This gentleman has been assured that if he displays any form of energy between now and election day, his liberty will be even more circumscribed. A hint to the same effect would seem to have been given to Rodicheff, the brilliant orator who pleaded for constitutional democratic ideas when Stolypin hinted at arrest as the consequence. Every man with a political following is tracked by spies. The military patrol the streets of the capital, of Moscow, of every center of a large population. All the railway stations within twenty-five miles of St. Petersburg are now practically barracks at which trains are held in waiting to hurry troops against rioters. The prefect of the capital has posted warnings that newspaper criticisms of the course of political events will subject writers thereof to fines and imprisonment. The Czar himself not only approves every step of this kind, but, as the reliable Paris *Débats*, whose sympathies incline to him, reports, he actively superintends the whole work.

# Persons in the Foreground

## "THE CONQUERING LION OF THE TRIBE OF JUDAH"



NOTHING could be less pleasing to Italian dailies than the growing Americanization of that black Christian potentate of Abyssinia, who claims direct descent from Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. Menelik the Second, who refers to himself in all proclamations as "Emperor of Ethiopia by the will of God," intends, it would seem, to have the heir to his throne educated in the United States. This heir is still a boy. He lives with his uncle in the barbarically pompous palace at Addis Abeba. On state occasions he can be seen at the side of Menelik himself, in native Abyssinian costume, carrying a long spear, waving a pair of pigmented arms, rolling his eyes and having on his head a high silk hat of the newest London pattern. If the diplomacy of continental Europe has its way, according to the London *Telegraph*, the Americanization of the court of Abyssinia will not proceed much farther. The powers are said to have intimated that the dispatch of an Abyssinian minister to Washington at this crisis in Ethiopian affairs would not be expedient. This can only mean, we are told, that Menelik will not be permitted to educate his heir at any American college.

But "the conquering lion of the tribe of Judah," to give Menelik the Second, "Emperor of Ethiopia by the will of God," his official title, is not likely to prove amenable to argument on such a point. Alone among all the races from Tangier to Table Bay—for Morocco, as the London *Times* observes, "will probably pay for the consequences of not having a Menelik"—the Abyssinians have asserted and preserved their national independence. Nothing, adds our authority, but the ascendancy of a governing personality could have brought them together and held them together. Menelik, the world is assured by those who have studied him closely, has the immense genius of character for which the late Paul Kruger was famed, he has the capacity and purpose which make Porfirio Diaz the dictator of Mexico, and he has built up the most efficient system of purely personal government in the world. Menelik, Negus Negusti, or King of Kings, has determined to be personally represented in the diplomatic

corps at the American capital, and, as the Paris *Gaulois*, which prints this news, affirms, he will bend every energy to the achievement of this purpose.

It is to his illustrious ancestor, Solomon, that Menelik professes indebtedness for the striking personal qualities which have earned for him a position beside William II and President Roosevelt among rulers of nations. Pious Abyssinians affirm that the personal beauty of Menelik, the blackness of his skin, the crispness of his hair, the thickness of his lips and the enormous length of his arms, together with the brazen tones of his voice—his yell can be heard a mile away, according to a character sketch in the Paris *Matin*—are physical inheritances from the ruler who cast his spell over the Queen of Sheba. This lady is credited with responsibility for the spiritual qualities of Menelik. "Deeply impressed by all that she saw at Jerusalem," writes a learned student of Abyssinian institutions in *The American Law Review*, "the ambitious Queen induced twelve learned judges of Palestine to return with her to Abyssinia, where the Hebraic legislation was immediately introduced." Recent visitors to the court of Menelik II—Menelik I having been the name of Solomon's own son, by the way—report the industry of those twelve legists who claim to be direct descendants of the original twelve judges of King Solomon's time. To this very day the ruler of Abyssinia dons, at times, the long robe which, as tradition affirms, once hung upon the shoulders of the wildest of mankind.

Menelik is far too modest to attribute to any personal qualities of his own the victories which have raised him from the level of chief of a wild mountain tribe to the sovereign dignity of Negus Negusti. European students of his career cite him as an instance of that mysterious and incalculable force which plays from time to time an equal part in the affairs and fate of all races, civilized or refined—the power of personality. It is the combining and dominating spell of Menelik's leadership which evoked irresistible order out of Abyssinian chaos, or so his admirers insist. He denies it. His career has been shaped for him, he points out, by his ancestor Solomon

who framed for the benefit of the sons of the Queen of Sheba that Book of Proverbs which Menelik II is said to know by heart. A beautifully bound Ethiopic version of the proverbs of Solomon, which cost him a pair of elephants' tusks, is the pride of the Abyssinian potentate's library. To himself personally, we are even assured, was addressed the admonition:

"My son, keep my words and lay up my commandments with thee.

"Keep my commandments and live and my law as the apple of thine eye.

"Bind them upon thy fingers, write them upon the table of thine heart."

For this reason, Menelik impresses the teaching of Solomon upon the youth whom he has selected from among his numerous nephews to inherit his sway over the Abyssinians. There has been much uneasiness, of late, among the Europeans at Addis Abeba on the subject of the succession to Menelik's throne. Fears of a civil war and even of a general massacre of Europeans have been general. The Negus himself is convinced that Solomon will protect the dynasty of which he is the originator. Menelik, furthermore, is a Christian, fiercely pious, prone to interpretations of the Sermon on the Mount, which to a Western mind would seem new and strange. He has interested himself in the Ethiopic version of the New Testament, recently completed, and he has constituted himself an agent of the Bible Society for the distribution of the Scriptures throughout his own dominions. His Majesty is so desirous of promoting the study of the Bible among his soldiers that he will not hesitate, it is said, to fell an officer with a blow of his fist for any deficiency in Scriptural knowledge. His methods of stimulating piety include, it is likewise declared, the use of the stocks for soldiers who do not say their prayers. He upholds any form of violence which he deems conducive to spiritual growth. Thus, persons guilty of sacrilege are hanged, even when the guilty belong to the female sex.

Notwithstanding the mature age at which he has arrived, Menelik seems to retain the gigantic vigor which enabled him to break the back of a foeman across his knee many years ago. He has slain, in the course of many years spent in battle among the mountains of his realm, no less than seven hundred men. One story is to the effect that he slew a lion by pulling out the creature's eyes with his hands and dragging it by the tail over a precipice, but the Paris paper printing the

legend can not quite believe it. There seems no doubt, however, that he is a prodigious boxer and wrestler, and so expert with the rifle that he can hit the center of a target whether his weapon be aimed with the left hand or with the right. He can run with a speed described as "incredible," waving his hands and yelling at the top of his voice the while. Allusion has already been made to the yell of Menelik. His ordinary conversational pitch of voice is appropriate to the talk of a man who lives among the deaf. Nevertheless, say his admirers, Menelik is one of the gentlest of men. He does not fly into fiery tempers. He does not act under the influence of rage. His methods have always been violent, but his disposition is that of the lamb.

He is the only African potentate whose philosophy has been taken seriously in Europe. His talk is sententious, he speaks every one of the twenty-seven different Abyssinian dialects, and when he finds no quotation from the proverbs of Solomon appropriate to an occasion he falls back upon aphorisms of less inspired origin. "Never tell anyone to go away," he is quoted in an Italian paper as saying, "but act in such a way that he will want to flee." Again: "He who thinks of me thinks of gold, but he who thinks of the Lord is thinking of his own salvation." Another saying put into his mouth runs: "It is better to be in the desert with one who loves you than in a palace with one who hates you."

The homiletic nature of Menelik's discourse reflects, it seems, his notion that he is the teacher as well as the ruler of Abyssinians. He has convinced himself that the time has come for the introduction into the land of those features of Western civilization to which his subjects can adapt themselves. He will not abolish the punishment of crucifixion for women guilty of sacrilege, his piety being still too primitive, but he sometimes wears a sack suit from London as a means of habituating his countrymen to European institutions. At official dinners, when banqueting the head of a diplomatic mission in the palace, he eats soup with a spoon, but in the privacy of his summer home in the mountains he dispenses with fork, knife and even plate, preferring to devour directly from the dish. There are thus two Meneliks—the official personage conforming in public to the etiquette of court life on a Europeanized plan and the native Abyssinian man, relapsing, when in the family circle, into such practices as dancing about in bare feet, climbing over the roofs of his various abodes and throwing stones at innocent pedestrians





**THE ONLY LIVING DESCENDANT OF SOLOMON AND THE QUEEN OF SHEBA**

Menelik, Emperor of Abyssinia, is believed by the blameless Ethiopians to resemble the author of the Book of Proverbs, who, moreover, founded the dynasty now holding sway in the Switzerland of Africa. In complexion, stature and features, Menelik is pronounced another Solomon.

from whom he quickly conceals himself whenever they turn to find out what hit them. Practical joking of an even rougher sort is reported in Italian dailies, but the friends of Menelik insist that the ministry in Rome is too anxious to represent Menelik as an unredeemed barbarian to make its inspired versions of the potentate's daily life wholly credible.

Were Menelik an Anglo-Saxon he would be called a henpecked husband. Taitou, the consort of this black Christian king, is a strong-minded woman whose bitterness at the fate which keeps her from providing an heir to her husband's throne is responsible for some domestic discord in the palace. Her sway over Menelik is attributed primarily to her skill in cooking the domestic dishes he craves, but very largely likewise to her gift for diplomacy. It is Taitou, says the *Tribuna* (Rome), who decides what favor shall be accorded the innumerable concession hunters who flock for railroad franchises to Addis Abeba. She is no beauty, even from the Abyssinian standpoint, not being sufficiently fat and having very short legs. Her complexion is not black enough for the native taste, either, and she has never excelled in piety. Menelik is a theologian, but his wife is a business woman. The heads of missions request an audience of her as a matter of course because without her consent, say those who understand Abyssinian policy, Menelik will conclude no agreement with any foreign power. Her Majesty wears European costume in the domestic circle, another unfortunate characteristic from the native point of view. She is held responsible for the transfer of the administration of justice from the priesthood to native judges. She had telephones introduced into the palace. She speaks French fluently. She never paints her face. She wears a hat from Paris in her husband's presence. She has encouraged opera singers and actors to visit her husband's capital. In a word, she lacks the Abyssinian spirit.

Menelik lives in such dread of his wife's frown, as all authorities agree, that he takes to his bed and pretends to be ill whenever he has done anything to displease her. His gigantic strength enables him to lift the Empress in his arms and run about with her as if she were a babe and the expedient commends itself to the King of Kings occasionally as the fitting termination to an argument. Compromise is usually reached on the basis of some expensive article from abroad, sometimes a new piano and recently, it seems, a

costly automobile. The Empress is unable to enjoy the car owing to the condition of the Abyssinian roads. Her husband is one of the richest rulers in the world, and the Empress is denied nothing except the European tour in state which is the ambition of Taitou's life. Menelik has never traveled outside his own dominions. Now that he is well past sixty he has abandoned, he says, all idea of seeing the world, nor can the arguments of his consort shake the firmness of this purpose.

Menelik attributes his well-preserved health to the vigor he inherits from his illustrious ancestor, the author of the Book of Proverbs. He is often up by sunrise, especially when movements of his numerous army require his presence in the field. His Majesty is an expert on the subject of artillery, an arm to which he gives all the credit for the terrible defeat he inflicted upon the Italians at Adowa several years ago. This was when it seemed that the independence of Abyssinia was doomed as a matter of course. Menelik was at the head of a hundred thousand of his subjects. On the night preceding the crisis he followed the example of other illustrious commanders by perusing a favorite work. It was the Book of Proverbs, of course, and the natives ascribe the victory to Solomon himself, who appeared, they say, in the monarch's camp, promising triumph to his descendant. From the more practical point of view, the result of the battle of Adowa is ascribed to the military genius of Menelik. There can be no doubt, says a writer in the Paris *Débats*, that the ruler of Abyssinia is one of the great soldiers of this age. He has commanded over a hundred thousand troops at one time in pitched battle against a well equipped European force and he emerged the victor. "The fact itself stands out historically as isolated and conspicuous as the peak of Teneriffe rising over the level floor of the sea." The great triumph of Menelik must therefore cause a revision of all contemporary ideas on the subject of the capacity of Africans for human achievement.

In his lighter mood, Menelik listens with rapture to stories that appeal to his sense of humor. Nothing commends a diplomatist at the court of Addis Abeba with more completeness than capacity to entertain the potentate with anecdotes involving the perpetration of some ludicrous prank. The business of narration is at times elaborate. When Menelik does not understand the language of his visitor, an interpreter is summoned. The story is served up piecemeal, like courses at a din-

ner. Menelik listens with solemnity, according to the Rome *Tribuna*, his countenance as unrelaxed as if he were charging his memory with the propositions of an equation. The moment the point has been caught, his Majesty bursts out in yells of delight. Roars of laughter shake the frame of the potentate so violently that he must sometimes lean upon a chair or table for support. In the response of his risible faculty to adequate stimulus Menelik is typically African. One unfortunate raconteur told a story to which his Majesty could attach no point whatever. The

anecdote was told over again from the beginning without eliciting anything in the nature of laughter from Menelik. Several native humorists were summoned to elucidate the mystification without result, whereupon the European retired in confusion. What the story may have been does not appear in the account of the matter supplied by the Italian daily, but the effect of the misadventure was to terminate the usefulness of a brilliant diplomatist to his government, and he was recalled. His successor rehearses his stories before he tries them on the Emperor.

## THE TRAINING OF TAFT



IF THE choice of our next President is to be left to the newspaper and magazine writers, William H. Taft is already as good as elected. They are doing their best—and a very good best it is—to make him an American idol, and the political complexion of the periodicals they are engaged on seems to make no difference whatever in the nature of their descriptions of this idol. If there is any lack of enthusiasm for Taft in political or industrial circles, it does not extend, apparently, to the newspaper or magazine offices. We have already had two composite pen-pictures of Taft in these pages within the last ten or twelve months. To keep up with the current Taft literature we ought to have two or three every month.

In *The World's Work* is running a series of articles on Taft's "career of big tasks." The statement is made at the outset that "he has had such extraordinarily severe training for executing honorably, safely and well the presidential functions as possibly not one of our chief executives ever had." This is a strong statement, and the writer, Eugene P. Lyle, Jr., makes a strong effort to justify it.

To begin with, of course, Taft was born in Ohio, and born of colonial parents. His paternal grandfather was a Vermont farmer, legislator and judge. The son Alphonso (William H.'s father) worked on the Vermont farm until he was sixteen, then taught school to earn money to take him to Amherst and Yale; tutored at Yale while he was taking the course in the Yale Law School, and hung out his shingle in Cincinnati in 1838. The mother of William H. came also of "hardy colonial stock" and one of her ancestors was a colonel in the Revolution. At the age of eighty her

intellect is vigorous and her knowledge of events up-to-date.

Young Bill was sent to the public schools, and so big were the bones of him that he was promptly nicknamed "Lubber," or "Lub" for short. He became a boy-leader in the fights with the Butchertown and Tailortown gangs. He did little loafing, and "he has not scattered enough wild oats to feed a mustang colt." It was characteristic of him never to utter a word against another fellow when the other fellow was absent. He or any of his brothers would take a licking rather than tell on a friend, and one of the brothers did get a strapping from the old judge for a prank another brother had played. The father made a mistake in the culprit, but the victim of the mistake took his medicine. "Lub" Taft threw himself heart and soul into any sport or any work at which he went. The one serious defect in his record is that he couldn't play baseball very well. He tried hard, but his big bones would not allow the necessary agility for a crack player. But he was strong and plucky. The story is told of Judge Taft, the father, requesting John L. Sullivan to call on him and then taking him into an inner office to examine his physique, in order to determine whether the heavy-weight champion was a better put-up man than his son Will. His decision was that his son Will was the better man.

When son Will left Andover for Yale he weighed about two hundred and twenty-five pounds, and was hailed with glee by the football devotees. But they were destined to disappointment. Bill Taft would play football or box or row or wrestle; but when it came to joining any of the "teams" and making

athletics his business, he said nay, nay. He had another kind of a record to live up to. His father had taken honors at Yale and his half-brother, Charles P., had taken "the highest honors ever known to Yale." Bill could have become a campus hero, but he chose instead to sustain the family traditions. He was no grind. He was a central figure in the college life, and immensely popular they say; but he kept up his class-room end, and when he graduated he stood second in a class of one hundred and twenty and delivered the salutatory.

After graduation he began his career in his father's law office and in reporting law cases for his half-brother's paper, *The Times-Star*. Then Murat Halstead bribed him over to the staff of *The Commercial Gazette* with the munificent offer of \$6 a week. So he got some newspaper training. He went into politics almost at once, and with a strenuousness that made itself felt. He was delegated as a watcher at one of the tough polling places. It was soon reported to him that a big stone mason was intimidating the voters. Bill went at once to the stone mason, and the latter demanded to know what the youngster was doing at the polling place anyhow. He found out. He took a horizontal position to do so, however. Bill's training at Andover and Yale were a great help to his political training.

There was a "bad man" in Cincinnati whose name was Rose, and who would have smelled no sweeter by any other name. He was a prizefighter and editor of a scurrilous sheet that kept the city in a state of fear and disgust. He went for Bill's father, and he never went again for anybody in that city. Bill picked him up on the street and set him down in a different position, and when the fellow could talk he promised to leave town that night. And he did.

One strange thing about Bill Taft's strenuousness is that it doesn't make personal enemies for him. He fought George B. Cox, the Republican boss of Cincinnati, from the start, says Mr. Lyle, yet the only time that Taft ran for an elective office Cox supported him. And despite Taft's open hostility to Cox's political methods to-day the latter has been giving support to Taft's candidacy for the presidential nomination.

Taft's training on the bench, as a federal judge, then as solicitor-general of the United States, then as governor-general of the Philippines, then as attorney-general of the United States, and then as secretary of war (or secretary of the army as the peace advocates want the office called), is all a

part of recent history that has been told and re-told many times.

The New York *Evening Post* calls him "the nation's traveling man." He is once again facing a long journey, the itinerary beginning at Washington, taking in Columbus, O., Louisville, Oklahoma City, Joplin, Mo., Kansas City, Denver, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle and ending in the Philippines. "When the order comes to start a traveling over seas," says *The Evening Post's* correspondent, "Mr. Taft sighs heavily, thinking of the inadequacy of the sleeping bunks in Pullman cars and steamships, packs his bag, and leaves the War Department at the last possible minute to catch his train. Sometimes he makes the train wait until he has cleared his desk. Once under way, the secretary organizes a whist table and plays and plays with infinite enjoyment of the game until his destination is reached; then the people come to him and talk, telling their troubles. Mr. Taft listens. When every one has had his say, and told his story to the weary end, comes the decision. Both sides usually feel that they have been victorious, and that Mr. Taft is their particular friend."

Preparatory to the present trip, Mr. Taft has been playing up at Murray Bay in the province of Quebec. He is described by a *World* reporter who hunted him up there as an aggressive, jolly but inveterate golfer. He loves also to whip a stream for trout. And he plays tennis; but any of his children, Robert, Helen, or Charlie, is a match for him at tennis. Taft's wife, who has avoided the public eye as successfully as Mrs. Roosevelt has, was a Miss Helen Herron, whose father, John W. Herron, was the law partner of Rutherford B. Hayes. She and Will Taft were friends from their earliest years. She finished college about the same time that Taft did, and then taught for a while in a private school. Music has always been her absorbing passion and she has done much to make Cincinnati a music center.

No other living American statesman can claim such wide personal acquaintance with the men who make history in other lands to-day. He has met the present Prime Minister in Tokyo, and the Mikado knows him. Taft is a well-remembered figure at the Vatican. The Chinese mandarins have exchanged ideas with him. South American presidents know him from personal contact. He has visited the colonial governors in the West Indies, the great personages in Siam, the Khedive of Egypt and the Sultan.

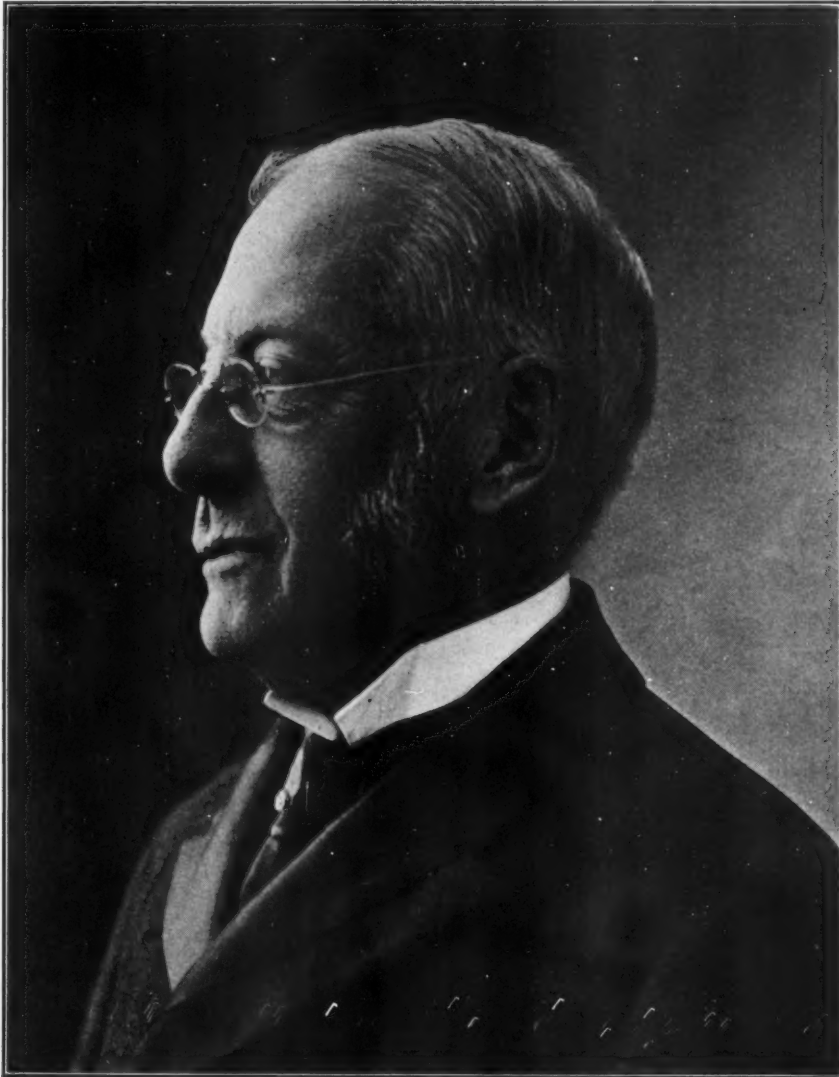


## MOLDERS OF THE AMERICAN IDEAL



WO or three rather brilliant books have been written by Dr. Charles Ferguson to prove that the university is to become the center around which all the social, industrial and political

life of the coming democracy is to revolve, even as the medieval life revolved around the cathedral. The university is to displace the church in the future, or rather is to absorb it, direct our statesmen and captains of industry,



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## A CHAMPION OF THE HAPPY LIFE

If a vote of Americans were taken on our foremost living citizen, the man who would probably receive the highest vote (if political leaders were excluded) would be Charles William Eliot, of Harvard. He is noted for his splendid poise, and his word on any subject carries very far. He is a member of the French Legion of Honor and of the Institute of France. He was a champion of the simple life years before Wagner wrote his little book, and in his work on the subject ("The Happy Life") President Eliot pens this golden sentence: "Nobody has any right to find life uninteresting or unrewarding who sees within the sphere of his own activity a wrong he can help to remedy or within himself an evil he can hope to overcome."

train the masters of men in all fields of endeavor, technical as well as professional, rebuild social institutions and mold the ideals of the American people.

Dr. Ferguson is a visionary and a radical, but there is a pretty broad basis of fact for this vision in the development of our educational institutions in the last few decades.

No other cause has such magnetic power over the pocketbooks of our multi-millionaires, and the millions that they have been pouring into university coffers have made Europe stare. The vast development of technical and professional schools, the establishment of institutions under state control, the success of the university extension idea and the growth



PROBABLY OUR HIGHEST AUTHORITY ON RAILROAD TRANSPORTATION

When Arthur Twining Hadley, president of Yale, speaks on industrial problems, especially those pertaining to railroads, all the country sits up and listens. One of his statements, made when the Interstate Commerce Commission was first established, was to the effect that it would do more than any other legislation ever enacted to prevent wise treatment of the railroads by the nation. His prediction is being quoted anew by the railway men in these parlous times. He was born in New Haven, his father was a Yale professor, he is a graduate of Yale and was a Yale tutor before he became a Yale professor and a Yale president. The college boys tell humorous stories of his mistakes in the details of administration due to absentmindedness.

of the eclectic system have so changed the aspect of the university and extended its influence into practical affairs that the result would be considered a revolution if it had not come about so gradually.

As the institutions have been changing, the character of the men who manage them has

been changing. The old ideal of a college president is seldom realized nowadays except in some small and backward institution. He was rather aged and always venerable. His aspect was spiritual. His vision was fixed upon the eternal verities. He was prone to deep abstraction. He was always a doctor of



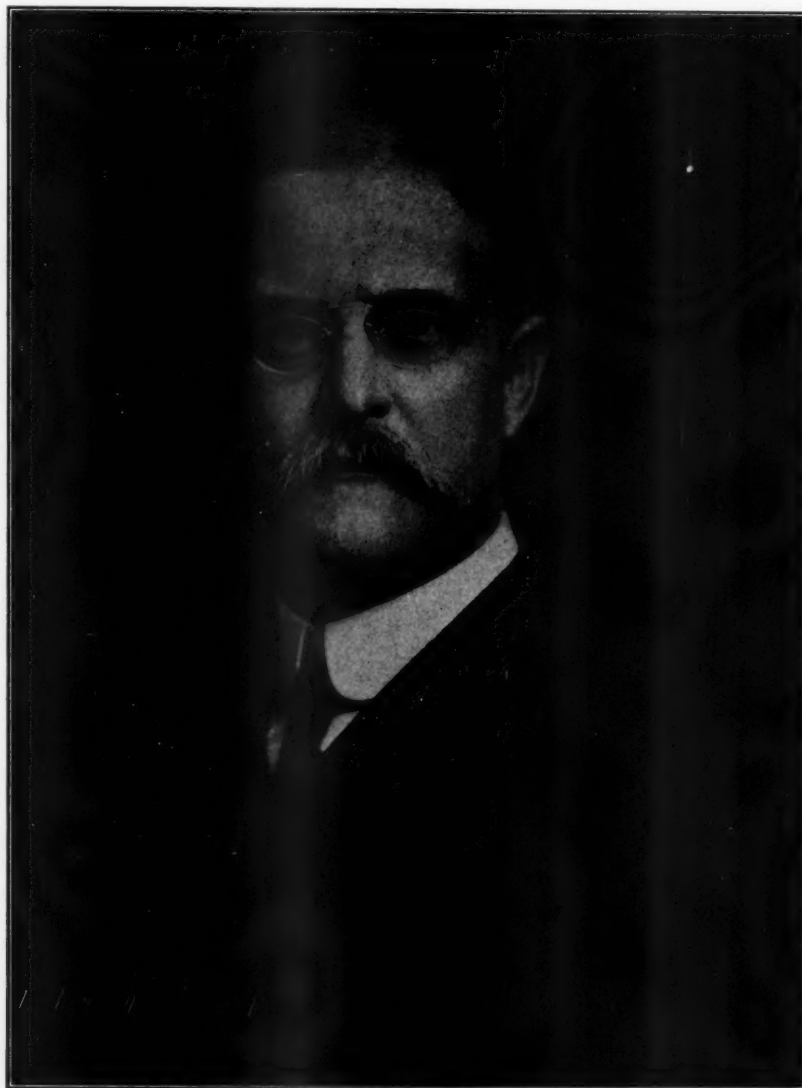
#### ONE OF THE BEST PARLIAMENTARIANS LIVING

It is a treat to see Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, handle an assemblage as its presiding officer. No complexity in the parliamentary situation can daunt him, and questions of order are decided as soon as they are out of the questioner's mouth. Dr. Butler's whole life has been devoted to the study of education and the effort to place it on philosophic principles. He was the founder and first president of the Teachers College in New York, and was dean of the faculty of philosophy in Columbia when he was twenty-eight. He was only forty when, in 1902, he was chosen president of Columbia. He has been active recently in the cause of industrial peace and international arbitration.

divinity. He had a cloistral air and a cloistral voice, and he was at home only when talking on philosophy, theology and metaphysics. The humanities and the classics were his realm and the realm of his institution.

All that has changed. The university president of to-day is "a good mixer" as the politi-

cians say. He has the air of a man of affairs. He may be venerable, but he doesn't pride himself on the fact and he doesn't care to look so. He is no longer of necessity a preacher. He is not scholastic in the old classical sense. President Eliot, of Harvard, was a scientist, a professor of chemistry, and author of a



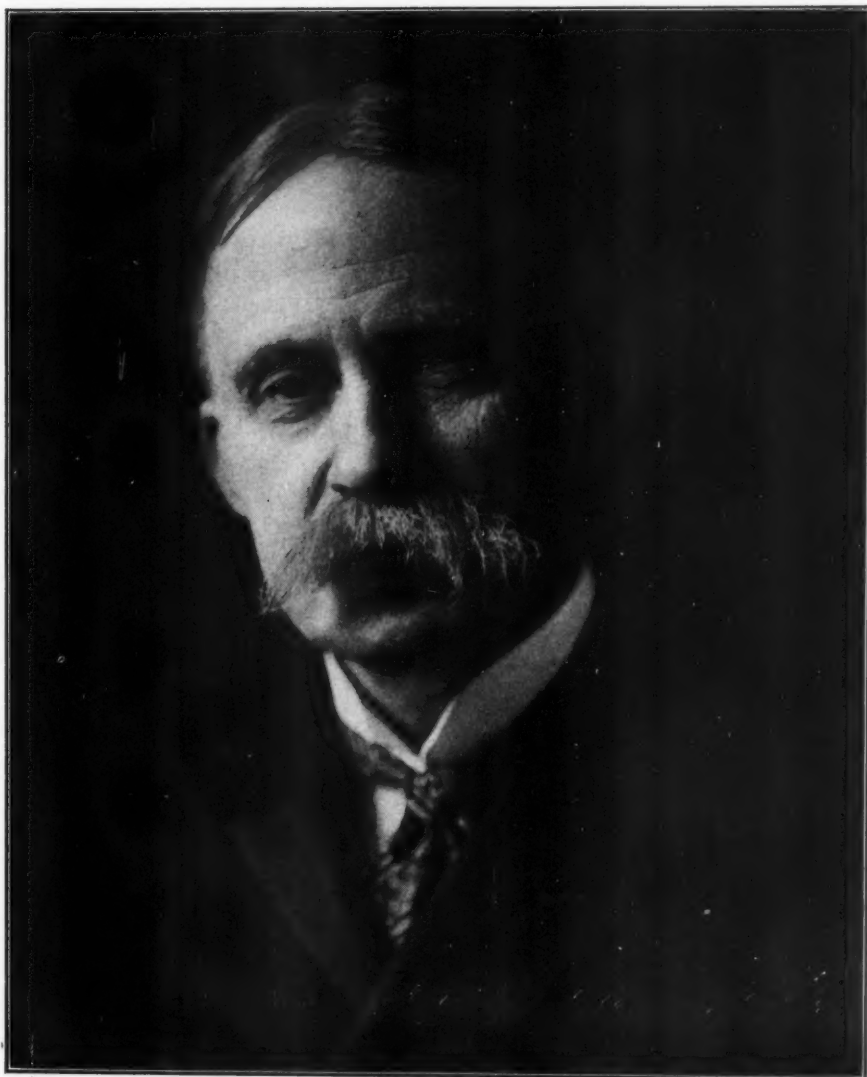
A CHAMPION OF "THE ABUNDANT LIFE"

"Life is begotten of life, and it will remain in the future as it has been in the past that the health of the spiritual life passes neither from book nor subject, but from life of the master to the life of the pupil." That is a central thought in the educational philosophy of Benjamin Ide Wheeler, president of the University of California. He was a Greek professor before he was president, and the classics are still his passion. He aided in excavations at the site of ancient Corinth and served as a judge at the first modern revival of the Olympian games at Athens. Seven universities have conferred the degree of LL.D. upon him, and all the returns are not yet in.



"Manual of Qualitative Chemical Analysis" and a "Manual of Inorganic Chemistry" before he became a president. President Hadley was an expert on railroad matters, author of a book (one of the best of its kind) on "Railroad Transportation, Its History and Laws," and a commissioner of statistics for the State

of Connecticut. President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton, was a practicing lawyer at first, then an expert on jurisprudence, politics, and political history; and is today a more or less receptive candidate for a presidential nomination which he is not going to get. David Starr Jordan, president of Leland Stanford



#### PRESIDENT HARPER'S SUCCESSOR

When Harry Pratt Judson was recently installed president of the Chicago University he made no inaugural statement as to future policy and announced no program. He is "not an educational speculator," says Shailer Mathews, "but an educational administrator." In a very true sense, we are told further, he is "the creature of the University's own life." At the installation services President Judson said: "To share in the development of a university is a precious privilege—better than wealth, better than fame, better than the pleasures of life. The university means truth, it means knowledge, it means freedom—and these three will suffice to sweeten and energize our turbulent democratic society."

University, was a scientist, and if you are yearning for zoological information, get his "Manual of Vertebrate Animals of Northern United States," or his "Food and Game Fishes of North America," or his "Guide to the Study of Fishes" and read them. There is no nature-faking about *them*. President Judson, of Chicago University, specialized on

political science, and when, a few years ago, he went into active municipal politics in Chicago he broke all academic records in such cases by working with his party organization. President Angell, of Michigan University, was the editor of an important daily paper—the *Providence Journal*—for six years during the period of the Civil War. He has



#### MENTIONED AS A PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITY

"If the time should come," says Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton University, "when the leaders of the Democratic party believe they want me for their candidate and should assure me that it was necessary for them to know my willingness to permit the use of my name, I should first consult my physician and then try to weigh the matter carefully." He is a guarded man, is President Wilson, with a solemn face, but eyes that can twinkle. The tutorial system which he has inaugurated at Princeton is being watched by educators everywhere with the keenest interest.

been our minister to China and Turkey and has served on various important governmental commissions. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of the University of California, and Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia, come a little nearer, in their specialties, to the old college ideals. President Wheeler's specialty was philology, especially Greek philology, but he has de-

veloped so far beyond his specialty that the Massachusetts Institute of Technology has been trying (in vain so far) to get him as its president. President Butler specialized on philosophy and education, but when you see him presiding over an assembly of any kind, you are not reminded of cloisters and academic shades. He is a parliamentarian from



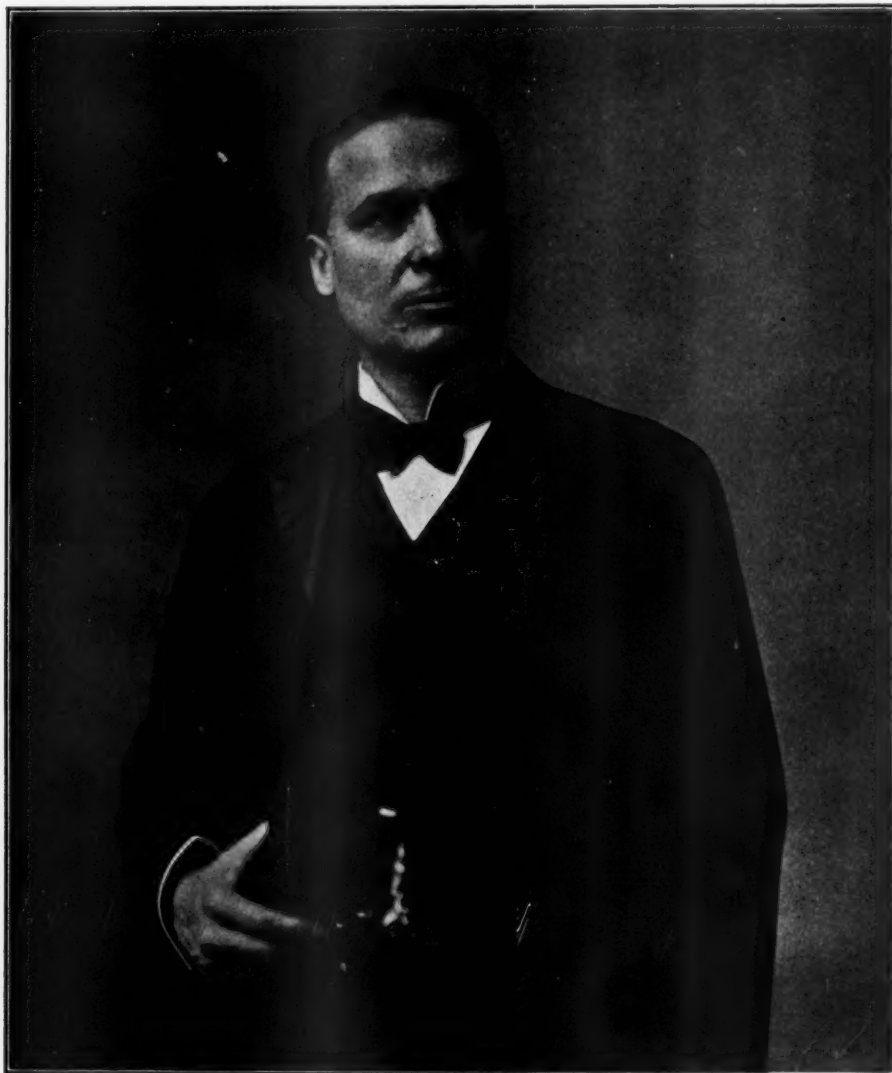
#### A PREACHER OF HOPE AND ENTHUSIASM

The first book published by David Starr Jordan, president of Leland Stanford University, was a manual of vertebrate animals of the United States. His recent books relate to but one vertebrate animal, man, and their purpose is to strengthen his vertebrarium—otherwise his backbone—in the presence of depressing affairs and pessimistic philosophies. He says: "To-day is your day and mine, the only day we have, the day in which we play our part. What our part may signify in the great whole we may not understand, but we are here to play it, and now is the time. This we know, it is a part of action, not of whining."

"way back," and he has more the air of a bustling captain of industry than of a scholastic philosopher. President Schurman, of Cornell, has made philosophy and psychology his specialty, but, clean shaven, alert, observant, he has none of the abstract air of the traditional philosopher.

A surprising thing is that not one of these nine presidents of leading universities is a

doctor of divinity. Not one of them is a "reverend." The "D.D.s" are still plentifully sprinkled among the smaller universities and colleges of the land, doing excellent even if less conspicuous service; but the virtual monopoly which that profession once held has departed, and the first prizes in university presidencies are now held by other than clergymen.



THE CHAIRMAN OF OUR FIRST PHILIPPINE COMMISSION

The president of Cornell, Jacob Gould Schurman, like so many other of our university presidents, has served his country well in bearing civic responsibilities; but his life-work has been as a student and teacher of philosophy, and as head of a great institution of learning. He is not an American by birth, but began his philosophizing on Prince Edward Island and was educated in Nova Scotia, and then in London, Berlin, Paris, and various other European centers.



# Literature and Art

## OUR GREATEST AMERICAN SCULPTOR



ON THE death of Augustus Saint Gaudens, America loses not only its greatest modern sculptor, but, as many think, the greatest sculptor it has ever produced. His monuments stand in all our chief cities, and have become the heritage of a whole people. His versatility is as amazing as his power. Not many New Yorkers are aware of the fact that he created the historic figure of Saint Tammany on the façade of Tammany Hall; but it is so. His golden "Diana" gleams from the sky-heights of Madison Square tower, and, down below, under the green trees, is his "Admiral Farragut," instinct with the spirit of sun and sea. Uptown, at the gates of Central Park, his equestrian statue of General Sherman challenges comparison with Verrocchio's "Col-leone" at Venice and the "Gattamelata" of Donatello at Padua. On Boston Common may be seen his unique memorial to Robert Gould Shaw, the young colonel who fell in the Civil War at the head of his negro troops; and beneath the shadow of the Philadelphia City Hall, the "Puritan" figure which has been pronounced the finest embodiment of Puritanism in art. No less notable and no less peculiarly American in their expression are the Lincoln and Logan statues in Chicago. And, finally, in the symbolic "Grief" surmounting a grave in Rock Creek Cemetery, Washington, D. C.,

Saint Gaudens may be said to have reached his climax and set the seal of authentic individuality on one of the universal emotions. This mortuary statue deserves to rank with the work of Michael Angelo, and with the "Pathetic Symphony" of Tschaiikowsky.

A recent American critic, Mr. T. R. Sullivan, treats Saint Gaudens's "Lincoln" as in some respects his most typical achievement. At the time of its unveiling in Chicago, some twenty years ago, it was hailed as the most important contribution yet made to monumental art in this country. "The popular esti-

mate," says Mr. Sullivan, "accorded with the critical judgment, and the 'wide-stretched honors' of Saint Gaudens from that moment became national." He continues (in *The Reader Magazine*):

"Time has not reversed the hour's verdict. The Lincoln still looms grandly up in the middle distance of Saint Gaudens's career, triumphant over the formidable difficulties of its subject, which he glorified rather than evaded, subordinating with the finest sympathy the gaunt figure in its ugly dress to the spirit of the man. One may come again and again into that impressive presence, each time to wonder at its unaffected simplicity, its dignity and distinction; each time to be overcome by the same feeling of reverence akin to awe, with which one approached it first. The spell wrought in it outlasts the years. Through them all it remains an incomparable portrait statue of 'the first American.'"

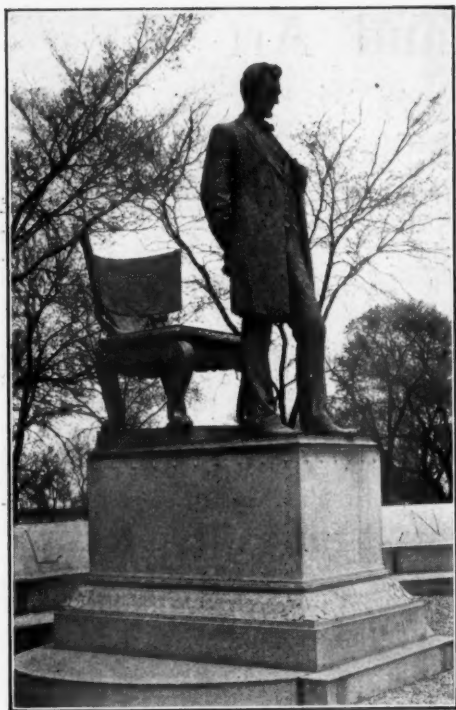
Inspired and inspiring, however, as the Lincoln statue is, it has the limitations in-



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"GRIEF"

This symbolic figure by Saint Gaudens is generally conceded to be his masterpiece. It guards a nameless grave in a private cemetery in Washington, D. C.



AN INCOMPARABLE PORTRAIT-STATUE OF  
THE "FIRST AMERICAN"

At the time of its unveiling in Chicago, some twenty years ago, this statue of Lincoln by Saint Gaudens was hailed as the most important contribution yet made to monumental art in this country.

separable from portraiture. At the time of its creation Saint Gaudens's reputation was largely that of a portrait-sculptor; yet already his imagination had found freer scope in the symbolic "Puritan," and had taken more than one higher flight in detached examples of an ideal type, like the Vanderbilt caryatides and the angels for the Morgan tomb. These last, with all their loveliness, suggest to Mr. Sullivan "too much, perhaps, the perfection of modern humanity; as if these waifs of the heavenly host had equipped themselves for earth with New England consciences." To the middle period of Saint Gaudens's productions belong the poignant "Grief" of the Washington Cemetery; the "Diana" of Madison Square tower—the only "nude," by the way, that Saint Gaudens ever made; the marble torch-bearers, in high relief, on the façade of the Brooklyn Public Library; and the bas-relief of Robert Louis Stevenson. Of the Stevenson portrait, Mr. Sullivan writes:

"The presentment of the cheery invalid reviewing his manuscript, as he sits in bed, propped

up by pillows, is familiar through countless reproductions which convey wonderfully well its irresistible charm of composition and delicacy of style. Again the master's sympathies shine through the encumbering detail, giving us a Stevenson at once heroic and lovable, bringing us nearer to the man than we have been brought before or since. The studies for the original medalion, which was dedicated to Stevenson himself, were made in 1887; but, years afterward Saint Gaudens enlarged this, turning the bed into a sofa, eliminating some minor accessories and amplifying others, for his Stevenson Memorial in St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh."

The Robert Gould Shaw Memorial, at Boston, is remarkable as a daring and, on the whole, successful, attempt to portray a number of human figures, in high and low relief, in close proximity to an angel figure of Victory. "The onward movement of the rank and file," remarks Mr. Sullivan, "and of its youthful leader, is maintained superbly, with just regard for that harmonious repose in action upon which the master critics have long insisted. And over all these floats a laurel-bearing Victory, the downward glance gravely intent



"THE PURITAN"

An imaginative representation by Saint Gaudens of Deacon Samuel Chapin, one of the founders of Springfield, Mass. The statue stands in Springfield and has been duplicated in Philadelphia. It is pronounced the finest embodiment of Puritanism in art.



SAINT GAUDENS'S PORTRAIT OF "R. L. S."

This bas-relief of Stevenson reviewing a manuscript as he reclines on his sick-bed reveals both sculptor and author in the happiest light. It decorates the interior of St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh.

upon the troop, to urge it forward with uplifted hand." To those who complain that the angel figure is a disturbing element in the scheme, a needless instrument of conventional symbolism, Mr. Sullivan replies:

"The Victory is as much an essential part of the decorative setting as the motto in the bronze background, *Omnia relinquit servare Rempublicam*; or the lines from Lowell's ode, carved upon the marble base:

Right in the van,  
On the red rampart's slippery swell,  
With heart that beat a charge, he fell  
Foeward, as fits a man;  
But the high soul burns on to light men's feet  
Where death for noble ends makes dying sweet.

"The veteran of the Civil War, standing on this historic spot, where the hero took final leave of his native city, needs, it is true, no spur to his remembrance. 'Who would not die, as Shaw died, to earn that recognition?' asked, lately, one of these. For others, the subordinate elements of decoration, like the sea-nymphs on the pedestal of the Farragut, or Lincoln's Chair of State, touch a high, poetic note in a design that without them might prove liberal in its expressions. Let the critics forget them, if they will; we would not have them otherwise. Certain it is, that as the artist framed it, the Shaw Memorial has been accepted by acclamation as a well-nigh faultless work, most nobly monumental."

After the Shaw monument came the statues to Peter Cooper and General Logan, two

widely different examples of the sculptor's art. The former, which has been set behind the Cooper Union, in New York, shows the philanthropist seated in every-day attire, sturdy and simple; the latter is a *tour de force*—a frankly dramatic portrayal of the General on horseback, brandishing a flag. Of the famous Sherman statue, unveiled in 1903, Mr. Sullivan gives this description:

"General Sherman rides bare-headed, controlling with the left hand his strong high-mettled horse; the right hand is down, holding the hat at his side; his cloak is blown back, the horse's tail streams in the wind. Their onward rush is unimpeded, and tho they are alive with action, the action is simple, dignified, with resolute force in every line of it. Before them, a little to the left, half flying, half striding, is a winged Victory, her right arm extended, in her left hand a palm-branch. The wide sweep of the wings, the floating garment blown backward and upward, and the position of the left foot, advanced well below the level of the horse's hoofs, give the figure a downward trend, as if it had but just alighted there. Thus, it is relieved of all heaviness, and accentuates instead of obstructing the forward movement of the horseman. Again the artist has sought, as in the Shaw, to combine the real and the ideal. But here he has dared more, accomplished more, making the union complete in one harmonious inspiration. The man is humanly heroic, the grave goddess triumphant in her ideal beauty. Technically, the group is finely balanced, its outlines carrying well at every

point; and the thin coating of gold with which the bronze is overlaid, not glittering, but subdued in tone, proves most agreeable to the eye. As one stands before it at the city's heart, the monument seems to stem the tide of materialism that surges around it, uplifting the thought beyond all luxurious evidences of our commercial prosperity to higher aims and nobler deeds,—a reminder of the past, an earnest of the future in its splendid recognition of the courage and self-sacrifice, which, at the hour's need, have never failed the nation."

But in surveying Saint Gaudens's achievement, the mind reverts, above all, to the strangest, the most haunting, the most mysterious of all his creations—that figure of "Grief" guarding a nameless grave in Washington. As Mr. Sullivan interprets this masterpiece:

"The guardian genius is a seated figure enveloped from head to foot in loose folds of drapery that leave visible only the face, the right forearm and hand on which the chin rests, and the left hand supporting these. It is placed upon a low pedestal against a stone background, before a marble exedra, shut in by cypress-trees from all disturbing influences. The attitude is one of serene, majestic repose—an effect enhanced by the broad freedom of the muffling garment and by the surroundings which all tend, as one sits before it, to fix attention upon the face. That, too, is in repose; and it is of haunting beauty, mysterious, sphinx-like in its expression; mournful yet self-controlled; inscrutably calm in the acceptance of an overwhelming burden, mystically strong in the resolve to bear it. The deeper meaning, thus expressed, each beholder must interpret for himself. Surely, however, the name of 'Grief,' sometimes given to this statue, misleads by insufficiently describing it. If there is no hope in the face, there is no desperate revolt of the earth-born, human soul, but in its place a quality transcendent, super-human, as if the half-closed eyes could look beyond our own extreme of sight to limitless perceptions. The sculptor, dealing with life's unsolved enigma, has wisely left his full intent in doubt. But the suggestion that he aimed at an embodiment of Rest, Peace and Knowledge, surpassing ours in life, seems preferable to the other. Infinite knowledge is there, in face and figure, profound rest and 'a peace above all earthly dignities.'"

It is too early as yet to estimate Saint Gaudens's place in world-sculpture. He owed something to the Renaissance, and something to the Greeks; but there was more in him of Donatello than of Phidias. In certain respects, says Mr. Sullivan, he resembled the foremost of modern Frenchmen who were formerly his masters. He had the nobility of Rude, the restraint of Dubois, the technical skill and fluent grace of their successors, now living. Over and above those gifts, however, must be emphasized that close sympathy with his subject which distinguished all his work,

and "an individual quality, imaginative and poetic,—the individuality of genius, the divine spark, which, at his will, transformed itself to flame." Another critic has said:

"The work of St. Gaudens marks in the history of American sculpture the definite breaking away from the spirit of classic imitation which till his time had dominated it. The revolt in Europe of such men as Barye, Rude and Dubois, from the pseudo-classic ideals for which Canova and Thorwaldsen had stood, spread through St. Gaudens to America. He wholly departed from such of his predecessors as Greenough, Hiram Powers, Rinehart, and the rest of their school. . . . He found his historical affinities not in the abstraction of classic sculpture, but in the individualizing spirit of the Renaissance."

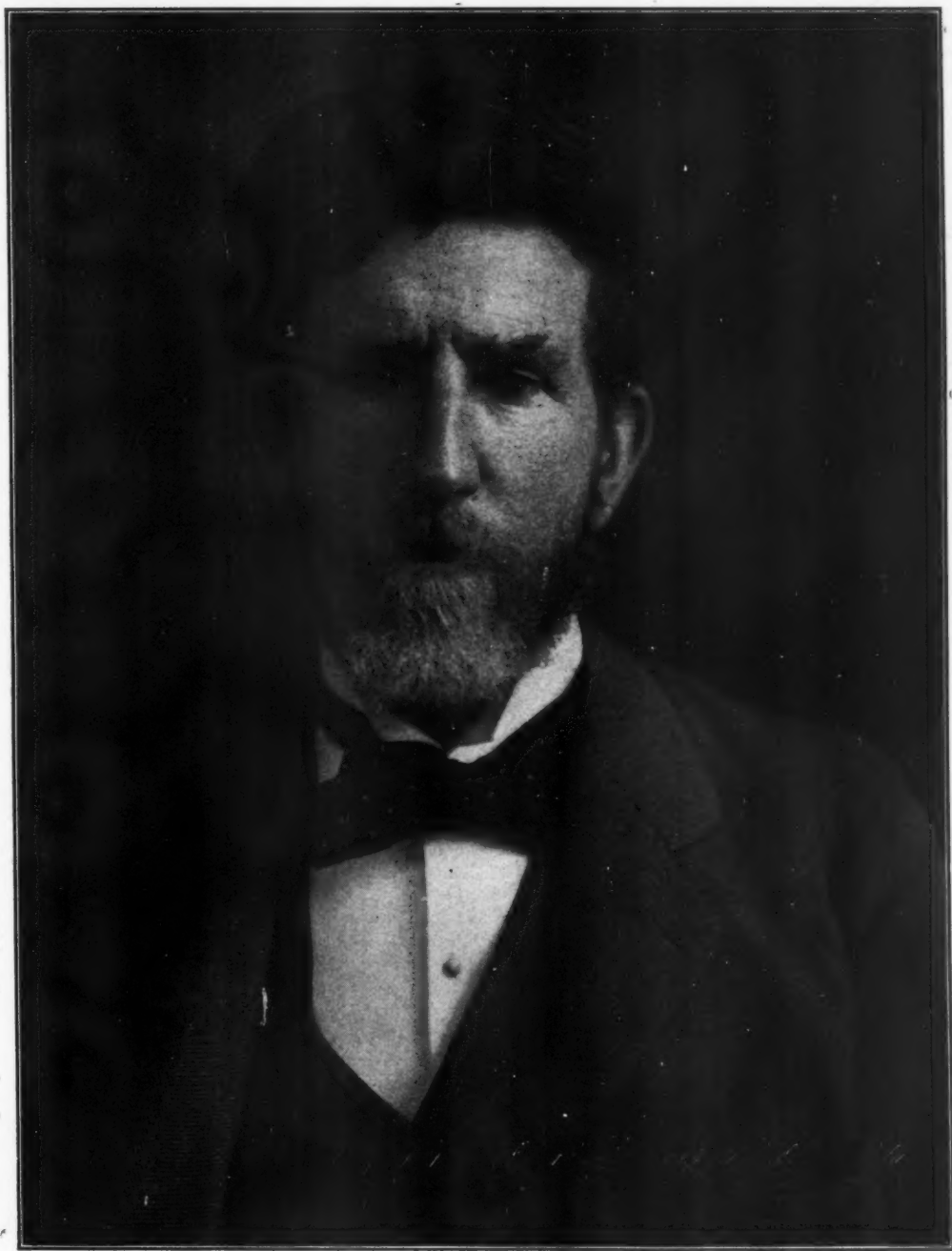
Saint Gaudens was born in Dublin in 1848, of French-Irish parentage, and came to this country when he was six years old. At the age of thirteen he was apprenticed to a cameo-maker in New York. During the evenings he attended drawing classes at the Cooper Union. In 1867 he was able to fulfil a long-cherished ambition to visit Paris and study sculpture there. But five years later he was back in America, and from that time on he made his home here.

For twenty years his studio at Cornish, N. H., has been a potent influence in the art-life of the country. Among his pupils are Philip Martiny, Frederick Macmonnies, and Andrew O'Connor.

Saint Gaudens's genius was widely recognized, and the degree of LL.D. recently conferred upon him as "the foremost sculptor of America" is a typical expression of contemporary judgment. In the spring of 1905 his friends and neighbors at Cornish produced a sylvan masque in his honor, and at the conclusion the entire company on the stage swept down into the audience and, surrounding the master, presented him with a golden bowl. "To him," as Mr. Sullivan remarks, "this spontaneous tribute was the best of all—a thing of beauty, ephemeral in its fragility, yet touching deeply all who saw it, as the crowning triumph of a lifetime."

Recent work which will bring Saint Gaudens's skill as an artist before the whole country is embodied in designs for new gold coinage commissioned by President Roosevelt. This work was completed before the sculptor's death, and the minor details of minting are all that remain to be done. The new coinage is said to be a great improvement on the present design, and the Liberty head which will appear on the coins is an idealized representation of a member of the sculptor's household.





Photograph by G. C. Cox

**"AS FINE AN EXAMPLE OF THE PURE ARTISTIC GENIUS AS AMERICA HAS YET PRODUCED"**

This is the *New York Evening Post's* characterization of Augustus Saint Gaudens. "No American sculptor," continues *The Post*, "can be said to be more American than he. Whatever the effect of his foreign parentage, it gave him, with a special sensitiveness, a wholly sympathetic openness to the appeal and patriotism of the country that was his from earliest infancy."

## THE UNHUMAN EGOTISM OF GOETHE

**G**OETHE once wrote to his friend Lavater that he was dominated by a desire that outweighed every other and was never a moment out of his mind. It was "to rear the pyramid of his existence as high as his nature would permit." The confession furnishes the key to Goethe's character. Nothing in all the universe interested him so much as himself. He regarded life as a spiritual adventure—to be transmuted into glowing rhetoric. His novels, "Werther" and "Wilhelm Meister," and his plays, "Iphigenie" and "Tasso," were but chapters in his autobiography. And "Faust," that vast fantasy on which he worked from early youth until extreme old age, may be said to garner the fruits of a whole lifetime's experience and impassioned thought.

Quite properly, therefore, Professor Albert Bielschowsky, in his new "Life of Goethe," of which the second volume has just appeared in English translation,\* treats Goethe's writings as a kind of transcendent commentary on his life. He makes us see more clearly than any previous biographer how Goethe was forced by his own nature to make his escape from prosaic realities into an enchanted land of his own imagining. When unhappy love-affairs tormented him, he sought refuge in the study of classical parallels to his own plight, and in the creation of new types who in song and story should live out something of what he had himself experienced. From the travail of intellectual struggle and futile brooding over the deepest problems, he turned with a sense of relief to the writing of great spiritual dramas in which his own thwarted aspirations were symbolized.

The drama, "Iphigenie," for instance, which was finished in 1786, is interpreted by Bielschowsky as a poem growing out of a mood of longing which for a while dominated Goethe's life—the longing for something really or apparently lost. "There can be no doubt," says our commentator, "that at first the desire for the love, later for the possession, of Charlotte von Stein, determined the fundamental tone of the drama." "Tasso," too, was the direct result of Goethe's love for Frau von Stein. He had read "Jerusalem Delivered" as a boy, and Tasso had always been one of his

heroes. When, as a court official in Weimar, he came to study Tasso's life, he was struck by the startling resemblances that it bore to his own. Like himself, Tasso had come to a court (Ferrara), had become involved in an aimless love for a noblewoman of the court circle, and had to contend with many a stubborn enemy. "But what attracted him still more," says Bielschowsky, "was the parallel which he found in the Italian poet's life to his own consciousness of the never-ending conflict between the visionary standards of genius and the prosaic standards of reality." As Goethe developed the theme, it interested him more and more. In "Iphigenie" he had been able to reflect only the soothing and enlightening influence of Frau von Stein; in "Tasso" he planned to portray his own love, his poetic activity, his relation to the Duke of Weimar, to the court, to officialism—in a word, all the essential phases of his life in Weimar.

Goethe's circle of friends were aware that the play was autobiographical, and that the prototypes of the characters were members of the court circle. Herder had hardly read the first scene when he remarked to his wife, "Goethe cannot do otherwise than idealize himself and write everything out of his own experience;" and Frau von Kalb easily recognized in the characters Goethe, the Duke and Frau von Stein. In later years Goethe made no attempt to conceal the fact that much personal and local coloring had gone into the poem. "It is bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh," he said.

When Goethe was about half way through the play, his inspiration temporarily failed him. He found that his official duties were absorbing more and more of his time; and, in addition, there was "an inner obstacle" that lay athwart his path. "My production," he has told us, "always kept pace with my experience." Now in the case of "Tasso," it had been from the beginning one of the essential features of the plot that the hero and his Princess should be torn asunder. So long as Goethe was enjoying the most intimate companionship of Frau von Stein, whence, asks Bielschowsky, was he to obtain "the mood, the soul-need, the coloring to elaborate the tragic scenes of the descending action?" Plainly, answers one critic, only by repeating in his own life the experiences of the poet

\*THE LIFE OF GOETHE. By Albert Bielschowsky, Ph.D. Translated by William A. Cooper, Assistant Professor of German in Stanford University. Volume II, 1788-1815. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

whom he had poetically assimilated with himself. Bielschowsky does not expressly declare that Goethe deliberately sundered his relations with Frau von Stein for the sake of realizing the "soul-need" necessary to rekindle his poetical energies. But Goethe did go to Italy soon afterwards, and a rupture with Frau von Stein did follow.

If "Tasso" was saturated with the ego of Goethe, "Wilhelm Meister" reflected even more plainly his inmost thought. This remarkable novel, in one sense, is simply a history of Goethe's spiritual development; and the name under which he masked himself was very characteristically chosen. Wilhelm was the baptismal name of the great British dramatist whom he had celebrated as the Will of Wills. Wolfgang Goethe changed himself into Wilhelm Meister; the poet became an actor. But the disguise, after all, was a very thin one. "In Goethe's soul," says Bielschowsky, "there made itself felt with such irresistible power the need of expressing through his hero, in a most direct way, and without any symbolism—which never covers a subject quite adequately—his innermost poetic sorrows, conflicts and ideals, that he could not help giving Wilhelm, along with his talent as an actor and his passion for the theater, an unusual measure of poetic gift and longing to be a poet." So Wilhelm's calling as a player was a symbol of Goethe's political calling; and Wilhelm's recognition of the inadequacy of his art as a life-pursuit, as well as his waverings and spiritual struggles, were but the mirror of those same emotions in Goethe. It was when Goethe himself, after dabbling in statesmanship, painting, and science, saw clearly his destiny as a poet, that he was able to finish "Wilhelm Meister." He could close Wilhelm's apprenticeship only after he had closed his own.

Goethe's exploitation of his own personality in such works as "Iphigenie," "Tasso" and "Wilhelm Meister" has admittedly enriched world-literature; and it may be urged that, in the matter of egotism, he is no different from scores of other writers who have not had a hundredth part of his talent. But in Goethe's egotism there was something unhuman. He became so absorbed in his own sensations that he was comparatively indifferent to the feelings of others. He judged all men by their attitude toward himself, and the man who became his friend had also to become his worshiper. When he first met Schiller, a poet almost as gifted as himself, he paid not the least attention to him. It was not until years afterwards that Schiller's intense admiration for Goethe's

work broke down the barriers between the two and made them warm friends. In 1808 Napoleon entered Germany with all the panoply of arms and the prestige of a world-conqueror. Goethe fawned before him, and felt himself highly honored because the great man deigned to discuss "Werther" with him. But when, three years later, Goethe came into touch with the wonderful Beethoven, he treated him with chilling dignity and hauteur. From most men Goethe withdrew in a spirit of isolation, refusing to allow himself to be absorbed by their affairs. "Goethe," said Schiller, "has a talent for fascinating people, and for ingratiating himself with them by means of little attentions, as well as greater favors, but he always knows how to hold himself free. He makes his existence felt by means of his generosity, but only after the manner of a god, without giving himself."

Goethe's attitude toward women may be regarded, not without reason, as peculiarly heartless. He won his way into the affections of many women, but, except in the case of Christiane Vulpius, the working girl who bore him a child, and who became his wife after living with him for seventeen years, he allowed no woman to love him long. Even Christiane held him only because she gave him perfect freedom to do as he wished.

It is in his manifold love passages, as Prof. P. Hume Brown, a writer in *The Quarterly Review*, has lately pointed out, that Goethe is most fully revealed. The same writer explains:

"His susceptibility in these experiences was equaled only by his apparent volatility. Did there come a moment in these episodes when, as we are told, he deliberately exercised his volition, and, in cool disregard of the objects of his passion, said to himself, 'thus far and no farther'? From all we know of him, and from any conclusions we are able to form regarding the working of the human heart, there was no self-determination in the matter. In each case passion ran its course; his 'chameleon' nature demanded new interests; and his intelligent instinct, as we may call it, was there as the central impulse of his nature to supply them. In the most enduring and most absorbing of all his passions, that for Frau von Stein, we can trace the gradual process of his emancipation. There was no deliberate attempt on his part to escape from it. As we read his letters to her during the period preceding his Italian journey we can trace the gradual breaking of the spell that bound him to her; and his sojourn in Italy completed his disenchantment. And it is to be noted that in all his love adventures there was no final rupture between him and the objects of his passion; no violent estrangement followed; and his discarded loves continued to regard him with cordiality and esteem. Frau von Stein, indeed, for a time keenly resented his changed re-



From a painting by Tischbein

## GOETHE ON THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA

"The object of his life," a recent writer has said, "was the completion of that groundwork of character presented to the world in Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. To keep this ground plan intact, or to build upon it, he was always ready to sacrifice either himself or anybody else. To this, in fact, his life was one long offering. He was not inhuman, but unhuman—unhuman as Jove or Apollo was unhuman."

lations to her; but in her case it was the presence of a rival, Christiane Vulpius, that whetted her feeling. Yet he appeared even to her as 'a beautiful star that had fallen from her heaven.' 'Alienated lovers,' is his own characteristic remark, 'become the best friends, if only they can be properly managed.'

In his relation to his mother Goethe was 'incredibly callous. She loved him always with a mother's ardent devotion, and defended him when her own heart condemned his conduct. But for thirteen years he did not even visit her; nor was he with her when she died.

Bielschowsky tries to cleanse the poet's life of this "darkest spot" by declaring that Goethe's first duty was self-expression, and that sometimes it became necessary for him to disregard the considerations to which other people are accustomed. "As tho," he exclaims, "Goethe had saved himself for himself alone, and not for the world! As tho he would not have done the world a greater wrong, if, out of consideration for others, he had stood in the way of his own greatest usefulness!"

But before the bar of public opinion Goethe

will hardly be acquitted. The world at large is bound to regard him as a man whose human instincts were crushed out by an abnormal self-love. As a writer in the *New York Herald* puts it:

"The object of his life was the completion of that groundwork of character presented to the world in Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. To perfect this he denied himself much both of enjoyment and real happiness. To keep this ground plan intact, or to build upon it, he was always ready to sacrifice either himself or anybody else. To this, in his young manhood, he had sacrificed Frederika's and Lili's love and his own love for them; to this in his maturity he surrendered his companionship with Frau von Stein, and the friendship of any one who attempted to interfere with his own modes of self-development. To this, in fact, his life was one long offering. There was nothing Goethe would not have given up for others except an iota of what he considered his own individuality.

"Hence arose the strange separation and self-concentration of his nature. He was not inhuman but unhuman—unhuman as Jove or Apollo was unhuman. No one more than he felt the pathos of the situation in which he leaves his Frederikas, his Frau von Steins. His sympathy, it is true, has not the slightest influence upon his actions. These were molded by that higher rule—the necessity of progress and self-culture."



## THE DUAL PERSONALITY OF EDGAR ALLAN POE



YRON, we are told, awoke one morning to find himself famous. In the case of Poe, urges William Aspenwall Bradley in the Poe number of *The Book News Monthly*, it may be said that it was America herself that perceived one day, with a sudden start, how much of her glory, in foreign eyes, lay in the fact of her having given birth to the author of "The Raven." Since then, he goes on to say, there has been a wild scramble to render tardy recognition to the slender, dignified, threadbare man who had tramped the streets of so many American towns in his solitary struggle with poverty and his own vices. Bernard Shaw is reported as having spoken in a recent interview of Poe and Mark Twain as America's greatest writers. Years before this a Swedish critic put himself on record as having said that Poe, Whitman and Mark Twain were the only original contributors to the world's literature of the American continent. Nevertheless, even in the present reaction in Poe's favor, that will probably reach its climax in January, 1909, on the occasion of the centenary of the poet's birth, estimates of the man's work and personality are strangely contradictory. He has been called at various times immoral, unmoral and fantastically pure. Baudelaire and the French decadents drew from him the inspiration for poems, satanic and perverse. In the opinion of others he has established that art is beyond good and evil. And yet another critic, Charles Leonard Moore, holds that while Poe did not set himself to write copy-book maxims of morality, the total effect of his work is lofty and noble. "His men," he says in *The Dial*, "are brave and his women are pure. He is the least vulgar of mortals. Perhaps, if books have any effect at all, his tend to make men too truthful, too sensitive, too high-minded." His poetry is synonymous with verbal voluptuousness, yet his passions, such as he chose to reflect in his work, are ascetic, almost unhuman. By the sheer force of cogitation he dreamed of solving in his "Eureka" the riddle of the universe. He said to Mr. G. P. Putnam that, compared with this book, Newton's discovery of the law of gravitation was a mere incident. It would at once arouse such universal and intense interest that the publisher might give up all other enterprises and make this one book the business of his lifetime. Yet while his soul was lost in scholastic subtleties or metaphysi-

cal speculation, his body craved the gross stimulation of drink.

A promulgator of the theory of art for art's sake, he was at the same time a sensational journalist, and many of his hoaxes would have doubled the circulation of the yellowest of present day journals. He was in one a drunkard and a thinker, surly misanthrope and gentleman, genius and charlatan. It is only recently that modern science has attempted to explain the riddle of the poet's dual nature, which it seems now certain, was the result of pathological processes. Poe suffered from psychic epilepsy which strangely transformed his whole nature while under the influence of an attack of this deep-seated disease. Here must be sought the cause for the contradictory impulses that swayed his actions and his thoughts. Dr. William Howard, in an article published in *The Arena*, advances the following theory:

"There are individuals born of unstable nervous organization, unfortunate persons who struggle throughout their lives with all the outward appearance of a well-adjusted physiologic machine, yet who are intense sufferers from psychic disturbances. These symptoms of an unbalanced, unequal organization take various objective forms. Such are seen . . . in the man so poisoned by products of his own body that the higher brain centers are submerged and the nerve cells cry, shriek for alcohol as tho the fiend of ancestral impulse knew that the will was temporarily destroyed and hence entered to wallow in its riotous delirium.

"It was to this latter class of unfortunates that Poe belonged, and in his words, poetic prayers, and fantasies the neurologist can see the suffering and recognize the feeling of hopelessness ever present in the unjustly accused. These dipsomaniacal attacks are symptoms of disorganized brain cells. These cells become poisoned at irregular intervals by the by-products of the physiologic system, which are retained in the body through a lack of perfect functioning of the nerve-cells—faulty metabolism."

Dr. Charles Houston Goudiss takes a similar stand in a pathological study in *The Book News Monthly*. Poe himself said in 1848: "I am constitutionally sensitive—nervous in an unusual degree. I became insane, with long intervals of horrible sanity. During these fits of absolute unconsciousness I drank—God only knows how often or how much. As a matter of course, my enemies referred the insanity to the drink rather than the drink to the insanity." "In this piteous confession," Dr. Goudiss remarks, "Edgar Allan Poe gave to the world a rare definition of dipsomania

as distinguished from the vice of drunkenness. Unconsciously he affirmed a scientific truth of deep value, the significance of which he was unaware." To quote further:

"In his generation no distinction between the two had been made, and the much maligned, much misunderstood poet was a victim of the severest condemnation. It remained for the present generation to lift from the memory of this Southern poetic genius the stigma of drunkenness so long attached to it.

"It has been the fate of few writers to have been so vehemently discussed as Poe. His life has been a battleground for his biographers. There is scarcely a fact in any one of the books that have been written about his career that is not emphatically denied in another.

"This is undoubtedly due to the great difference of opinion which has existed as to the cause of his erratic life, morbid temperament, and what have been called his drunken excesses."

Poe's infirmity was evidenced as a school-boy. He was at times possessed by furious maddening storms and uncontrollable impulses; and the helpless poet, mentally alienated, sought rest and oblivion in alcohol. Friends, or responsibility for self—all were forgotten. After the attacks the memory of acts, words, time, was a dismal blank, and fear, introspection and despair were all that remained. Upon the complete return to sanity, however, the real self was asserted in the refined, gentlemanly, conscientious Poe. The psychologist, Dr. Goudiss affirms, easily understands the reason for Poe's intense terror and his constant dwelling upon the aspect of physical decay. "He lived alternately a life of obsessions and lucidity; and this duality is the cause of his being so shamefully misunderstood, so highly praised, so cruelly blamed."

In the light of these facts, the closing scene of the poet's life, as portrayed in the same issue of *The Book News Monthly* by Joseph Lewis French, assumes an altered significance. According to the statements of his friends, Poe was sober and entirely cheerful to the last when he left them on a journey to Baltimore. When he reached that city, however, the nether side of his nature must have asserted itself. It so happened that it was the eve of election day and the poet, drunk or insane, was carried off by "heelers" who were afterwards identified, and was "cooped," as the term was then: literally confined in the back yard of a place made for that purpose. The next day, Mr. French informs us, he was given drugs to restore his faculties, and was taken to different polling places, in each of which, partly at the will of his captors undoubtedly, partly on his own initiative—regarding the whole affair as more or less of a huge joke—

he cast a vote. There was no registration law in those days in Baltimore, and any man who could face a "challenge" at the poll and who was willing to take the oath there could cast a ballot. It was a common custom to capture strangers for the purpose of compelling them to vote, very much as sailors were "pressed" in the time of Queen Anne and King George, after first being plied with liquor. Had the poet fallen into kindlier hands in the intervals of obsession, the course of American literature might have been materially changed. Under the circumstances, he was in the power of fiends who, after using the irresponsible sick man for their purposes, robbed and deserted him. The consequence of this treatment and the drink urged upon him was his premature death, the most dreadful in the history of letters. "François Villon," exclaims Mr. French, "disappeared into the night of time after the career of a desperate criminal. His end can only be conjectured fearfully. But in Poe's case every ray that the twin lamps of circumstance and judgment can bring to bear upon the scene only serves to strengthen the plain testimony of his friend and physician."

"It was not a record written for the eyes of relatives and friends. It was not a defense. It was the statement of a scientific man. As to the scenes in the hospital, it is best to draw a veil over what can but too plainly be read between the lines of current account. He was at first unconscious—sleeping at once the sleep of exhaustion and of death. To this succeeded spells of delirium, constant talking with spectral and imaginary objects on the walls, during which 'his face was pale and his whole person drenched in perspiration,' which was not wholly subdued till the second day after his admission. 'In the interval of lucidity which followed,' says Dr. Moran, physician in charge of the hospital, 'I endeavored to cheer him, but he broke out with an imprecation that "the best thing his best friend could do would be to take a pistol and blow out his brains." Shortly after giving expression to these words Mr. Poe seemed to doze, and I left him for a short time. When I returned I found him in a violent delirium, resisting the efforts of two nurses to keep him in bed. This state continued until Saturday evening, when he commenced calling for one 'Reynolds,' which he did through the night until three on Sunday morning. At this time a very decided change began to affect him. Having become exhausted from exertion he became quiet, and seemed to rest for a short time. Then gently moving his head, he said, 'Lord help my poor soul!' and expired."

Thus ended the career of America's greatest lyric poet in whose brain dwelled side by side, the angel Israfel, whose "heart strings are a lute," and the demon of drink. Both have left their impress on his life and on his art. The one brought about his lamentable death, the other has made him immortal.

## A NEW INDUSTRIAL ART

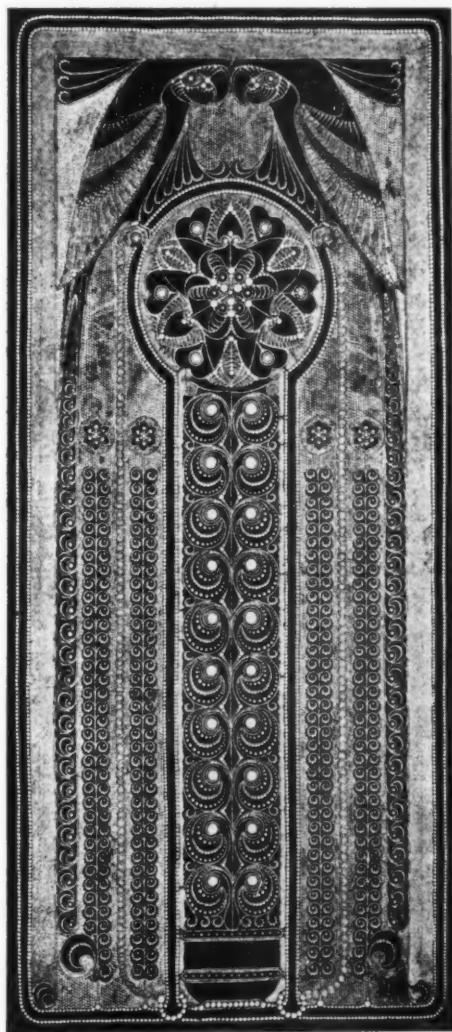


AN ART capable of exquisite and delicate color-effects of a kind hitherto almost unknown has within recent years attained considerable vogue in Holland and is likely to win recognition elsewhere. It consists in an improvement on the art of "batikking" practiced by the women of the East Indian Archipelago, especially of

Java, and is based on a method of embellishing cloth by means of melted wax and splendid colors. The word "batikking" has not yet found a place in the dictionaries or encyclopedias, except in some of the later foreign works of universal information, tho the art is one of centuries' standing in the Orient. The effects produced are said to be peculiarly suitable to articles of feminine apparel.

The method followed in "batikking" as described by a writer in the Dutch Magazine, *Elsevier's Geïllustreerd Maandschrift*, is substantially as follows: When the design has been traced upon the material, the outlines are covered with a composition of melted wax and rosin, six parts of wax to one of rosin. This process is accomplished by means of small vessels with spouts of various diameters according to the width of the spaces to be covered. Some of the vessels have very narrow spouts, capable of covering fine lines and spots; others have wider spouts for spaces or lines of greater width; while one has two spouts for covering parallel lines or spaces. The purpose of this wax covering is to isolate the parts so covered, so that when a color is applied it touches only the uncovered parts. When another color is to be applied to another part of the design, the first wax-covering is removed, and the part already colored is now covered with wax so that it may be isolated from the new color. The same process is repeated whenever a different color is to be applied, until the whole is done. The removal of the wax is accomplished by means of water, by scraping, or by the use of benzine or turpentine.

This curious art was introduced into Holland by two craftsmen named Dysselhof and Cachet. Its present acknowledged master is Chris. Lebeau, who is not only cognizant of all the methods used in the East Indies, but has vastly improved upon them. His designs combine marvelous insight into the varying lines, shapes, angles and curves of nature with an exquisite sense of beauty and harmony in composition and color. He looks for his motifs mainly to birds, insects, fishes and flowers. In some of his designs he attains an arrangement of line and form and figure almost kaleidoscopic in its geometrical variety and harmony. In others, he obtains an effect resembling exquisite mosaic, in which every line, angle and curve is made use of to produce a *tout ensemble* of marvelous beauty. The



PRODUCED BY MEANS OF MELTED WAX  
AND COLOR

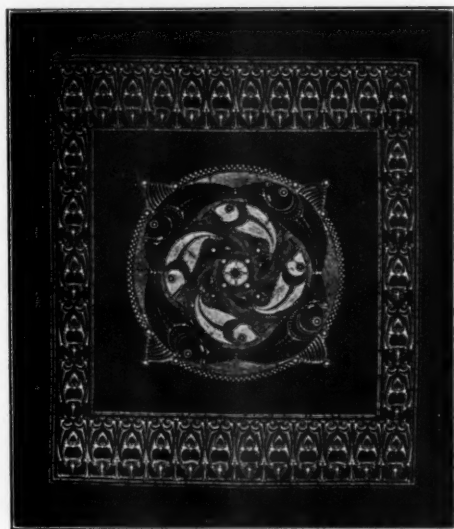
This panel is an example of the vivid and curious art of "batikking" practiced by the Dutch artist, Chris. Lebeau.

work in its detail looks more like finely cut films of some precious metal than like shapes produced by means of melted wax and color.

The art is applied by Lebeau not only to cloth but also to parchment, suitable for covers of books, albums and other articles. In the parchment cover of one album, the wings, heads, eyes, mandibles, and even the spiraled tongues of moths have been used to form and fill out a design of unique artistic beauty.

The great problem in connection with this new industrial art is to obtain colors that are proof against the effect of light and of the wax that has to be applied so repeatedly; and well nigh endless experiments are being made. Colors as brilliant and as durable as those employed in Japanese "batikking" are what are needed. It is not a question of many colors, but of the right kind. The best of the Eastern work is distinguished by the few colors used, and Lebeau and his pupils are producing magnificent combinations with but five colors—blue, brown, yellow, red and purple.

Since the art is one that requires endless patience and painstaking labor, as well as great artistic ingenuity and skill, its products are likely, for some time at least, to be rather



A TABLE COVER IN THREE COLORS

In its detail this work looks more like finely cut films of some precious metal than like shapes produced by wax and color.

expensive; but among connoisseurs they are already much sought after.

## IS THOMAS HARDY OVERESTIMATED?



WHEN a comparatively obscure English writer, Mr. Lindsay S. Garrett, contributed to *The Monthly Review* recently an article on "The Essence of Hardyism," he probably did not anticipate that his remarks would start a controversy in two continents. But Hardy, tho he is not widely read, has a circle of most devoted readers, who are quick to resent unjust or unsympathetic criticism, and are always ready to enter the lists in his behalf. Mr. Garrett's article, as it happens, was exceedingly unsympathetic, charging Hardy with almost all the faults of which a novelist is capable. "The action of his pieces," we are told, "is generally slow, while the characters, instead of interpreting themselves, are diagnosed in periodic 'asides' by the author." Hardy's realism, moreover, is "marked by labored expatiation on that which is of no interest in itself and is unconnected with a sensational issue;" and "in his treatment of nature as a whole a prosaic throness mars artistic effect." On this last point we read further:

"The theory of the impartiality of art is here misapplied. A faithful reproduction of nature as she strikes the observer *must* include the subjective element. The human soul is not a microscope: it is a sensorium of poetic impression. Hence a few luminous periods conceived with a poetic largeness that scorns mere descriptive exactitude, bringing the reader into communion with the spirit of nature rather than with its body, would have better fulfilled the mission of art. As it is, Mr. Hardy's descriptions are truthful inventories of all that the eye can see in a given area rather than faithful memorials of what the soul collects and harbors."

Mr. Garrett denies that Thomas Hardy possesses any real knowledge of the heart of woman—and this despite his "Tess." Nor will he even concede that Hardy is a faithful exponent of rustic life and psychology. To quote again:

"A town-bred reader is not in a position to deny that he faithfully reproduces the deportment, dress, locution and other externals peculiar to West-country folk. His complaint is—and he desires no better—that the rustics are not *real* to him. Their life in the imagination is ephemeral as a dream, and considerably less vivid. . . .



One writer on Mr. Hardy even goes so far as to attribute that author's success to his being 'closely in touch with the thought of the day,' which is marked by a tendency to suspect that, as in the days of Chaucer, 'Piers Plowman knows a few of the truths that bishops and peers have forgotten.' Philosophy and wit, when found in the brain of the rustic, are interdependent. One has only to state that Mr. Hardy has reproduced no vernacular wit; and the absence of a vernacular philosophy is likewise understood. . . . He who would study the Arcadian mind can learn more of it from 'Adam Bede' through the utterances of Adam, Mr. Poyser, Seth, Bartle Massey and Dinah than from the whole of the works of the Wessex novelist."

The first of the writers provoked to a championship of Thomas Hardy against his detractor is Mr. Wilfrid L. Randall, a writer in the *London Academy*. He declares that Mr. Garrett's attitude reminds him of nothing so much as that of one who, "groping about in the shadows and half-lights with his little spy-glass of criticism, while scrutinizing here and there a speck on Mr. Hardy's work, fails utterly to see the value, the splendid humanity, the unassailable rectitude of the whole." He continues:

"Mr. Garrett speaks of 'futile realism.' In a sense all novelists are realists, since the aim of all must be to construct by means of language a more or less accurate simulation of some portion of real life; but the word has been mishandled sadly, until now to most people a realist means one who essays to portray the life of the flesh rather than the life of the spirit. There are fashions in words as well as in clothes, and it has become the mode, the correct thing, to discourse of Mr. Hardy as a thoro realist; but his realism, on close study, will be found to correspond more nearly to a careful and restrained idealism. As in old Greek drama the chorus addressed the audience at set intervals, so does Mr. Hardy allow aspects of Nature, trees, hills and plains, under sun, or mist, or storm, to appear at certain moments with a vital bearing upon the progress of the story, altho for a brief space its action be held in leash. They create the atmosphere—an over-worked word, but one essential to the present article—through which the characters move; they, as it were, set the key to which the music throughout the whole book must return after many enchanting changes—modulations perhaps more sad than sweet, yet not without merry interludes. . . . It is in these pauses of intimate description, when the very heart of Nature seems to beat in human fashion, to throb in joy, sorrow, passion, defiance or pain with those who live and love so near to it, that the power and relentless grip of Mr. Hardy's work chiefly lie. No other writer has ever used description with such absolute skill to elicit and represent the moods of the human mind."

The editor of the *New York Times Saturday Review*, who has taken up the cudgels for Hardy on this side of the Atlantic, has sprung a surprise on his readers by depreciating the two novels by which Hardy is best known—

"*Tess of the D'Urbervilles*" and "*Jude the Obscure*." "It is a pity," he says, "that so many people know only '*Jude*' and '*Tess*,' two worthless books, nauseating in their false and decadent 'realism' and salacity—books in no wise typical of their author's life work." He adds:

"To vogue of these books was and is due to the fact that they treat of sexual passion, exhibiting it in exciting attitudes and in gross terms. Hardy published '*Desperate Remedies*' in 1871. Nobody paid any attention to it. The next year he published '*Under the Greenwood Tree*,' one of the loveliest things in the language. There were men in England, including Alfred Tennyson and Mandell Creighton, who were extravagant in praise of it. But it wouldn't sell. Neither would '*A Pair of Blue Eyes*.' By the time it came to '*Far From the Madding Crowd*' the critics had begun to recognize Hardy's genius. He wrote in the next ten years half a dozen of the most powerful works in all the world's literature, but he remained to the vast majority of the living English-reading world a name rather than an acquaintance. Then '*Tess*' began to run as a serial in the *London Graphic*. Certain passages were omitted; the reason for their omission got out, and the book had an immense sale. Hardy suddenly became a popular novelist, introduced to a wide circle of readers in a story written twenty years after his first great piece of fiction and after he had undergone a revolutionary mental change."

The fact of the matter is, continues the same editorial writer, that "*Tess*," so far from marking the zenith of Hardy's powers as a novelist, really marks the beginning of their decline. "The unique greatness of the author of the earlier Wessex novels lay essentially in this, that he narrated the careers of his people with the pitiless impartiality which only a few, like Sophocles and Shakespeare, have been able to maintain." With the publication of "*Tess*," Hardy abandoned this attitude—"ceased to be a novelist of the first rank, and became a pamphleteer."

With one part of Mr. Garrett's charge against Hardy, then—that of "diagnosing" his characters instead of letting them interpret themselves—the *Times* editor shows himself in sympathy. But, he observes, it is only in "*Tess*" and the novels that followed it that this tendency obtrudes.


"Back of '*Tess*,' the Hardy novels are the most magnificent and masterly works of modern imagination. . . . Of the work of the first fifty years of Mr. Hardy's life, of '*The Return of the Native*,' '*The Woodlanders*,' '*Far From the Madding Crowd*' and '*The Mayor of Casterbridge*,' in particular, and even of '*The Trumpet Major*,' '*Two on a Tower*,' '*A Pair of Blue Eyes*' and '*The Well Beloved*,' the present writer would hesitate to put down here his deliberate estimate, for it would probably be regarded as absurdly extravagant."

This expression of opinion has moved Mr. Benjamin de Casseres to an eloquent estimate of the man whom he regards as "the greatest novelist that England has yet produced, one who will rank finally with Turgénieff and Maupassant." Mr. de Casseres vigorously dissents from the editorial judgment upon "Tess" and "Jude," two novels which, in his opinion, embody Hardy's philosophy above all others. He goes on to say (in *The Times Saturday Review*):

"Thomas Hardy occupies the same place in modern imaginative literature that Sophocles does in dramatic literature. The English novelist's

characters—especially his women—are the mere playthings of an inscrutable Fate; fine instruments on which Destiny in her infinite sweeps pipes a major or a minor and then flings to the cosmic rubbish heap. . . . He believes that an omnipotent, non-moral force sways the affairs of men. Fate, to which the Greeks, truckling to the grosser symbols of the current polytheistic belief, gave a local habitation and a name, in the Englishman's pages goes unswathed, unnamed, unnamable, dwells in infinite spaces, nowhere, everywhere. It is subtle, unappeasable, and rules with a knout. She strikes down here and upraises there. The individual is nothing. Law flows, and the human débris flow with it. We are day flies, sunmidges, spawned in sport and finally snapped up like flies by the voracious world-beast, viewless to us."

## MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF—A GIRL NARCISSUS

T WAS the ambition of Marie Bashkirtseff, the famous Russian girl whose diary mirrors more vividly than any other modern document the ecstasies and the despairs of her sex, to become a great artist. As a matter of fact, says her friend and fellow-student, Mary L. Breakell, she never succeeded in becoming anything other than "a wonderful child, a girl Narcissus, who, born with great gifts and capabilities, yet lacking heart and blinded by unwise training, found naught in life to love, or live for, but her own reflection."

Those who knew Marie Bashkirtseff during the days of her art-study in Paris, Miss Breakell assures us, are never likely to forget her. She was not so much beautiful as charming, and she possessed a strange vitality that communicated itself to all with whom she came in contact. As Miss Breakell describes her:

"She dressed in soft, black, clinging draperies with white, billowy frills curving from throat to waist, and falling in cascades over her wrists and fingers. Ah, those frills! for we know even chiffons and frills have their value, despised tho they be by short-sighted, serious ones who cannot see deeper. Those frills, indeed, were as much a part of Marie as her dimple—she almost always wore them.

"But above the white lawn of 'the Russian' there rose a delicate face of complexion quite infantile in its pink and white bloom, and a little head—whereof all the capricious fancies and deep reasonings were crowned with a waving knot of almost flaxen, soft and shiny baby hair. That was, indeed, the color, despite the 'red gold' of Miss Blind's version of the diary.

"But in the catalog of Marie's charms an item omitted in that diary was her dimple. Her eyes were gray in color and small, her nose was short, and, in spite again of the naïve egoism of her

journal, she was *not* beautiful, but that dimple made her charming; and charm—since the days of Helen of Troy and Mary of Scotland—has it not held more hearts of men and women in thrall than beauty? Mary Stuart of Scots, it is said, had a cast in her eye or squinted—yet who dare say she was not beautiful? I think myself of the Trojan queen that her beauty was askew in some similar particular—but men judge by effect, and what woman dare say that Helen was not beautiful? The Russian Marie Bashkirtseff, as I have said, had that single, most unanticipated and irresistible dimple, high on one cheek, in quite the wrong place as judged by mathematical or anatomical standards. Cupid, not blindfold, indeed, but roguish, must have dabbed his finger quite at random when that rare piece of clay was molded. But then, after all, is it not such small divergence from stereotyped form that gives individuality, artistic value even to man's handiwork?

"Marie had firm lips—a mouth of determinate significance—and so she knew no barriers or obstacles to her wishes that she did not manage to overcome by some means or other; they fell before her like grass before the scythe."

In spite of the discomforts she caused her friends, they all loved her, "as one loves a charming, wilful child." "Indeed," remarks Miss Breakell, "the Marie I knew was a much more charming person than the writer of the diary, tho that writer was herself. She was of a much more original individuality than the painter of her pictures, tho these were painted by her own pink fingers." To continue the characterization:

"Marie was not an artist—that is, a true artist; she herself has said it more than once. It would seem that the constant and not unconscious purpose, the thread upon which her days were strung, was the diary—this book of which she says, 'It is a woman with all her thoughts, her illusions, hopes, weakness; her charms, sorrows, and delights. I am not yet a complete woman, but

I shall be one. You will be able to trace my life from the cradle to the grave.' Of this diary, we are told, 'it might have filled five or six volumes, not merely one.'

The foremost impression conveyed by the journal is that Marie had a wonderfully magnetic power of attraction for both sexes. The next, that her intellect in its strength and grasp was of a masculine order. She was probably right when she jotted down in its pages that there was nothing of the woman about her except the "envelope." "Veritably," comments Miss Breakell, "it would seem that the woman was all on the surface, for in face, form, and contour she was the most intensely womanly creature; her influence with men of the most feminine nature. Her influence over women must have been through the masculine intellect." The writer goes on to say:

"She wrote once in playful mood that she had two hearts—really she had none. She had the mastery, method, powers of comparison, the grasp of a man's mind combined with the intuition of the woman's, but lacking the heart of either. And the secret of her fascination and influence over both sexes probably lay in this lack of heart of either.

"For in thus lacking heart she could coldly analyze and calculate to a nicety the effect of a word, a look, on a lover of the opposite sex, or a friend of her own, to lead him or her on; or to repel. She wrote and spoke much of love in the abstract, continually dissecting what she thought was love in herself for others or others' love for herself; and certainly she could write beautifully of the passion, tho she was incapable of feeling it. One might have thought that her intellectual qualities of mind and her pose as a blue-stocking on all subjects would have repelled ordinary men. But these qualities were counterbalanced by that intensely feminine exterior which disguised her masculine understanding and her complete, cold-blooded, masculine mastery of feminine wiles. I believe no man could have withstood her charm had she so willed (nor woman either).

"To a man there seemed so much to be gained in loving her; but as what should have been her heart was in reality only a great capacity or reservoir for absorbing—with no outlet—love was never returned. It remained in the reservoir which merely reflected one image more deeply, more clearly; *not his*, but that of her own charming self."

Like a child, she played on the brink of passion, fancying herself in love, but never falling in. And then she would bewail:

"I complain of I know not what, spending my strength in fury and despair, in trying to find *what to do*. Go to Italy, Paris, get married, paint? What was to be done? I wanted to be everywhere at once. What vigor there was in it all! As a man I should have conquered Europe. . . . There are moments when we naively fancy ourselves capable of anything. It is a fire that consumes you, and death is at the end inevitable."

What, indeed, was she to do? Get married and have children? "Any washerwoman could do that." Pleasure? No; that alone could not satisfy her. Philanthropy? Religion? She but scanned the latter through the distorted mirror of superstition. Statesmanship attracted her, and she wrote:

"I must not go often to the Chamber of Deputies, it might draw me away from the studio; you get interested and you go on and on; every day is a fresh page of the same book. I could become so passionately interested in politics that I should lie awake; but my politics are there at the Rue Vivienne."

In the studios of the Rue Vivienne, truly, her destiny seemed to lie, and for awhile she devoted herself to the art-life with a feverish intensity. Yet in the midst of all her labors she found herself overtaken by disillusionment and a sense of futility.

"I am not in my right place in the world. I waste, in idle talk, energy enough for the making of a man. . . . I am nothing, and the capabilities which might have developed into real qualities are nearly always wasted or misapplied."

Finally came the cry:

"I am desperately sad! Oh, terrible, despairing, horrible and frightful word! To die! My God, to die! To die without leaving anything behind me, to die like a dog, just as a hundred thousand women have died, whose names are barely inscribed on their tombstones."

In summing up the characteristics of Marie Bashkirtseff, Miss Breakell notes her determined will, her mathematical mind, her remarkable memory, her esthetic instinct; but, above all, "her entire lack of sympathy for others."


"She was a curious mixture of the sage and the savage, of intellect and superstition. She reviled her God when things went ill with her; she tried to bribe Him. She thanked Him for the misfortunes of her rivals. But she was no hypocrite. Her one great virtue was honesty; an honesty that frankly owned its faults, because being Marie Bashkirtseff she had a right to them.

"And, lacking heart, she was chaste because she had no impulse to be otherwise. There is no need to say of her 'She loved much, therefore to her much shall be forgiven'; and on the score of loving 'not wisely, but too well' she cannot be reproached. She had the virtue of her greatest fault—lack of heart and sympathy.

"Had Marie Bashkirtseff, with all her powers and the opportunities life gave her, but had the heart to see beyond her own reflection, a heart to see and feel for others, and the courage to brave the conventions of the social world she moved in—for she was a coward—had she had the heart to take up life's thread in a stronger part, for her (as a Russian) than that of art, she might have been living now, a great social force for good."

# Religion and Ethics

## DO WE NEED TO BE HYPOCRITES?

NE of the most effective satires that has appeared for a long while is entitled "The Praise of Hypocrisy,"\* and comes from the pen of Prof. G. T. Knight, of Tufts College. Most of the readers of this keen and apparently subversive little book will find it difficult to realize that its author is a Doctor of Divinity and has been for thirty years a teacher of Christian theology. But Dr. Knight is in deadly earnest, and has adopted an unusual vehicle for his views simply because it seems best suited to his peculiar purpose. The hypocrisy he satirizes is religious hypocrisy, and its only logical conclusion, he asserts, is "Devil Worship"!

At the outset of his argument, Dr. Knight endeavors to illustrate what he calls "the hypocrisy of the good." That good men, all over the world have, to a greater or less extent, practiced religious hypocrisy can hardly be denied. We are credibly informed, he asserts, that intelligent Roman Catholics have an esoteric faith; that, for instance, a late Archbishop of Paris was a thoro rationalist, secretly rejecting the distinctive doctrines of the church, doctrines of which, in the eyes of the people, he stood a champion. "Presumably," says Dr. Knight, "he regretted the duplicity, and had chosen it as the lesser of two evils. He might have come out openly and denounced all falsehood; but he knew that he would be worse misunderstood, besides doing no end of harm, in disturbing society." The diplomatic conscience and the far-reaching insincerity of Cardinal Manning have already become matters of history. Even Cardinal Newman was accused (by Kingsley) of "growing dishonesty;" and Huxley said of him: "After reading an hour or two in his books, I began to lose sight of the distinction between truth and falsehood." More nearly in the Cardinal's own style, it has been said. "He practiced the doctrine of reserve." That is to say, he withheld certain parts of his opinion until such time as the people should be able to receive them without harm. And these cases are held to be but typical. "We

suppose," says the editor of the *New York Independent*, "unbelief in the essential doctrines of historic Christianity to be more prevalent in the educated circles of Catholicism than in any other Christian church—barring the Unitarians."

The situation in the Church of England, it is asserted, is very similar. Years ago, Emerson wrote: "The English Church has nothing left but possession, and when a bishop meets an intelligent layman with interrogation in his eyes, he has no recourse but to take a glass of wine with him,"—the wine being sufficient to change the subject and make social intercourse possible. The philosopher Paulsen, in a work on "Ethics," has said of the Anglican Church: "Intellectual veracity, sincerity in matters of thought and faith, consistency in thinking, is not one of the virtues encouraged by the church." Prof. Henry Sidgwick, in an article on "The Ethics of Conformity," writes: "The student of history sees that hypocrisy and insincere conformity have always been the besetting vice of the religious, and a grave drawback to their moralizing influence. Just as lying is the recognized vice of diplomats, chicanery of lawyers, and solemn quackery of physicians." And, finally, the Rev. Hastings Rashdall, who speaks with the authority of actual experience within the church, bears witness to the prevalence of hypocrisy in a thoroughgoing discussion of the subject (published in *The International Journal of Ethics*) which, as Dr. Knight remarks, "leaves few things to be desired for the support of deception."

Mr. Rashdall acknowledges unequivocally that the plain truth is not always to be told; for while veracity is, of course, a good, and is indeed "an end in itself," yet, like other goods, "it may have to be sacrificed to a higher good." The only question, Mr. Rashdall argues, is: To what extent does formal consent to what is not literally accepted involve culpable un-  
veracity? We write "Dear Sir" even to an enemy; that is an example of blameless un-  
veracity. So, in the matter of the creeds, we may use forms sanctioned by centuries of use without subscribing to them implicitly. This custom has so far extended that, "be the guilt more or less, there are few clergymen whose

\*THE PRAISE OF HYPOCRISY. By G. T. Knight, D.D., Professor of Christian Theology in Tufts College. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company.



private belief corresponds to the letter of the formula to which they express adhesion." Mr. Rashdall regrets that candidates for the Anglican ministry must solemnly assent to the thirty-nine articles and declare that they "unfeignedly believe all the Canonical Scriptures." He thinks that very few intelligent men could make such pledges sincerely, and admits that "when authorized teachers of morality and religion make untrue statements, there is a shock to public morality." But, for the present, there seems no way out of the dilemma.

Not only, continues Dr. Knight is hypocrisy widely prevalent in the church; it is actually defended by religious people. For example, Mr. Rashdall, in the essay quoted, makes it clear that there are occasions when a little dissimulation is actually praiseworthy. "Nothing but the clearest categorical imperative," he says, "ought to prevent a person, otherwise attracted to the task, from accepting or retaining the orders of the English Church."

In 1905 the two archbishops of England were called upon to consider how they might "relieve the consciences of some who could not in good faith recite the Athanasian Creed." A majority of the deans were in favor of some measure that should mitigate the present situation; but one dean (Litchfield) wrote to *The Times* giving his reasons for not joining in the movement. He did not deny the hypocrisy, but said that "the time is inopportune" for changes in the Rubric. For, if changes are once allowed, who can say what the end will be? "In other words," comments Dr. Knight, "if we once begin to tell the truth and to require others to do so, we are liable to destroy the English Church." The result of the whole incident, to use Dr. Knight's phraseology, was simply an exhortation from the bishops "to patiently continue in falsehood until Divine guidance shall find a safe relief."

When Matthew Arnold outgrew the theological doctrines of the Anglican Church, he still defended it as "a national society for the promotion of goodness;" and when certain others of the church, who had come to believe as he did, wrote him for advice, he replied: "Stay where you are, and try to bring the church along with you into the new light." Jowett, the famous Master of Baliol, did not feel that his complete alienation from Anglican dogma disqualified him as a preceptor of Oxford youth; but when, after his death, his real opinions became manifest, the world was profoundly shocked. There are scores of clergymen, some of them in high places in the

Church of England to-day, who, at least in private, defend outward conformity to doctrines they have long since rejected. Conditions are not materially different in this country; and only recently the *New York Outlook* has reminded us that "Jesus Christ never withdrew from the Jewish church. His last sermons were preached in the Jewish Temple. Paul never withdrew from the Jewish church. Up to the time of his death he remained a Jew. Apparently he never went into a city where there was a Jewish synagogue that he did not avail himself of his privilege as a rabbi to go into the synagogue and preach a doctrine more subversive of the rabbinical doctrine of his time than any liberalism is of the orthodoxy of our day."

The church is even so enamored of hypocritical ways of thinking, we are told, that it has founded a discipline to perpetuate them. Dr. Knight calls this discipline "a school of hypocrisy," and he shows that most of us, consciously or unconsciously, have learned our lessons in its class-rooms. From the first, he says, the child is accustomed to regard things unreal and fictitious as if they were real and true; is offered guesses and theories as if they were genuine knowledge. The same kind of false education is continued through years of maturity:

"All through life there are occasions of powerful sentiment, joy or grief, when exact thought is not prominent, and such occasions may be used still further to habituate the people to phrases ambiguous. For example, we are not accustomed to think much when we sing or listen to singing. Standing by a piano, the words being set to music, we say many things which in ordinary speech we should blush to repeat; some of which it would not be good manners or good morals to repeat. Especially in the dim religious light of a beautiful church, and prompted by sublime harmony and by the example of others, our own voice half concealed by the organ and the other half unheard by our neighbor because he is singing also, we declare our chief joy and our heart's delight is in those things which, if we were outdoors and speaking in plain prose, face to face with an honest man, we should not dare to say for a moment. But the church is kind and does not too often recall to us what we have said. Yet it is also wise, and so, quietly, provides that the hymns shall abound in phrases which once had a literal meaning, and toward which we are now insensibly led when we repeat them. Thus it insinuates into our mind certain doctrines and statements of which we should resent any plain statement."

As teachers in the great school of hypocrisy Dr. Knight ranks the most gifted and earnest of church leaders—men who have consecrated their splendid energies of thought, conscience, imagination and inspiration to molding

human nature into the forms approved. They have existed in all time, and as a rule have carried through their tasks unflinchingly. Sometimes, it is true, they have their misgivings. Even Mr. Rashdall, whom Dr. Knight evidently regards as an ideal exponent of the ethics of hypocrisy, grows a little nervous now and then. For instance, he says: "In his sermon the minister should speak the truth, the whole truth *so far as he goes*—and nothing but the truth." On this Dr. Knight comments:

"Did his courage fail that he inserted 'so far as he goes,' and then wrote a long essay to mark the exceptions to the last phrase? Indeed, his whole essay might be summed up in the words which he quoted from the sacred formula of the witness stand, adding the modifications according to his teaching: '*The minister should tell the truth (except when he may serve a higher end than truth), the whole truth (so far as he goes), and nothing but the truth (except such lies that are more useful than the truth)*.' This, in short, is the new wisdom, tho, strictly speaking, the newness is in the more general and candid recognition of the principles which, heretofore unrecognized, have really controlled so much of our practice. And their fuller acceptance in the present day indicates a growing sense of their importance and utility."

In the terms of Dr. Knight's indictment, "most of the theological thinking of the day is really a hunting for ambiguous expressions—not exactly 'the art of concealing thought,' but rather the art of putting two meanings into the same phrase, and deftly passing from one to the other without disclosing their essential antagonism." Thus by one meaning a really orthodox mind is satisfied, and by the other a really heterodox mind is satisfied; and the theologian does not get into trouble with either. As Dr. Knight illustrates:

"They tell of a juggler who appeared in a crowd with a single bottle of wine under his arm, and out of that one bottle he poured any variety of drink they called for. The people smacked their lips, each declaring he had the kind he ordered."

"So your orthodox professor or preacher, tho bound to maintain and teach an ultra-conservative creed, without any change whatsoever, comes before the world:

"Have old Bourbon Orthodoxy?—Here it is, brought over from Geneva, Calvin's own."

"Have Rationalism?—That's it, newest and brashiest stuff that's made, moonshine."

"Have Agnosticism?—Taste that; isn't that sweetness and light!

"Have Universalism?—There you are." (Tho there is an antidote for Universalism in that very bottle.)

"So they all get their favorite refreshment, every man to his taste."

"How skilful and accommodating is the theology of the day! Popular, too; the books sell rapidly, for they often have not a little rhetorical

art, and they use some scientific terms. *They are handbooks of hypocrisy!*

"The old-fashioned jugglery was cheap compared with this."

Ruskin once remarked that the will of God, as represented in the Scriptures, is impracticable: "His orders won't work, and He must be satisfied with a respectful repetition of them. Their execution would be too dangerous under existing circumstances which He certainly never contemplated. The laws of God are indeed ideal, but also poetical." Dr. Knight suggests that the church has accepted this as its working principle. He adds:

"The Devil was wise from the beginning, and is so represented in that Garden-of-Eden story. Look the very facts in the face. Eve was tempted to sin, but was afraid, for God had told her 'in the day she ate thereof she should surely die.' But the serpent knew better, and encouraged her, saying: 'Thou shalt not surely die.' And so it turned out; for she ate, and in fact they did not die. The snake was right, 'for God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof *your eyes shall be opened*, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil.' And the Lord God confirmed Satan, for presently He, too, said: 'Behold man has become like one of us to know good and evil.'—Verily, the Lord had not spoken more consistently than His clergy of later time: He had 'adapted' His words: He had spoken with the wisdom of a Rashdall."

"The church has not always seen and appropriated all that there is in its own inspired records, and it has often been timid as Eve was in doing her part. But now its eyes are fully opened to the supreme value of sin; and its courage is confirmed."

"Contrary to Jesus?—Not so; He promised to send us the Spirit who should lead us into all truth, and this is a part of it."

"Blessed be lies and the father of them!"

Dr. Knight carries his bantering methods almost to the close of his book. Then, suddenly, he grows serious. For *lying*, he says, there has been only one remedy since the world began. It is to *stop lying*. He concludes:

"Religion ought always to lay emphasis on sincerity. This quality is more important than church or creed or ritual. Love for truth ought to be prominent and unmistakable. In the strenuous times of the Reformation, the great Reuchlin, who would vary some texts of the authorized translation of the Bible, was accused of unfaithfulness to the Vulgate. He replied: 'I revere St. Jerome as an angel; I respect De Lyra as a master; but I adore Truth as a God.'"

"We need another Reformation, a revival of uncompromising honesty and truthfulness. Let us omit all fictions in religion, all that is not really meant and felt, all that is unguine and perfunctory; omit the unnatural portions of the Ritual, the artificial manners of walk and dress and tone of voice, assumed dignities, affectations of sanctity and religious caste, especially sectarian and churchly egotism, which we are so quick to see in others and too slow to confess in ourselves."

## THE PATH THAT LEADS TO INFINITY



HE idea of a "fourth dimensional world" which shall transcend in its physical attributes the "length, breadth and thickness" of the world of which we are cognizant, has fascinated many of the world's greatest thinkers. It has appealed, as a rule, to men of the scientific rather than of the religious type. But in a brochure\* recently issued in London, Mr. W. F. Tyler, a writer of unusual ability, expatiates on the "dimensional idea" as an aid to religion. From his point of view, the term "fourth dimension" denotes too much, and connotes too little. He prefers to use the term "dimensional idea," because it signifies not merely a fourth dimension, but a progression of dimensions that stretch on endlessly until they are merged in the "infinite-dimensional"—God.

This conception of the universe Mr. Tyler calls "a working hypothesis." It rests, he declares, not upon faith but upon reason. He adds: "I can conceive, tho I cannot formulate, a religion based on it. But what I have in mind is not so much a new religion in addition to existing ones as a new religious idea capable of being grafted on to any existing religion, and forming the esoteric basis of the ideas of cultured exponents."

Humanity in its present environment is likened by Mr. Tyler to a malarial parasite which, for the sake of his argument, he endows with thought. Such a parasite finds itself in a world in conditions analogous to our own. The laws governing its world are as marvelous as those of the world we know. It swims about in the blood; it engages in deadly combat with its natural enemies, the phagocytes; it reproduces its kind in a wonderful manner. It also might have ideas of infinity and eternity. But the concept of man, in whom it is living, would be quite impossible.

May it not be that we human creatures, like this microbe, are bounded by circumstances that make any apprehension of universal truth impossible? There are, as Mr. Tyler reminds us, just three dimensions with which we are familiar. We know what a line is; we know what a surface is; we know what a solid is. We have learned that when a linear dimension is multiplied twice it becomes a surface; when multiplied thrice, a solid. But what would happen if a linear dimension were multiplied *four* times? Mr. Tyler replies:

"The idea from a geometrical point of view is an inconceivable one. But does the fact of its inconceivability put it outside the possibility of existence? From what has gone before, the answer to this question must be, 'No.' We know that infinity and eternity exist, and yet these ideas are incomprehensible to us; the idea that there are other material universes completely outside of the one we know is a conceivable possibility; and so, while we cannot comprehend the nature of a fourth dimension, we must admit the possibility of its existence."

The simplest, if not the only, way of appreciating the possibility of higher geometrical dimensions than those we know is by analogically considering the possibilities of an imaginary world in which there were only two dimensions. Such a world would be a Flatland, having length and breadth but no height. Beings and objects in it could slip through one another and occupy the same space. Matter, as we understand the term, could not exist in a flat world, but we can imagine the existence of natural manifestations analogous to light, color and heat. Things would merely differ in shape as regards contour; some would be circles, others triangles, squares, etc. In our own world a shadow is essentially a two-dimensional object.

Now imagine, says Mr. Tyler, what would be the manifestation of a three-dimensional object passing through Flatland.

"Suppose that a cone, point first, enters Flatland obliquely. Its first manifestation will be a point, afterward a very small ellipse will be formed, which will grow larger and larger. The superficies will be formed of ever-changing sections of the atoms of which the cone is formed.

"We see here some analogy with growth generally in this world. If the cone was not strictly homogeneous—say if it was of sandstone or steel—the changes in the superficies would be of a wonderful, mysterious character, somewhat analogous to chemical changes in this world.

"If this solid body were a living one it would be made manifest by sections of ever-changing living cells, and we can imagine such sections to represent two-dimensional cellular life."

With the help of these considerations, Mr. Tyler asks us to turn to our own world and imagine how, analogically, fourth-dimensional bodies would be likely to manifest themselves here. He writes on this point:

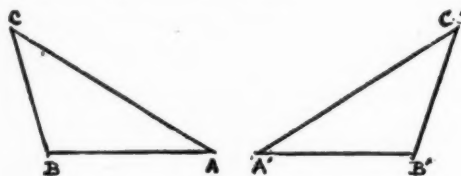
"It would appear that a fourth-dimensional body, passing through this world, would manifest itself in the form of a solid varying in shape and (or size and) constitution. Vegetable and animal life and chemical change are of this character, and are therefore possible manifestations of fourth-dimensional activities. Viewing human life from this point of view, the conclusion may be arrived

\*THE DIMENSIONAL IDEA AS AN AID TO RELIGION. By W. F. Tyler. London: A. C. Fifield.

at that I, as I write this, am merely that section of my fourth-dimensional self that happens to be passing through this world at this moment, and that the whole of me, from my birth to my death, is a fourth-dimensional entity; that the past and the future are past and future only in a three-dimensional sense. In a fourth-dimensional sense both our past and future are present, *i. e.*, both what was and will be, is."

The most that the average reader is likely to get out of this extraordinary statement is that certain phenomena, such as life and chemical change, are conceivably manifestations of fourth-dimensional activities; and that in a fourth-dimensional world time is conceivably non-existent. Mr. Tyler passes on to a simpler analogy.

Let us take, he says, in this present world, a two-dimensional figure, say a scalene triangle, A B C, with the angles A, B, and C following one another in a left-handed manner. And let us set beside it an exactly similar and equal triangle, A' B' C', with the same angles A', B', C', following one another in a right-handed manner. Thus:



Now, can we convert the triangle A B C into the triangle A' B' C'? Yes, we can, answers Mr. Tyler, by *turning it over* in three-dimensional space. In a two-dimensional world it could not be done.

Carrying the analogy one step further, Mr. Tyler says:

"Consider now a right-hand boot and a left-hand boot. Can we convert one into the other? No, we cannot, but if by any means we could turn one over through fourth-dimensional space, the act apparently would be accomplished.

"Any one, however, who could do this would be considered as having performed a miracle. Yet were it done it would not be by supernatural means in the ordinary sense of the word, but by transcendental means—by natural means which transcended, however, our nature."

But this fourth dimension, which we can as yet so imperfectly imagine, is only, in Mr. Tyler's opinion, the prelude to an infinite number of dimensions that transcend it, and in which we share. He says:

"Concerning the fourth-dimensional state, it is possible that by deep pondering we may gropingly get some small knowledge; but concerning the fifth-dimensional we can form no possible idea at all.

"The infinite-dimensional existence I conceive to be God, of Whom, therefore, in an infinitely

small degree we are a 'part,' but of Whose nature and attributes it is *hopelessly impossible to gain any conception whatever.*

"We are in a world of laws, which are sub-laws of higher laws in an infinite progression until we arrive in thought at the law of the infinite-dimensional, which we may call God's will."

According to the fourth-dimensional idea, what we shall be, is; and therefore, it would appear that Free Will is an impossibility. "It is, however," says Mr. Tyler, "quite unsafe to argue from three-dimensional conditions to higher conditions; and, notwithstanding the three-dimensional argument, we must continue to believe in the existence of Free Will—otherwise we step off the evolutionary track marked off for us." It is necessary that we should believe, and therefore we *will* believe, that according to our efforts so we affect our fourth-dimensional self. To quote further:

"And with this idea will come an infinite pity for one another, which closely resembles infinite love. The dominant idea will be: Our knowledge is so little, our life is so short, let us be as happy as we can while we are here; and happiness is to be found, not a by a mere gratification of lower appetites, but by a gratification of those psychic desires with which we find ourselves endowed. And this psychic desire is to be in tune with our surroundings—in sympathy with them. The whole universe, as we know it, is rhythmic—sympathetically rhythmic—and interdependent. Our own minds are affected in a way of which we have as yet little knowledge, by the minds of others. Hence the unhappiness of others reacts on us, and hence the wisdom of doing what we can for the happiness of the world for our own sake."

In the hypothetical concept of God as an infinite-dimensional Being, Mr. Tyler finds both advantages and disadvantages, when considered from a devout, spiritual standpoint. "It is a higher, grander aspect of a Personality," he thinks, "than can be given in any other way." On the other hand, "the great disadvantage from the orthodox point of view is that no attributes can attach to it. It necessitates the consideration of benevolence, justice, etc., as attributes not of God, but as attributes determined by God as being necessary for man." He says, in concluding:

"I maintain that holding these hypothetical opinions—they can be nothing more than hypothetical—I still remain a Christian. The inner conviction of Christ's divinity and mission, in the sense held by the orthodox Christian, is not mine. I wish it were. But on objective evidence, on account of His power, on account of His simple solution of a stupendous problem, on account of miracles, which I am open to believe on historical evidence, I place Him—in my hypothetical scheme—as a man, a three-dimensional man, with the mind of a higher-dimensional personality; and therefore relatively partaking of the nature of Godhood."



## IS A SEPARATION OF CHURCH FROM STATE IMPENDING IN GERMANY?



THE example of France in breaking the legal bonds that have for so many centuries united church and state is beginning to have a decided influence upon neighboring countries. This influence has been felt even in Switzerland, where in Basel and in several other cantons considerable progress has already been made in the direction indicated by France. Not long ago, in Geneva, the great Council of State, by a vote of sixty-six to twenty-three, decided upon a complete separation of church and state in that canton; and this decision was ratified by popular vote.

The propaganda has now reached Germany, and some kind of a separation is being urged by many leading German thinkers as the only solution for the "intolerable" state of affairs that now prevails in that country. There are two important differences, however, between the German and the French agitations. In the latter case the movement proceeded from the state and was forced upon the church, while in the land of Luther it is the church which is demanding the innovation. Moreover, in France it was a rupture between the civil authority and the Roman Catholic Church which made all the trouble, while in Germany, a country two-thirds Protestant and one-third Roman Catholic, the controversy has grown out of strained relations between the state and the Protestant churches.

Of the many German theologians who have recently been discussing this burning question, perhaps the most noteworthy is Prof. R. Seeberg, as brilliant and influential a leader of the conservative hosts as his colleague in the Berlin theological faculty, Prof. Adolf Harnack, is of the advanced section. Professor Seeberg has just published in the Berlin *Kreuzzeitung*, the chief conservative organ of the Fatherland, a series of articles in which a separation of some sort is vigorously demanded on the ground that, under present conditions, the church is unduly and wrongfully subjected to the state.

The churches of Germany, he says, cannot continue to exist and fulfil their high mission so long as they are legally connected with the state, as at present. The situation is like that of a house divided against itself, and it arises chiefly from the fact that the state does not give the church the right or the means to attain internal harmony. From the pulpits of

the same state churches one pastor preaches the old orthodox gospel of Atonement through Christ, the God-Man; and, on the other hand, his neighbor proclaims an "advanced" theology which has eliminated all the cardinal teachings of the church, and is practically nothing but subjective radicalism. Legally, the old confessions of the forty-six Protestant churches of Germany remain intact; and the ordination vows of the pastors bind them to preach the old gospel. But actually, in nearly all the state churches there are men who deny the Trinity, the Divinity of Christ, the Atonement, and other cardinal features of historic Christianity. In Professor Seeberg's eyes, this condition of affairs is outrageous. The state, as he points out, attempts to preserve the ideal of "independence in intellectual research" by supporting theological professors at the universities who deny miracles, the revelation and inspiration of the Scriptures, and the divine character of Christianity. When their pupils, who have imbibed these teachings, apply for a position in the state churches, they are often refused, on the ground that their views are contrary to the official teachings of the church confessions. Hence the many "cases" which are vexing and perplexing the churches of the Fatherland, and which involve pastors who are refused pulpits because of heretical views which they have absorbed at the universities of the very states in which they wish to enter the ministry. A leading German church paper recently collected data in regard to such rejected pastors, and has shown that within the last dozen years there have been no fewer than forty such "cases," to be found in all parts of the church. Nor has the church any means of remedying matters, as the theological faculties are appointed by the state, and the church has neither voice nor veto in such appointments. In consequence, the theological professors of the provincial universities are often outspoken antagonists of the views prevailing in the churches of that province. Thus, for example, the old kingdom of Hanover, now a province of Prussia, is on the whole confessionally Lutheran; yet at Goettingen, where the pastors for Hanoverian churches are being trained, one of the prominent professors is Wellhausen, the keenest "neological" spirit in Germany. At present, the leading "case" before German Christendom is that of Pastor César, of Dortmund, who was prohibited from preaching to

a congregation that had selected him because he refused to teach the Divinity of Christ, in accordance with the theological wisdom he had acquired at the German universities.

In discussing a remedy for this evil, Professor Seeberg says in substance:

We should not advocate a total separation of state and church after the manner of North America and of France. There is history behind the present status of the German churches; they are national, not local and individual, churches. This fact must be taken into account in the re-organized church of the future. And since the chasm between the radical and advanced thinkers in the different state churches cannot be bridged, it would be the part of wisdom for the state to permit a more or less independent organization of two sets of congregations, the liberal and the conservative. The state ought to give its protection and support impartially to both kinds of churches. They could do their work side by side in honest rivalry for the spiritual and religious development of the people, it being understood that the state should in no way interfere with the internal affairs of the churches—their teaching, their discipline and the like.

It is significant that practically the same demand is made by the famous Dr. Stöcker, ex-court preacher and one of the most powerful advocates of conservative theology in Germany to-day. In his organ, the *Reformation*, he insists that liberal thinkers who no longer hold to the historical creeds should quietly retire from the state churches, where they no longer belong, receiving, however, such a share of the church property as their proportionate numerical strength would justify. In other words, he demands a peaceful separation of the divided brethren, which would leave the conservatives in control of the state churches. To this demand the radicals reply that such a secession is not practicable, and that since they are only consistently applying the original Protestant principle of the right of individual judgment, they have a perfect right to remain in the churches, even if they do not accept the dogmas of the church. This view has been ably voiced by Pastor W. Gaerster, of Frankfurt-on-the-Main.

This discussion has even invaded the Reichstag. Not long ago, the government was sharply attacked for appointing to university positions so many radical and subversive theologians. Minister von Studt, of the Cultus Department, made the reply that for scientific reasons and in the interest of independent research, both schools of thought must be equally represented in the different theological faculties, and that appointments are made in accordance with this principle.


It is a fact worth noting that the present

condition of the different "free" churches in Germany is not encouraging to the idea of complete separation. These churches are all small and divided into about eight groups; and they fight one another even more bitterly than they do the state churches. Thus, in the historic mission village of Hermannsburg, near Hamburg, with a pietistically inclined population of only two thousand, there are no fewer than four different "free" churches represented, who, on the whole, can agree only to disagree. A disintegration of the national churches and the development of sects and sectlets *ad infinitum* is feared by some as a result of following the American example.

The demand for separation is not so pronounced in advanced as in conservative circles, partly because the radicals have not the same objections to recognizing the conservatives that the conservatives have to recognizing them; and partly because they do not take the deep interest in church affairs that their opponents do. The latter are thoroly convinced that something must be done in a house so sadly and badly divided against itself as that of present-day Protestantism in Germany. The state, which has everything to gain and nothing to lose by a separation, has so far cautiously refrained from committing itself to any definite attitude toward this perplexing problem.

One of the most interesting features in connection with the whole situation is that the Roman Catholics are quite strongly opposed to a severance of church and state; and their attitude seems to be a fresh proof of the fact that Roman Catholicism sometimes fares better in Protestant than in Catholic countries. England, as is well known, has often been the refuge of Roman Catholic orders and organizations, such as the Jesuits, when they were persecuted in the house of their friends. And now it would seem that the Roman Catholic Church in the German states has, by virtue of special agreement with the Vatican, a greater degree of independence than is enjoyed by the Protestant churches. When, a few years ago, a Roman Catholic theological faculty was established in connection with the University of Strassburg, it was especially stipulated between the Vatican and the Berlin Government that only those men should be appointed to theological chairs who are acceptable to the church authorities. So that actually, in this matter of the appointment of professors, the Roman Catholic Church is conceded a privilege of voice and veto that Protestants do not possess.

## THE ENTHRALLING PERSONALITY OF MRS. EDDY

 HERE are bound to be many opinions in regard to the truth of the religious doctrines promulgated by Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, the founder of Christian Science. There can be only one respecting the extraordinary power and fascination of her personality. In reading the narratives of her life now appearing in *McClure's Magazine* and in *Human Life*, we find ourselves asking, inevitably: Was there ever, in all the history of the world, a woman like this woman? Great lovers there have been among women, great writers and artists, too; and one girl-knight who led her hosts into battle. But has there ever been a woman who, at forty years of age, arose from a sick-bed and went out into the world to suffer almost incredible adversities and humiliations, and finally to become the founder of a new religion?

The authors of both the narratives mentioned are women. Georgine Milmine, who is responsible for the account appearing in *McClure's*, is critical, and at times rather hostile, in her attitude toward her subject. On the other hand, Sibyl Wilbur, the author of the *Human Life* articles, interprets Mrs. Eddy's personality in a spirit of adoration, though herself disclaiming the title of Christian Scientist. The accounts do not always tally, and Miss Wilbur tries again and again to convict her rival chronicler of inaccuracy and distortion. But both women furnish abundant evidence of the almost unearthly influence with which Mrs. Eddy has gripped the souls of men and women during a period covering nearly half a century. The people she has influenced have come from every walk of life. They have been humble New England spinsters, uncultured workingmen, hard-headed business men, bank presidents, mayors of great cities, and peers of the realm. Moreover, her influence is operative even unto this day. It inspires a sense of chivalrous attachment in those who know her intimately. It cast its spell over the Associated Press reporters who visited her last October, in a body, to correct false rumors of her physical condition. And, most significantly, it has just drawn a tender and reverential tribute from the pen of a man whose writings are distinguished, as a rule, neither by tenderness nor reverence,—that prince of yellow journalists, Arthur Brisbane.

Phineas P. Quimby, the tinkering clock-maker and mental healer of Portland, Me.,

was one of the first men to be deeply impressed by Mrs. Eddy. At the time she met him, in 1862, her character was unformed, in spite of her two marriages. It was he who awakened her powers, and revealed her to herself. Up to the time she met him she had been an obscure invalid. He gave her new life and something to live for. We shall probably never know who was the more surprized on that August morning, nearly fifty years ago, when, in a little office in Portland, Quimby and Mrs. Eddy (at that time Mrs. Daniel Patterson) came face to face. The one is described as "of small physique, a vigorous, earnest personality, healthy, dominant and sincere;" the other as "a frail shadow of a woman, looking at him with the intense gaze of a seer." In the close intellectual communion that followed, Quimby was more and more enchanted by the personality of Mrs. Patterson. He had never met a woman so receptive or so capable of sustained thought along the lines that interested him most profoundly. As Miss Wilbur tells the story:

"It is almost self-evident that the tinkering clock-maker, and the tinkering philosopher, was swept into a state of rapt amazement at the interpretation Mrs. Eddy put upon his healing by affirmation of health. She had a strong religious faith, it struck upon the sounding board of this man's mind and came back to flood her with her own spiritual consciousness. A strong enough faith always has healed and always will heal, whether it be Hindu or Catholic, or whatsoever. Therefore Mrs. Eddy doubtless cured herself; that is, was cured by her faith in the power of God. "Dr. Quimby was intensely gratified. He had never known how these cures took place, but here was another example that vindicated his assertion that he could cure. He was satisfied. Not so Mrs. Patterson. She asserted that a science underlay his methods; she called it the science of Christ. Not for a moment did she doubt that this good man had worked out the philosophic system which had long been germinating in her mind. She was ready to call him master, and to lay her own store at his feet. With the extravagant self-renunciation which was characteristic of her when she gave up her first husband's wealth for conscience' sake, when she gave up to Dr. Patterson all her remaining patrimony for wifely duty, she now gave up the store of her mental and spiritual garnering to crown this new-found friend with laurels."

The question of the extent to which Mrs. Eddy drew upon Quimby's ideas and documents in formulating her own philosophy is likely to remain a moot point. In one sense, it is not an important point. The really im-

portant thing is that she gathered together the rambling reflections of a more or less illiterate teacher, superimposed upon them her own thought, and finally created a system of doctrine that has become vital to hundreds of thousands of human beings. In Mark Twain's picturesque phrase, she found a saw-dust mine and turned it into a Klondike. That Quimby himself recognized a certain superiority in her brain and character is evidenced by his half-jesting remark: "If this is the second coming of Christ, you are the Christ, and I am but John the Baptist."

Quimby was only one of hundreds who were destined to feel the vivifying power of Mrs. Eddy. Of her troubled and wandering life during the years 1864 to 1870 some account has already been given in these pages (see *CURRENT LITERATURE*, June). She was very poor at that time, and she boarded at the houses of humble working people. None of these people understood her; as yet she did not understand herself. But she brought them wider horizons than any they had known, and they felt in her, instinctively, a refinement and loftiness of soul to which they had not attained. She had not yet succeeded in formulating her beliefs, but she was becoming to a greater and greater extent conscious of psychic gifts and of an increasing power to attract others. On women, especially, she left, at this period, an impress that has never faded. One lady, a Spiritualist, who is now living in Waterville, Me., says that in all her life she has never known a personality so stimulating and inspiring as Mrs. Eddy's. A Mrs. Wentworth, of Stoughton, with whom Mrs. Eddy boarded for a while, once exclaimed: "If ever there was a saint upon this earth, it is that woman!" And her daughter, Lucy Wentworth, gives this testimony:

"I loved her because she made me love her. She was beautiful and had a good influence over me. I used to be with her every minute that she was not writing, and I was very jealous of her book. We talked and read together and took long walks in the country. I idolized her and really suffered when she locked her door to work and wouldn't let me come to her. After she had worked for hours she always relaxed and threw off her seriousness. Then she would romp and play with us all and I've sometimes thought the plaster would come off the ceiling below when the boys were training.

"My father thought she absorbed my mother too much and took her away from him, and my parents thought she tried to wean me away from them. And perhaps she did. She made a great deal of me. . . . Her manners were beautiful and I imitated her in everything. I never missed anyone as I missed her. She said good-bye to me with great affection, but she held

me and looked at me and said: 'You, too, will turn against me some day, Lucy.'"

If any proof were needed of Mrs. Eddy's almost miraculous influence over men and women, it is furnished by her healing of sickness and her training of disciples. Many of those who started in as practitioners under her guidance had themselves been cured of ailments by her. She took the most unpromising material—discontented women and young men who had not succeeded in finding their place in the world, factory girls, carpenters, shoemakers and dressmakers—and made of them efficient mental healers. Her third husband, Asa Gilbert Eddy, was an agent for sewing-machines before she married him. She said: "I feel sure that I can teach my husband up to a higher usefulness, to purity, and the higher development of all his *latent noble* qualities of head and heart." And she transformed a rather shy, awkward man into a man of affairs who lectured on Scriptural topics, organized classes, and became the superintendent of a Christian Science Sunday-school.

But there was a nether side to Mrs. Eddy's personality, and no estimate of her character would be complete without taking it into account. Like many strong natures, she inspired fierce antipathies as well as ardent devotions. In some of the households in which she dwelt she caused strife and heart-burnings. She changed her habitations constantly, and her explanation of her frequent removals was that even her most spiritual friends found her ideas too revolutionary to accept.

She could not hold her friends. She could not even hold her husband, Daniel Patterson, nor her only son, George W. Glover, who is a party to the lawsuit started several months ago, the object of which is to take away from her the control of her financial affairs. She seemed to draw people to her with a kind of hypnotic magnetism; and then, later, would come a reaction, and love would be transmuted into hatred on both sides. She could hate as ardently as she could love, and the early editions of "Science and Health" contain passages of the most intemperate character. Her nether moods—her moods of hatred and morbidity—are revealed most vividly in connection with her ruptures with her first two pupils of note, Richard Kennedy and Daniel Spofford. Kennedy says that the separation between himself and Mrs. Eddy took place as a result of a gradual divergence of views; but Mrs. Eddy, after his defection, accused him of "malicious mesmerism," at-



tacked him bitterly, and came to regard him as a devil in human form. According to Miss Milmine's account:

"Her hatred of Kennedy was one of the strongest emotions she had ever felt, really a tragic passion in its way, and since the cheerful, energetic boy who had inspired it was in no way an adequate object, she fell to and made a Kennedy of her own. She fashioned this hypothetical Kennedy bit by bit, believing in him more and more as she put him together. She gave him one grizzly attribute after another, and the more terrible she made her image the more she believed in it and hated and feared it; and the more she hated and feared it the more furiously she wrought upon it, until finally her creation, a definite shape of fear and hatred, stood by her day and night to harry and torment her.

"Without Malicious Mesmerism as his cardinal attribute, the new and terrible Kennedy could never have been made. It was like the tragic mask which presented to an Athenian audience an aspect of horror such as no merely human face could wear. By a touch really worthy of an artist Mrs. Eddy made the boy's youth, agreeable manner, and even his fresh color conducive to a sinister effect. Given such a blithe and genial figure, and suppose in him a power over the health and emotions of other people, and a morbid passion for using it to the most atrocious ends, and you have indeed the young Nero, which title Mrs. Eddy so often applied to Kennedy."

In the third edition of "Science and Health," Mrs. Eddy broke forth into a tirade of invective against Kennedy, under the heading "Demonology"; but his friends, we are told, were stirred to mirth rather than indignation when a passage like the following was applied to a man whose amiability was locally proverbial:

"The Nero of to-day, regaling himself through a mental method with the tortures of individuals, is repeating history, and will fall upon his own sword, and it shall pierce him through. Let him remember this when, in the dark recesses of thought, he is robbing, committing adultery, and killing; when he is attempting to turn friend away from friend, ruthlessly stabbing the quivering heart; when he is clipping the thread of life and giving to the grave youth and its rainbow hues; when he is turning back the reviving sufferer to her bed of pain, clouding her first morning after years of night; and the Nemesis of that hour shall point to the tyrant's fate, who falls at length upon the sword of Justice."

Mrs. Eddy clad Daniel Spofford in the same lurid vision. Mr. Spofford is described by his friends as a sensitive man of an ultra-idealistic type; and during the early stages of her missionary work Mrs. Eddy had no more gifted disciple than he. He was the publisher of the first edition of "Science and Health," and Mrs. Eddy gave him the pen with which she wrote the book. When interviewed recently at his home, near Haverhill, Mass., he

said: "I believe 'Science and Health' is the greatest book in the world, outside the Bible. I am not an enemy to Mrs. Eddy." He refused to discuss the causes of his rupture with Mrs. Eddy, and the correct story of their differences will probably never be known. Suffice it to say that they parted, and that Mrs. Eddy, as in the case of Kennedy, became convinced that he was pursuing her with malign thoughts and poisoning her whole atmosphere. Miss Milmine actually charges Mrs. Eddy with gathering together her pupils for the purpose of concentrating hostile thought-vibrations, from their side, on Kennedy and Spofford, and ruining their practices; but Miss Wilbur denies that anything of the kind ever took place. Whether this particular charge is true or not, there seems no doubt that Mrs. Eddy's hatred of Spofford became something very like a monomania. At this time she was obsessed by the idea that her enemies were pursuing and bullying her. "Mesmerism," says Miss Milmine, "became the dominating conception of her life, and it is difficult to find a parallel for such a constant and terrifying sense of evil unless one turns to Bunyan in the days before his conversion, or to Martin Luther in the monastery of Wittenberg, where he lived under such a continual oppression of sin that the gates of hell seemed always open just under the flagstones as he paced the cloisters." Mrs. Eddy attributed her illnesses, as Luther his earache, to consciously malicious agencies; but, unlike Luther's, her depression never came from a feeling of unworthiness or a sense of sin.

Two of the most amazing episodes in Mrs. Eddy's whole career—episodes so weird and uncanny that to-day they almost seem like nightmares—are connected with her conflict with Spofford. It happened that in 1877 a certain maiden lady named Lucretia Brown, of Ipswich, Mass., had been cured of spinal complaint by one of Mrs. Eddy's pupils, Dorcas Rawson. Before Miss Lucretia knew Mrs. Eddy and Miss Rawson, she was a Congregationalist, but after she had been healed by Christian Science she withdrew from her old church. Her cure was the gossip of all the neighbors. In 1878, however, she suffered a relapse. Mr. Spofford called upon her about this time, and she became convinced that *he* was the cause of her relapse. Miss Rawson and Mrs. Eddy probably helped her to this conviction. And then came the famous "witchcraft suit" instituted against Daniel Spofford and charging him with practicing his mesmeric arts upon Lucretia Brown. The bill

filed before the Supreme Judicial Court at Salem was ostensibly drawn up by Miss Brown. Miss Milmine declares that it was drawn up by a lawyer in Lynn, in consultation with Mrs. Eddy. At any rate, when the case came to court in Salem on May 14, 1878, Mrs. Eddy appeared on the scene attended by some twenty witnesses—"a cloud of witnesses," as the *Boston Globe* puts it—and her friend, Mr. Edward J. Arens, was prepared to act as attorney for the plaintiff. The judge, however, dismissed the case with a smile, declaring that it was not within the power of the court to control Mr. Spofford's mind. And so, comments Miss Milmine, "Mrs. Eddy's attempt to revive the witch horror was only a court-room burlesque upon the grimmest tragedy in New England history."

The second episode connected with Mrs. Eddy's war upon Spofford was even more sensational, and involved her husband, Asa G. Eddy. One morning, early in October, 1878, a heavy-set, rather brutal-looking man knocked at the door of Mr. Spofford's Boston office, No. 297 Tremont street, and requested an interview. He introduced himself as James L. Sargent, a saloon-keeper, and informed Mr. Spofford that he had been offered five hundred dollars by two men named Miller and Libby to "put him out of the way." He declared, furthermore, that while he meant to get all the money he could, he had no intention of risking his neck, and said that he had already notified State Detective Hollis C. Pinkham. Pinkham, it seems, had little faith in the man, for the reason that he had a criminal record. Nevertheless, on the strength of his story, the hypothetical "Miller" and "Libby," whom he accused, were arrested, and they turned out to be—Edward J. Arens and Asa Gilbert Eddy! When examined before the Municipal Court in Boston, they were confronted by a motley array of witnesses. "The principal witnesses for the prosecution," Mrs. Eddy afterward indignantly wrote, "were convicts and inmates of houses of ill fame;" and her statement was only slightly exaggerated. The judge remarked that the case was a very anomalous one, but that there was, in his opinion, sufficient evidence to show that the parties should be held to appear before the Superior Court. Finally, however, the case was "nolle prossed" by the District Attorney of Boston, for reasons unspecified.

This bewildering tangle elicits the following comment from Miss Milmine:

"The evidence on both sides is of the most anomalous and inconsequential character and

reads like the testimony heard in the nightmare of some plethoric judge. The witnesses for the prosecution were, with the exception of Jessie Macdonald and two detectives, utterly worthless as sources of testimony.

"Looking at the evidence from a distance of almost thirty years, one feels that it is highly improbable that Mrs. Eddy and her husband ever carried their hatred of Mr. Spofford so far as to attempt violence against him. On the other hand, Mrs. Eddy's charge that the plot was the malicious invention of Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Spofford can be regarded only as the delusion of an unreasonable and overwrought woman. The only other possible solution would advance Sargent as the instigator of the plot. If a double blackmailing enterprise could be attributed to Sargent, the tangle could be easily explained. But this hypothesis is weakened by the fact that he never asked for or received any money from Mr. Spofford."

Altho Detective Pinkham later believed Sargent's story and swore out a warrant for the arrest of Eddy and Arens, his first impression of the case was that Sargent had concocted some scheme to rehabilitate himself with the police department by pretending to do it a service. If any adequate motive could be attributed to Sargent, the most satisfactory disposition of the case would be to shift it entirely upon his shoulders. But why a saloon-keeper from Sudbury street should have gone so far from his familiar haunts and associates, and should have aspired to play a part in the quarrels of the Christian Scientists, remains a difficult question."

When Mrs. Eddy became established in permanent headquarters in Lynn, she hung on the walls of her room the framed inscription: "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." In a sense that she may have intended, but would probably not have admitted, that motto may be taken as the embodiment of the guiding doctrine of her life. She would brook no rivalry and no interference with her plans. Her egotism was responsible both for her failures and for her successes—her failures, because it involved her, for a time at least, in dissensions and quarrels which choked her very life and blocked all progress; her successes, because her limitless belief in herself was what made final triumph possible. A lady who devoted herself to Mrs. Eddy during the period in Lynn when all seemed darkest, pronounced her "either a saint or a devil;" and a student whose recollections go back to the same period has told how Mrs. Eddy, in open classroom, rebuked her so cruelly that she was dissolved into tears. But these harsh methods were often beneficial in their ultimate results, as Miss Wilbur points out. To give one instance:

"A student relates that at one time she was talking with Mrs. Eddy, who was engaged in a revision of the Christian Science text-book. She was so close a friend that she presumed to offer a word of advice on Mrs. Eddy's labors and said to her:

"Don't you think the time has come to speak less of animal magnetism?"

"Mrs. Eddy sprang up from her desk and clapped her hands together, sharply crying:

"Leave me at once."

"Tremblingly the student did so and, thinking she had offended beyond forgiveness, remained away from Mrs. Eddy several days. But Mrs. Eddy went to the student's house and reassured her of her unaltered affection. This student henceforth understood wherein she might not intrude and continued to love and reverence her teacher."

After all, as Miss Wilbur well says, a life ought to be judged by its total results, rather than by detached incidents. The very turmoil and ferment of Mrs. Eddy's development only go to show what a marvelous woman she is. Through all the chaos there ran, for her at least, a golden thread that indicated her ultimate purpose. She was shaping rude instruments to fit her needs, and in the end she succeeded.

It is undoubtedly this consciousness of success that sustains her in her old age at Concord, N. H., where she lives in a simple frame dwelling almost within sight of her birthplace. Recent visitors to her home bear witness to her happiness and serenity, and to something "supernatural, seer-like" in her face. Miss Wilbur, who saw her in April, says:

"Mrs. Eddy laid her hands on both my shoulders and looked long and earnestly at me, enveloping me with the blue of her eyes, as the blue of the skies enveloped the hills. There was no wavering in that gaze. The light of her soul shone through them. She was like a saint in dignity and a seer in character. I can do no more than affirm with earnest conviction that this woman is well, sane, happy and serene."

Mr. Brisbane, who visited Mrs. Eddy in June, contributes to the *August Cosmopolitan* an equally glowing account of her personality. He writes, in part:

"Her thick hair, snow-white, curls about her forehead and temples. She is of medium height and very slender. She probably weighs less than one hundred pounds. But her figure is straight as she rises and walks forward. The grasp of her thin hand is firm; the hand does not tremble.

"It is hopeless to try to describe a face made very beautiful by age, deep thought, and many years' exercise of great power. The light blue eyes are strong and concentrated in expression. And the sight, as was soon proved, is that of a woman one-half Mrs. Eddy's age.

"Mrs. Eddy's face is almost entirely free from wrinkles; the skin is very clear, many a young woman would be proud to have it. The forehead is high and full, and the whole expression of the face combines benevolence with great strength of will. Mrs. Eddy has accumulated power in this world. She possesses it, she exercises it, and she knows it. But it is a gentle power, and it is possessed by a gentle, diffident and modest woman."

## SABATIER'S TRENCHANT OPEN LETTER TO CARDINAL GIBBONS

**L**AST December a manifesto was issued by Cardinal Gibbons protesting bitterly against the new French law separating church and state. His utterance attracted widespread comment at the time, and has since been used extensively for propaganda purposes in the Roman Catholic countries of Europe. Now it has evoked a reply from no less a savant than Paul Sabatier, the famous French Protestant whose biography of St. Francis of Assisi has become a classic among Protestants and Roman Catholics alike. Sabatier's reply is in the form of an "Open Letter"\* and is published in Paris.

At the outset of his argument, Sabatier expresses his surprise that the primate of the Roman Catholic Church in a country where the separation of state and church is taken for granted, and is regarded as beneficial, even

by Roman Catholics themselves, should make such a bitter attack upon a government which is trying to achieve the ideal already realized in America. There is all the more ground for surprise, says the well-known German theological organ, the *Christliche Welt*, of Tübingen, in commenting on this discussion, owing to the fact that Cardinal Gibbons enjoys in Europe the reputation of being a leading protagonist of progressive and independent Catholicism. It was he, as this organ recalls, whose introduction to the French translation of the biography of Father Hecker gave occasion to the Vatican to condemn "Americanism" in the Roman Catholic Church. It was he also who on a historic occasion asserted the democratic principle at the very gates of St. Peter's. As the story runs, he went to make his official visit at the Vatican after his appointment as Cardinal; and he arrived on foot. He was reminded of the grave impropriety of his action. Cardinals

\*LETTRE OUVERTE A S. E. LE CARDINAL GIBBONS A PROPOS DE SON MANIFESTE SUR LA SEPARATION DES EGLISES ET DE L'ETAT EN FRANCE. By Paul Sabatier. Paris: Librairie Fischbacher.

must come in carriages. He compromised to the extent of making his second visit in a cheap one-horse conveyance. But this time he was informed that he must come at least in a two-horse carriage. Finally, he returned for the third time—in an electric car!

Sabatier admits that it may seem presumptuous for a Protestant to "meddle" in affairs that primarily concern Roman Catholics. But he feels that his action is justified by his deep veneration for the Church of Rome, and by his conviction that the Cardinal's statements are misleading both Protestants and Roman Catholics. The Cardinal's contentions, he asserts, may be broadly classified under six heads, namely:

1. The present rulers of France are actuated by a deadly hatred of religion.
2. The French Government has shown an utter disregard for the property rights of the church. In particular, the withdrawal of the government appropriation, intended originally as payment for church property secularized by the Revolution, is flagrantly unjust.
3. The separation law completely ignores the constitution of the church.
4. If accepted by French Roman Catholics, this law would destroy the church.
5. If this separation signified only what the separation in America means, there would be no ground for protest. The French people can be depended on to resist the government in this matter.

Sabatier declares flatly that Arguments 2 and 3 are without foundation in fact. The priests and other ecclesiastics received their pay simply as state officials; and in the Concordat, upon which the Cultus budget is based, there is not a word to be found about these moneys being regarded as reimbursement for the property of the church secularized by the Revolution. That the separation law does not violate the constitution of the church can be readily seen from the parliamentary debates that preceded its adoption, the law making distinct provision that "the property of the church be transferred only to such organizations as are organized in harmony with the general rules of the Cultus and for the purpose of carrying out these rules."

In reply to the charge that acceptance of the new law by the church would bring with it the destruction of Roman Catholicism in France, Sabatier simply reminds the Cardinal that the great majority of French bishops advised the Pope to make a loyal effort to observe the law, and that the élite of the French Roman Catholics did not approve of the position taken by the Vatican.

The next charge considered by Sabatier is that which the Cardinal makes against official France, on the ground of its "deadly hatred"

of religion. In this connection the French theologian makes the following remarkable statement:

"Behind these assertions is hidden the demand that the French Government should give to the Roman Catholic Church in this country the freedom which the Roman Catholic Church in America enjoys. This is very fine and simple; indeed too fine and too simple. You have forgotten to tell your readers how great is the difference between the Roman Catholicism of the New World and that of the Old. You speak of the French Roman Catholics as tho in the aggregate they were regular Roman Catholics. You may not know how few or how many of these regard Roman Catholicism as a religious life and nothing else; but you certainly must know that for many years the great majority of those who in France have spoken in the name of Roman Catholicism have been clericals, and in common justice you ought to tell your readers that the clericals of France are rather a political than a religious sect, and that in the Latin countries of southern Europe they only too often succeed in having themselves regarded as Roman Catholics. In France the clericals who make a merchandise of their church have forced their way into the sanctuary and are terrorizing the clergy. Why should you fail to tell the world that these people are the disgrace and the shame of Catholicism? You can depend upon it that as soon as a Catholicism emancipated from clericalism comes to the front in France there will be no hesitancy in giving to the church complete freedom. Indeed, as soon as the church becomes an organization which pursues only religious objects and purposes, the state will recognize it as an embodiment of its dreams and its genius. It is not the French Government, but the clerical party, that is the enemy of the liberty of the church. Since 1870 the clericals have at all times resisted political freedom; they are now antagonizing every progressive movement in the church that looks toward liberty. The best thinkers in the Roman Catholic Church in France today are opposed to the present policy of the church, and the anti-clerical Roman Catholics of the country see in the separation of state and church not the destruction of the latter, but a promising beginning for a revival of religious life."

Sabatier closes with these words:

"If you are convinced that the Roman Catholics of France need the same freedom that their co-religionists enjoy in America, then make use of your influence at the Holy See that the Pope may give to the oldest daughter of the church, not special privileges, but the right, which Roman Catholics enjoy in the New World, to elect their own bishops in accordance with the canonical law."

This "Open Letter" has aroused keen interest in religious circles on both sides of the Atlantic. But it is felt that Sabatier is a little too ready to explain away the anti-religious attitude of the French Government. Even such papers as the *Paris Temps* and *Matin*, which are certainly not clerically inclined, regret the religious radicalism of some of the French political authorities.



## CAN AMERICA ATTAIN TO THE GREEK IDEAL?



WITH a boundless optimism conveyed by his statement that "nothing is too high for Americans," President Jacob Gould Schurman, of Cornell University, has lately appealed to his fellow-countrymen to study the greatest civilization the world has ever known—the civilization of Greece—to learn its significance, and to excel it. Most fittingly, he addressed his appeal primarily to a body of educators—the School-masters' Association of New York—and, over their heads, to the wider reading public.

When we speak of liberal culture, he reminds us, Greece is the mother of us all. It is the Greeks who gave to the whole world, in a supreme sense, the intellectual and esthetic life. Not only that, says President Schurman, but "the love of knowledge for its own sake, the passion for truth, the courage to follow the lead of the evidence, faith in reason and fearlessness in its exercise without misgiving and without regard to consequences, calm interrogation of nature and of human life which, tho baffled and puzzled, never grows weary and never loses hope of receiving a rational answer—these things in which we glory today are the gifts to the human race of ancient Greece, by whom first they were originated, developed and put in universal application." From Greece have come our arts, letters, science and philosophy; and "next to the creation of such a fine culture by the Greeks, next to the manifestation of this high reason, the most astonishing thing is the universality of its diffusion, appreciation and enjoyment." President Schurman says further (as reported in *Putnam's Monthly*):

"The taste and intelligence of the Athenian populace far surpassed that of any other community that has ever existed. It was not the few, it was the many, who demanded and relished the friezes of Phidias, the dramas of Sophocles, the orations of Pericles. Even in the abstract discussions preserved in the dialogs of Plato, shopkeepers and tradesmen mingle as speakers with statesmen and philosophers. What we see is the spectacle of an entire community appreciating and enjoying the noblest culture. The meanest citizen of Athens in the fourth century before Christ, through the activity and intercourse of his daily civic life and in virtue of his esthetic and intellectual environment, enjoyed a means of liberal education which no university has ever supplied.

"The highest culture even for the lowliest citizen: that is the lesson of Athens to the world."

Of course it is true that Athenian civilization rested on a slave class; and since in

America to-day all are free men, there is a sense even now in which, man for man, our culture may be said to surpass that of the Greeks. "I grant you," says President Schurman, "that American artisans and traders enjoy a status and a happiness far beyond even the dreams of Athenian prophets and reformers." But such reflections are apt to make for complacent self-regard. The really important question is this: Can America do more than she has yet done for the development of a refined culture and a rational intelligence, such as ancient Athens made the possession of all her citizens? In answering this question, President Schurman observes:

"I do not think that as a people we lag behind the Athenian or any other nation in our general knowledge of facts. On the contrary, I believe that in this sense the Americans are the most intelligent human beings who have ever trod this planet. Our world-embracing daily newspapers bear witness to our desire to be informed—and to be informed at once—in regard to everything happening beneath the sun—yes, and within the closet, and under the cover of night, and in the dark recesses of human passion and crime. There is no matter of fact, whether material or moral, personal or impersonal, to which an American is indifferent. And his immense native curiosity (which is also at the root of his inventiveness) is at once gratified and stimulated by the ubiquitous and omniscient reporters of the newspapers. So, again, our system of universal public schools is the expression of our love of knowledge. In these schools, facts (and sometimes principles) are organized and communicated to our children. But when the children leave the schools most of them become, like their parents, the disciples of the editors and reporters of the newspapers, under whom they remain, with variations and interchanges, for the rest of their days."

According to President Schurman's diagnosis, two baneful results follow in the wake of this "newspaper order of intelligence." In the first place, our knowledge is superficial, inaccurate, chaotic, and ill-digested. In the second place, we are indifferent to esthetic culture. Let us clearly recognize these two evils, he says, as a first step toward a higher ideal. Then it will become plain that the problem before us is to develop our highest rational and artistic capabilities—to develop them in the people as a whole, and not merely in the isolated thinker, scholar and artist.

It may be urged that Nature has not endowed us Americans with these capacities; but President Schurman does not share this view. "What America has already done," he remarks, "in the highest fields of human ac-

tivity is ample proof that she has the ability to do more and better." He continues:

"I make no doubt that Americans are endowed with an instinct, even a full-blooded instinct, for reason and beauty, as they have undoubtedly proved their possession of an instinct for liberty, for energetic industry, and for perception, invention and knowledge of facts. If no American city is an Athens, if no American poet is a Homer or Sophocles, if no American thinker is a Plato or Aristotle, it is not because Americans possess only a rudimentary reason and imagination and sensibility, but because, owing to causes which are part of our national being—causes which are connected with our task of subduing a continent—the capacities with which Nature has generously endowed us have not been developed and exercised to the fullness of their pitch and potency."

Granted, then, the capacity for the highest rational and esthetic achievements, what shall be done to stimulate it? One thing is certain, replies President Schurman,—we must begin with the young. When Darwin published his "Origin of Species" he cared only for the verdict of men under thirty-five years of age. It is the youthful mind that will save the world. And if youth is to love beauty, it must needs have access to beautiful and harmonious objects of sense-perception. "Harmony and beauty were the keynote of Athenian education; and the city abounded in beautiful statues and temples, music charmed men's leisure hours, and gymnastics furnished at once a means of recreation and school for the training and exhibition of the most beautiful of all objects—the human form itself." It may be that we cannot reproduce this system and environment in America; but we already have our art galleries in many cities; and plaster casts of beautiful statues, copies of beautiful pictures, etchings and drawings of beautiful scenes, are more and more being recognized as a part of the necessary equipment of every schoolroom. President Schurman makes the further suggestion:

"Nor is this all: we can apply the Greek principle in fields unknown to the Greeks themselves. Interest in natural scenery, and love of it for its own sake, are a comparatively recent development in the emotional life of man. They played but a small part in literature—and, I suppose, in life—before the close of the eighteenth century. But in the twentieth century the instinct is full grown. So far as I know, it has never been used systematically for educational purposes. Yet where can you find more varied or exquisite beauty than in the flowers of the field, the pine trees of winter, the starry vault of a summer night, the music of falling waters, the song and plumage of birds, the infinitely varied forms and colors and sounds of the whole animate and inanimate creation? Nature herself, the source of our artistic capacity, has filled the world of perception with objects to evoke it and delight it. Can we not awaken in

the fresh minds of the new generation a love for the beauty of nature? Be assured nothing so subtly enters into the life of the soul, and nothing in education is more permanent."

President Schurman thinks that we may also follow, with quite incalculable advantage, the Greek example in refining and ennobling the minds of the rising generation by means of the best literature. Let it be our own literature, he adds, rather than classical literature. He says on this point:

"I am a firm believer in the great and unique value of a classical education. But I am forced to the conclusion that even in Europe the modern and contemporary interests of the human mind will suppress, if they have not already suppressed, the monarchical rule of the ancient classics. In America, indeed, the classics never took deep root, and their influence was at best but weak and partial. And nowadays, when neither our grammar schools nor high schools prescribe Greek or Latin, when the universities and even the old-fashioned classical colleges have made them mainly or entirely elective, it is obvious that we must look to other agencies for the culture of the rising generation of Americans. The sand-blind pedant thinks there is no hope of culture in America because we do not study the thought of the past in languages not our own. I ask, were not the Greeks the most highly cultured people the world has ever seen? Well, the Greeks knew no language but their own."

We are confronted, finally, with the question: How are great creative thinkers to be produced in America? What is needed to turn an American scientist into a Plato or an Aristotle? President Schurman faces the problem hopefully. It is all a matter, he says, of "stimulus, nourishment and use." If in education we are content to have pupils merely get facts, or at most to reason in a mechanical way, we are doing nothing for the development of creative reason. To conclude the argument:

"We are too prone to rest in mere knowledge of facts. Of course, it is easier to teach the boy facts than to train him to think; and our big schools and large classes make the problem still more difficult. Yet the true method of teaching was formulated and illustrated by Socrates.

"It is the method of personal intercourse with constant challenging of the reasoning faculty. It is no accident that Socrates produced a Plato, or Plato again produced an Aristotle. In America we have been too prone to regard the teacher as an automatic pump and the boy's mind as a tub to be filled. The boy's mind is really a spark of the Divine Reason, and the business of education is to fan it into a living flame. And this we accomplish by bringing it into contact with the creations of the highest reason and stirring it with the air of challenge and of criticism. In a word, if America is to rank with Athens in the exercise of the high prerogative of reason, the rising generation must be trained to think and not merely to perceive and read."

# Music and the Drama

## THE CHORUS LADY—A COMEDY-DRAMA



WRITER in *The Atlantic Monthly* suggests that the American drama of to-morrow will arise from the melodrama of to-day. One of the strongest plays in recent years, albeit melodramatic, is doubtless "The Chorus Lady," a comedy-drama by James Forbes, in which Rose Stahl, as Patricia O'Brien, has scored the great success of her life. The play was originally written for her as a vaudeville sketch, and subsequently enlarged and enriched by the author. It was one of the three plays of the season whose success created reputations for new American playwrights, the other two being Moody's "Great Divide" and "The Three of Us," by Rachel Crothers. "The Chorus Lady" possesses both pathos and humor, and is especially interesting as an exposition of the life of the show girl on and off the stage by one who is intimately acquainted with this phase of metropolitan life.

The first act takes place at the house of the trainer O'Brien, of the Mallory racing stables. O'Brien has two daughters, of which one, Patricia, is earning the munificent salary of twenty dollars a week as a "chorus lady." She is a strong, good girl, full of humor and human sympathy. The other daughter, Nora, is as pretty as she is weak. She also has aspirations toward the stage, which her sister has so far effectually crushed because the girl's weakness is not unknown to her. Patricia is engaged to Dan Mallory, the owner of the stables. The latter has had hard luck and has been forced to take a partner in the person of Dick Crawford, a man with more money than conscience. Nora, it appears, is gambling in spite of her father's strictures on the subject, and, having lost five dollars, accepts the assistance of Crawford, who promises to place three times this amount for her on a "sure winner." In a moment in which he believes himself unobserved he attempts to kiss the girl. Patricia, or "Pat," as she is called, enters the room at this moment, but pretends not to have noticed the incident. "Delighted," she exclaims, addressing Crawford; "is this your first visit?" "Yes, but not my last." "Is that so," Pat answers. "Nora, go pack your trunk."

The second act is placed at the chorus room

of the Longacre Theater a few months later. A number of chorus ladies, among them Miss Simpson, a coarse creature bedecked with jewelry and dressed in garments which no economy would have wrung from her weekly salary, are placing bets with Nora, who, it seems, is still receiving tips from Crawford and, without her sister's knowledge, occasionally taking luncheon with him. Later Patricia enters and at once a quarrel of long standing between her and Miss Simpson is renewed, in which theatrical slang is put to vigorous and picturesque use. Nora has left the room before her sister's entrance. In the midst of the animated discussion between the two women her voice is heard at the door of the dressing room. Patricia halts and asks: "What is the matter, honey-lamb?"

NORA: That old tenor tried to kiss me.

PAT: Say you, tenor, yes you! You leave my sister alone—d'y'e hear? Beast!

SIMPSON: You're speaking about a friend of mine.

PAT: Well—if you want to associate with him that's your affair. But he can't get busy around my sister.

SIMPSON: How dare you?

PAT: Oh fade away—Simpson—fade quick.

SIMPSON: I suppose you are insinuating your sister's so much better than I am.

PAT: Well I should hope so!

SIMPSON: Your sister's so much better than I am—that's the best laugh I've had this season.

NORA: Oh, Miss Simpson!

SIMPSON: Don't Miss Simpson me! I'm sick of you putting on airs about being so good and virtuous. You're a little sneak. Do you think I'm going to put up with your sister's impudence and me knowing what I do about you.

PAT: What do you mean?

SIMPSON: What do I mean? Ask her about her friend, Mr. Crawford.

PAT: Crawford!

SIMPSON: Yes—your sweet little sister who's too good to associate with me is carrying on with Dick Crawford, going out to lunch with him, making dates with him after the show, playing his tips—we're all playing his tips.

PAT: It's a lie.

SIMPSON: Ask any of the girls. Look at her—and then ask me if it's a lie.

PAT: Say it's a lie, Nora, honey-lamb, say it's a lie.

NORA: O Pat!

SIMPSON: You'd better look at Nora home, Miss Pat O'Brien, before you go to casting slurs on other people's characters.

(Pat stands speechless. Nora is sobbing. Miss Simpson goes out.)

NORA: Pat! Oh! Pat!

(*Pat crosses to Nora, takes her by the shoulders. Nora stands with her head bowed.*)

PAT: Look at me. Have you gone to the bad?  
(*Nora throws up her head indignantly and looks Pat fearlessly in the eye.*)

NORA: Why, Pat!

PAT: Thank God! Thank God! Now what about this Crawford?

NORA: He's been kind to me.

PAT: Kind—ha! Is it kind getting you talked about—compromising you? The dog!

NORA: He helped me out of a debt.

PAT: Who'd you owe any money to?

NORA: The girls.

PAT: The girls—how?

NORA: I placed their bets on Montgomery Handicap. Mr. Crawford gave me the tips. I took their winnings and—

PAT: No, no, I won't believe it. You took their money?

NORA: Not all of it.

PAT: Where's what's left?

NORA: I didn't have enough to pay them all, so I went to Mr. Crawford, thinking I could double the money. He gave me a tip. I plunged and lost it all.

PAT: It was a trap.

NORA: The girls kept asking me for their winnings. I couldn't stand it any longer. I just had to go back to Mr. Crawford. He gave me three hundred dollars.

PAT: Three hundred dollars! How could it be that much?

NORA: The girls each bet five dollars, and at ten to one it soon mounts up. Oh, Pat, how it mounted up!

PAT: What's Crawford to you that he gave you so much money?

NORA: Why, nothing. It was business. I signed a paper. Mr. Crawford said to sign Pop's name.

PAT (*interrupting*): You forged Pop's name?

NORA: Forged?

PAT: Can't you see? Can't you see? He can make Pop pay that money. We've got to get that note.

NORA: Perhaps I can get it.

PAT: How?

NORA: Mr. Crawford's been asking me to take supper at his apartments after the show. I'll go to-night.

PAT: Go to his room? Ain't you got no sense? You won't go—do you hear me? Think you can get that note without paying and paying dear for it? You leave it to me.

NORA: What are you going to do?

PAT: I'll go to his office to-morrow. I'll tell him a thing or two.

NORA: If you make him angry he'll tell father.

PAT: If he makes a move like that you'll tell Pop first.

NORA: Oh, Pop'd never forgive me. Oh! Why did you bring me here?

PAT: Why did I bring you here? Because I felt in my bones that he'd come snoopin' round after I was gone and I brings you here—right to him. How he must be givin' me the laugh—he knew I was next, an' I swore to Mom I'd look after you an' see that no harm come to you. If this gets home it seems to me I couldn't ever look her in the face again. (*A knock is heard on the door.*) What is it?

VOICE: Message from the stage door for Miss O'Brien. Mr. Mallory asks me to tell you that your father and mother was in front to-night and would you please hurry home after the show.

NORA: I can't face them. I can't face them.

PAT: Brace up! Brace! Hush! Hush!

NORA: I can't dance to-night. It's no use, I can't do it.

PAT: But you gotta dance, the curtain's goin' up; stay here. I'll get something from Georgie to brace you up. (*Pat goes out.*)

NORA: I got to go to him. I can't face Pop and Mom without that note. (*Call boy appears.*)

CALL BOY: Act's on! Act's on!

NORA: Boy, get me a cab—quick—quick.

(*Nora rushes out. Pat comes in with glass in her hand.*)

PAT: Here, Nora! Nora! Gone—to Crawford's—to Crawford's.

MILLY: Pat, they're holding the curtain.

PAT: Let 'em hold it!

(*Pat gets her street clothes and follows Nora.*)

The scene of the third act is laid in Crawford's apartment, nine o'clock the same evening. Nora implores him to return the forged note to her. He insinuates that he will not surrender it without payment other than coin. At this moment Dan Mallory is announced and Nora hides in the adjoining room. He tells Crawford that the parents of the girls are disturbed because they cannot discover them in the chorus. Crawford suggests that they do not recognize them in their stage apparel. He is called to the telephone and Mallory catches a glimpse of a female form through the half open door, but without the least suspicion as to the identity of the girl. Hardly has he gone away when Patricia forces an entrance into the apartment. In the hall she expostulates with the man servant, Rogers.

PAT: I must see him.

ROGERS: But you can't see him, Miss.

PAT: I will see him. (*She bursts into the room, closely followed by Rogers.*)

PAT: Is my sister here?

CRAWFORD: Your sister?

PAT: Yes, Nora.

CRAWFORD: I've just come in. My man might know. Rogers, has a young lady called within the last five minutes?

ROGERS: No, sir.

CRAWFORD: That will do, Rogers.

PAT: That's kinder funny—she ain't at the show shop. I thought sure she came here.

CRAWFORD: Did Miss Nora say she was coming here?

PAT: No. (*Crawford shrugs his shoulders and Pat is disconcerted for the moment.*)

CRAWFORD: Perhaps she went home?

PAT: She had a date with you, didn't she? You asked her out to supper, didn't you?

CRAWFORD: I've invited her several times, but we haven't had supper together yet.

PAT: Maybe I got here ahead of her! Maybe she's coming later.

CRAWFORD: I haven't received any word she's coming later.



PAT: Well, I got to see her important. I'll wait a few minutes if you don't mind.

CRAWFORD (*visibly annoyed*): Certainly not.

PAT: You ain't awful affable. I could use a chair if it was handed me.

CRAWFORD: I beg your pardon, Miss O'Brien.

PAT (*taking off her hat*): Gee, I'm tired. I done a hard chase here. Ain't it awful the way these hat pins can crimp you. Would I be taking a liberty if I asked for a drink?

CRAWFORD: Certainly not. What will it be, a glass of champagne?

PAT: Nix with the wealthy water.

CRAWFORD: Dancing must be very hard work.

PAT: No suds in mine. Just plain Croton. This place is awful cute and cozy. You must enjoy life—with nothing on your mind but your hair. How many rooms you got?

CRAWFORD: Two.

PAT: Where does this door go to?

CRAWFORD: That's a sort of closet for my man. Here's looking at you. (*She drinks.*) Ain't you dancing to-night?

PAT: No. I got the pip in me ankle. Got too gay at rehearsal yesterday.

CRAWFORD: Dancing must be very hard work. It looks so acrobatic.

PAT: The smile's the hard part of dancin'. It's no cinch standing on one toe with the other pointing to a quarter to six and then look like the cat that's just ate the canary. I've often wished I'd gone into Wall Street. I got a great head for business. Now, Nora's just the opposite. Wonder where she is? Oh, well, no use worrying. I'm enjoying myself. Gee, it's hot in here. Say, what was we talking about?

CRAWFORD: Yourself, I think.

PAT: Let's talk about Nora.

CRAWFORD: Nora?

PAT: Yes, Nora. I want you to let my sister alone. She's new to the game and she's a good kid.

CRAWFORD: I guess she's able to take care of herself, and when a girl's good—

PAT: She's good anywhere. I know all about that. An' that other one about "the wages of sin being death." Well, maybe. But, say, when you're skimpin' along on twenty per and the next girl to you in your dressin' room comes down to the show shop every night in a benzine buzz wagon, in ermine capes and diamonds big as oysters it ain't religion so much as a firm grip on home and mother that keeps you handin' out the icy eye to the man behind the bank roll. You see Nora's an awful ninny. Why, she even thinks that note you've got of hers is good. Honest, when she told me I nearly laughed myself to death.

CRAWFORD: It's good, all right.

PAT: Quit your kiddin'.

CRAWFORD: It's good for three hundred dollars.

PAT: Get a transfer, Crawford, get a transfer. It's only a forgery and a bum one at that.

CRAWFORD: I don't believe Mr. P. O'Brien would put it to protest if I presented it at my bank for payment.

PAT: But you ain't a goin' to do that?

CRAWFORD: That depends.

PAT: You wouldn't show Nora up to her father. You're too good a sport for that.

CRAWFORD: I'm a good sport all right, but I'm not a mark. That money is due me honestly and I'm goin' to get value received.

PAT: Honestly! You don't call leadin' a girl of

seventeen into makin' a fool of herself and puttin' her father's name to paper honest. If you ask me it's a bunk.

CRAWFORD: But I'm not asking you. If you please we'll not discuss it.

PAT: Sure we'll discuss it. Here, now. Saves me a trip to your office to-morrow.

CRAWFORD: This concerns your sister and me.

PAT: You mean it's none of my business.

CRAWFORD: Precisely.

PAT: I'm going to make it my business. This note with the phoney signature brings Pop and the family into the muss.

CRAWFORD: The matter is entirely between yourself and me. We are competent to manage our affairs.

PAT: You can manage yours all right, but I'll have a hand in managin' my sister's or know the reason why. I've promised my mother to take care of her and you bet your life I'm goin' to.

While Patricia and Crawford parley, Mrs. O'Brien is announced. Mrs. O'Brien is in a great fright and wants to find trace of the two girls. Patricia, before Crawford can stop her, slips into the room which Nora had previously entered. Mrs. O'Brien tells Crawford that Miss Simpson had informed her that Nora had gone to see him. Crawford replies that she is mistaken. Mallory re-enters and remembers that he has seen a woman's figure in the adjoining room. He insists on searching it. Crawford protests, but Mallory is not to be thwarted.

MALLORY: I'll come away when I have had a look through that other room. (*A struggle ensues as Mallory forces the door open. Patricia appears at the door.*)

MRS. O'BRIEN: Pat! You that I thought was as good as gold!

PAT: I am not what you both think.

MALLORY: Then what brings you here in the night to this man's rooms? Speak to me. Answer me.

PAT: I came to see Mr. Crawford on a matter of business.

MRS. O'BRIEN: Come away with us, girl.

PAT: I can't.

MALLORY: You can't! Why not?

CRAWFORD: You'd better go.

MRS. O'BRIEN: Come, Pat. Your father may be here at any moment.

CRAWFORD: I'd advise you to go. I don't want a scene with O'Brien.

MALLORY: O'Brien was right—he never trusted you. You blackguard! Destroyin' the daughter of the man that made you welcome in his home, deceivin' him that believed in you, deceivin' her, bringin' shame on her. By God, I'll—

PAT: Don't quarrel, Dan. I've had enough to bear. I don't want to separate you two. Think what you'll lose.

DAN: Lose? I've lost everything losing you. We're down and out from now, Crawford.

CRAWFORD: As you please. And now that our affairs are in a measure settled—

DAN: Settled! We've just begun.

PAT: No, no, Dan. I know everything's dead against me, but you don't know—you don't know.

MRS. O'BRIEN: Know? We know you've brought disgrace on me an' your old father an' Nora. Where is she? What have you done with my Nora—you that was to watch over her.

PAT: I've taken care of her, all right.

MALLORY: How? By passing her off to the girls at the theater as this man's sweetheart?

PAT: Who said that?

MALLORY: The Simpson woman. Didn't you lead them to think that Nora was comin' to his rooms, when it was yourself? Where is she?

PAT: I don't know where she is—we've quarreled.

MALLORY: About this man?

PAT: Yes, about this man.

MRS. O'BRIEN: Come, it will do no good to stay.

CRAWFORD: She's right, Mallory, I advise you to go. I've had a few hard things said to me to-night and I'm not in the humor for any more.

MALLORY: You'll have a few hard things done to you before I get through with you.

PAT: No! No, Dan. I can explain, but not now. You've gotta trust me.

DAN: I did trust you. I trusted him. And you've both made a fool of me.

PAT: No, no, Dan. Take Mom away. I can make it all right with you.

DAN: You can make it all right with me! I suppose you thought when you got through with him and he cast you off you'd come to me, that I wasn't wise to the kind of woman you've turned out to be. He's one of the rich men you was willin' to give up for me. Well, you needn't. If money counts for more than love you're welcome to it and to him.

PAT: Love! A lot you know about it. Love is trust and you're the man I banked on, and the first minute I puts you to the test you falls down hard. If you think I'm bad you can think it. I'm through with you.

MRS. O'BRIEN: Have you no shame to stand there and brazen it out before the man that loved you? Let her father settle it with this man.

MALLORY: No! Do you think he's goin' to wreck her life and wreck all my hopes and then go scot free. No, he's goin' to answer to me—here—now.

CRAWFORD: I'm not going to fight with you. And I'm not goin' to have my name mixed up in a dirty scandal with a lot of race track hangers-on and chorus girls. I've had enough of this. I've had enough of the lot of you. You'll leave my house, all of you—every last one of you.

PAT: No, no, not that, after all I've done. There won't be any scandal—there won't be any fight. I'll get rid of them. Why don't you leave us? What do you want me to do? What more do you want me to say? I love this man! He's everything to me. You're nothing to me. Don't stand looking at me like that. Go. Go.

(*They all go and leave Crawford and Patricia together.*)

CRAWFORD: You needn't mind about that money. You needn't pay.

PAT: I needn't pay! I have paid with my good name, with my mother's trust—with the love of the man I have loved all my life. That's what I've paid to save my sister from you—you beast. I suppose you and your kind think when you take some poor devil of a girl starvin' for a little comfort, a minute or two of happiness, and you make her a thing that good women won't

look at, I suppose your measly money pays. Pays for the homes you ruin, the mothers' hearts you break, the girls you send to hell. You pay! No! It's the woman that pays, and pays, and pays.

In the fourth act the two sisters confront each other in their home. Patricia is willing to take all the blame of the other upon herself, a sacrifice which Nora readily accepts. She insists, however, that both should save in order to pay the money for the note out of their salaries. Nora innocently suggests that Dan Mallory might be able to be of financial assistance to them. "Ask Dan Mallory for money?" Patricia cries aghast, "ain't there any limit to what you want me to do for you? Ask him for money? I'd sink through the floor first." When, however, Dan comes, Nora takes him aside and asks him for the loan of three hundred dollars. This and her intimate knowledge of what has transpired arouses a suspicion in his mind that he may have wronged his betrothed. Mrs. O'Brien announces her intention of taking Nora with her from the dissolute environment in which she believes her to live with Patricia. She also desires to take Patricia home, but the latter refuses and the ensuing conversation takes place between Dan and herself:

DAN: Give me a reason why you won't do what your mother asks. I must tell her something. Is it really because you love Crawford?

PAT: Love him! Love him!

DAN: Then why?

PAT: Look here. What right have you to stand there and give me the third degree? I can't go and I won't go, and that settles it.

DAN: Is it the money?

PAT: The money?

DAN: Nora's told me. I'm goin' to pay the note.

PAT: You're goin' to pay Crawford?

DAN: Crawford! Then it is Crawford. Now I see. Mrs. O'Brien!

PAT: What are you going to do?

(*Mrs. O'Brien enters.*)

DAN: I'm goin' to show you up. I'm goin' to tell your mother the kind of a girl you are; tell her all I know about you and Crawford; tell her you didn't stop at any length to save your sister; that it was Nora who owed the money to Crawford; Nora who was in that room; tell her that I'm the biggest fool on earth, the lowest dog alive to doubt for one minute the girl I love, the girl who's too good for me, too good for any of us.

MRS. O'BRIEN: Pat! Oh, my girl!

(*A ring is heard at the door.*)

MRS. O'BRIEN: 'Tis O'Brien!

MRS. O'BRIEN (*to her husband*): Where have you been?

O'BRIEN: To Crawford's.

MRS. O'BRIEN: Why, the girl is here.

DAN: Nora was at home—in bed asleep.

O'BRIEN: So, and where was she?

PAT: Where was I?

(*A telltale pause ensues. Mrs. O'Brien, Mal-*

lory and Pat fear that O'Brien has been told by Crawford.)

MRS. O'BRIEN: That talk of Nora and Crawford was the gossip—the clatter of an idle tongue.

O'BRIEN: Was it? Then what is this? (He crumples a piece of paper in his hand and turns to Patricia.) What's this? If it's idle talk, why won't this man Crawford see me? If it's gossip, how comes he to have a note for money I never had and signed by me? (Pat has taken the paper and slowly smooths it out). "Tell him I can't see him"—that was his message by his man—"but that I send him a souvenir of my acquaintance with his daughter, an' that I'll thank him for the money." (Turning to Pat, he continues): Well, girl, haven't you a tongue in your head? Who signed "P. O'Brien" to that paper? You dared to—use my name?

DAN: It's her own name.

O'BRIEN: What?

DAN: It's signed "P. O'Brien." Why shouldn't she get money from Crawford? It's owin' to me, an' what's mine's hers.

PAT: Oh Dan!

DAN: Crawford an' me's had a run in. I've quit him and he's sore tryin' to make trouble.

O'BRIEN: What would she be doing with the money?

DAN: That would be telling. That's our secret.

O'BRIEN: But—

MRS. O'BRIEN (turning to her husband): Mind your own business, Patrick. It's the excitable man ye are, careerin' all over town, an' us waitin' supper for ye.

O'BRIEN: Forgive me, girl. 'Twas all a mistake.

PAT: Forget it, Pop.

O'BRIEN: Where's Nora?

PAT: In there. Mom, be special kind to Nora—she's as good as gold.

MRS. O'BRIEN: God love you for the good girl ye are, and may He forgive your old mother!

DAN: I'd like to say amen to that. You'll come home with me now, Pat.

PAT: Dan, we'll settle down like a couple of Reubens—us an' the cows.

(Curtain)

## THE GREATEST COMIC OPERA SINCE OFFENBACH'S DAY



T WAS announced some time ago that Mr. Henry W. Savage, the American impresario, has secured the exclusive right to the production in this country of an operetta that the critics of Europe, including England, have described as the most successful operetta since the Offenbach period. It is called "Die Lustige Witwe" (The Merry Widow), and is the work of a Hungarian conductor, Franz Lehar, the book or libretto being the joint production of Victor Leon and Leo Stein, writers as unknown to fame as Lehar himself was before he made a sensation with the score of the operetta.

"Die Lustige Witwe," a piece in three acts, has been the "rage" in Germany, in Austria, and in other parts of Europe. It has pleased and delighted the "masses" and the "classes," the musical and the unmusical. Emperor William is said to have praised it, and the Crown Prince of Germany has "patronized" it and made it popular with the army officers.

Produced in London in June, it proved "a roaring triumph," in the words of one critic, and an "uproarious success," in the words of another. The applause was "thunderous," and increased in volume as the first evening went on. All agreed that it "had come to stay" and would do as well in England as it had done on the Continent.

The three acts are laid respectively in an embassy in Paris, in the grounds of the merry widow's Parisian residence, and in Maxim's

celebrated restaurant. The slight plot of the operetta, with the quality and character of the music, may be gathered from these passages from a review in the London Times of the opening performance:

"The Merry Widow" (the part of Sonia as played by Miss Lily Elsie makes the title a misnomer; but we shall come to that) is a genuine light opera; it is not overlaid (yet) by buffoonery; it is strong enough to carry the display and the glare which the English public is supposed to demand; it has a good story to tell, and tells it pleasantly; and the music has this, at least, in its favor, that we should like to hear it again. It is not blatant nor sugary nor cheap; its content is not exhausted at a first hearing (except in the case of the waltz); and it gains by a certain reticence that invites further attention. The waltz-rhythm is clearly the composer's favorite, and he manages it with constant variety and charm.

"We have called the title a misnomer. Perhaps, in the original, Sonia, the young Marsovian widow of the banker, is a 'merry' widow. It is the object of Popoff, Marsovian Ambassador in Paris, to wean his secretary, Prince Danilo, from the joys of Maxim's, and marry him to Sonia in order to keep her millions in his poverty-stricken country. It is the object of Natalie, Popoff's wife, to make a match between Sonia and de Jolidon, as a cloak for her own intrigue with the Vicomte. But of this we hear little. For in the opera as we saw it on Saturday the only obstacle to Popoff's scheme was Danilo's determination not to declare his love for a woman whom all the fortune-hunters in Paris were courting for her money. For Marsovians do not wish to be like Parisians. Mr. Coyne's droll mixture of adoration and pride had therefore to be kept up against all Sonia's advances, until she won the declaration from him by a trick. In the original, is Sonia really a *lustige* lady, and

does her lively conduct help to defer the match? The plot would be stronger were it so."

The *Westminster Gazette* spoke of the spectacular features of the production, the "dazzlingly sumptuous" scene of the second act, with its trees and roses and lights, the brilliant uniforms of the characters attired in the Marsovian national costume, as elements of the success. With regard to the score, it said:

"As regards the music of 'The Merry Widow,' there is not the least difficulty in understanding its popularity. It is not particularly original, but it is uncommonly bright. There is a gaiety and blitheness, a snap and swing, about its lighter numbers, a seductive grace and insinuating charm about those of a more serious cast, which are not to be denied. Mr. Lehar is probably no great musician. His music is not nearly so individual or so interesting as that of *Messager* or *Hugo Félix*, for instance. Much of the best work of our own composers of light opera music is just as good, and in many instances better, because more

original. But Mr. Lehar's music attains its purpose none the less surely because it contains a considerable measure of the commonplace. There is a waltz tune in the second act which the gallery took promptly to their hearts, and this is only one of several numbers assured of popularity."

There is general agreement that the waltz tune is full of rare charm, and that its harmonization is haunting and beautiful. It was caught up at once, and everyone in the audience whistled it before the evening was over.

Mr. Savage will give "The Merry Widow" in many of our cities next season. Meantime it is interesting to learn that Lehar, the composer, has already completed another operetta and is in great demand by the impresarii of Europe and America. The modest conductor of a Hungarian military band has become a great figure in the musical and theatrical world.

## IS ELLEN TERRY A "SUPERWOMAN"?



BERNARD SHAW has at least one illusion. There is no doubt about it. And this illusion takes the form of Ellen Terry. One may search in vain throughout his two volumes of dramatic opinions for a single unastigmatic criticism of her acting. Moreover, this youthful enthusiasm of "G. B. S." embraces not only Miss Terry, but all her relations,—Kate, Marion, Mabel. At last we have found one weak spot in the Shavian armor—and it is not in his heel.

There are really few things so delightfully sentimental and romantic in the present-day drama as this idealization of the only "Ellen" by the only Shaw. To him she seems the very incarnation of the "new woman" of his clear imagination, whereas to others her chief charm lies in the fact that she is so very old. For is she not the one living descendant of that Nance Oldfield whom she plays with all the charming abandon of perfect familiarity and understanding? "Nance Oldfield as Miss Terry," as Shaw puts it; or Miss Terry as Nance Oldfield. It matters not which. But can we say the same of Lady Cicely Waynfleet? That extremely up-to-date and adventurous bachelor maid (Shaw's very definite creation) as Ellen Terry? Or Ellen Terry as the confirmed old bachelor maid?

Mr. Shaw is human and has his illusions—like the rest of us—and he thinks he wrote *Lady Cicely* for Miss Terry; he thinks he has

given her exactly the kind of part she should have been playing all those years at the Lyceum, instead of old-fashioned Olivias and Margarets. He thinks she thinks so, too! But Ellen Terry is on record as saying, "I consider myself very happy and fortunate in having nearly always been called upon to act very noble, clear characters, since I prefer that kind of part, and love Portia and Beatrice better than Hedda, Nora, or any of those silly ladies."

According to Shaw, Miss Terry personally is a kind of "superwoman"—a creature all cool intelligence and curiosity, of the requisite hardness, yet not unsympathetic, strong, firm, etc., etc. We are all familiar now with that very interesting possibility. But is it so? Charles Reade, who certainly knew a thing or two about women—and Ellen Terry well—once said of her, in a burst of enthusiastic affection: "She is impulsive, intelligent, weak, hysterical—in short, all that is abominable and charming in woman. Ellen Terry is a very charming actress. I see through and through her. Yet she pleases me all the same. *Little Duck!*"

Shaw tells us that we shall never have an adequate autobiography of Ellen Terry until her letters to friends are collected and published "in twenty or thirty volumes." Early last spring, however, *McClure's Magazine* announced the publication of her memoirs, the delightful first and second instalments of which appeared in the June and July numbers. But





THE ARTISTIC INTERPRETER OF THE CHORUS GIRL

Rose Stahl, whose impersonation of the leading character in the comedy reprinted in this number, has been compared to the greatest successes of Warfield, Mansfield and Mrs. Carter.



BEARDSLEY'S GROTESQUE VISION OF ELLEN TERRY

The sketch represents the famous Ellen as Rosamund in "Becket."

even a brief autobiography of Ellen Terry is, it seems, a very complicated undertaking. No sooner were the memories of her childhood in print than *McClure's* discovered that several of them were taken word for word from other "Stray Memories" in an English magazine, the *New Review* of 1891. Thereupon, *McClure's* refused to print any more of such "dead matter." Then *McClure's* relented and promised a third instalment for October, when forth came D. Appleton & Co. to say that for the last fifteen years Miss Terry has been under contract with them to produce some kind of an autobiography. And there are others! It is all very complicated, and we

can only hope that Miss Terry and her agent, with Mr. McClure and all the contestants, will straighten out the business as quickly as possible, so that those charming memories may not be withheld until the publication of her thirty volumes of letters. Meanwhile, we have for our consolation the new and interesting sketch of Ellen Terry's life by Mr. Christopher St. John.\*

Mr. St. John agrees with Miss Terry that she was born at Coventry on February 27, 1848. Her father was an excellent Irish actor, and her mother a Scotch minister's runaway daughter. "That," says Mr. St. John, "is the most illuminating thing I know about her." They were very good parents, too, and little Nelly Terry had a happy, if hard-working, childhood. For she began to act when she was only eight years old, under the tutelage of her father and Mrs. Charles Kean; and she has continued acting ever since, with the exception of two intervals, one lasting only two years, when she was "Nelly Watts"—the girl-wife of England's great painter, the other seven, during which she led a most domestic life in the country as Mrs. C. E. Wardell. Ellen Terry's second husband was an ex-officer in a crack cavalry regiment, known on the stage as Charles Kelly. He was a man of extraordinary talents who "threatened" at one time to be the best actor in England.

It was Charles Reade who tempted Mrs. Wardell back to the stage again, or rather the necessities of herself and her two children in conjunction with his offer. Reade wanted Ellen Terry to play the leading part in his "Wandering Heir," and meeting her one day by chance in a Hertfordshire lane, he brusquely told her that she was a fool ever to have left the stage. "Why don't you go back?" he demanded. "I don't want to," was her answer. "You will, some day." "Never! . . . At least not until some one gives me forty pounds a week." "Done!" said Charles Reade. "I will!" . . . So Ellen Terry returned to the stage the day after her twenty-sixth birthday. She was welcomed back with great enthusiasm.

It must have been about this time that Charles Reade wrote of her in his "Journal": "Ellen Terry is an enigma. Her eyes are pale, her nose rather long, her mouth nothing particular. Complexion a delicate brickdust, hair rather like tow. Yet somehow she is beautiful. Her expression kills any pretty face you see beside her. Her figure is lean and bony,

\*ELLEN TERRY. By Christopher St. John. (Stars of the Stage series,) John Lane.

her hand masculine in size and form. Yet she is a pattern of fawn-like grace. Whether in movement or repose, grace pervades the hussy." . . . And after the lapse of many years, Ellen Terry herself wrote with equal vivacity of her experiences under Charles Reade's management: "Dear, lovable, aggravating, childlike, crafty, gentle, obstinate, and entirely delightful and interesting Charles Reade! . . . That was a delightful engagement. Mr. Reade used to sit in a private box every night and watch the play and send me around notes between each act, telling me what I had done ill and what well in the preceding act. . . . I never have met with anybody who possessed so many opposite characteristics as Charles Reade. He was so big-hearted and guileless, and yet for moments as suspicious as old Nick. One moment, with a friend, it would be 'My dearest child,' and the next (under some fancied wrong)—'Madam, you are a rat—you desert a sinking ship.' . . . But oh, it was so sweet, the reconciliations after such little misunderstandings."

Charles Reade's impracticable management came to an end, and Ellen Terry lost her forty-pound-a-week job. Then, for perhaps the only time in her life, she had "a brief period of depression and despondency" from such a cause. Writes Mr. St. John:

"No work offered itself, and as she now had two children whose support was almost entirely her concern, she was more anxious than she had ever been before about the future. Then one wonderful day Mrs. Bancroft came to the dingy lodgings in Camden Town, where radiant Ellen Terry, who loved beauty in her surroundings more than most people, was then condemned to live—a cast of Venus of Milo her only 'possession'—and offered her the part of Portia in 'The Merchant of Venice,' which was shortly to be revived at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Tottenham Court Road. . . . The history of that first night is well known to all who are interested in the theatre. . . . From that night Ellen Terry had London at her feet. Her appeal was universal. The painters, the poets and the scholars were as enthusiastic as the ordinary playgoers. . . . There was never any question, after her Portia, that Ellen Terry was an actress of the first rank, but who could tell at the time that this reputation was made of the stuff that endures? She was beautiful, graceful, young; her voice was musical as Apollo's lute; her whole personality enchanting. Men and women did not admire her talent. They fell in love with her. . . ."

This great success was happily followed by one still greater in the part of Olivia, played for the first time under Mr. John Hare's management at the old Court Theatre in 1878. "Olivia was written for Ellen Terry," says Mr. St. John, "and, indeed, it always seemed



From a painting by Mrs. Jopling

#### ELLEN TERRY AS PORTIA

This rôle, with Olivia and Ophelia, marks the greatest triumph in the life of the actress.

to slip from her with strange ease and to reveal her individuality with strange power." He prefers this idea of "a part for Ellen Terry" to J. M. Barrie's or Bernard Shaw's. Continuing, Mr. St. John tells us:

"It was as Olivia that Eleanora Duse first saw Ellen Terry act, and the Italian actress, with the swift generosity characteristic of her, lost no time in expressing to her sister in art the joy with which her 'noble and sincere' performance had filled her. The same night she wrote to Ellen Terry a letter of appreciation so fine and so true that it made one privileged reader at least understand that the best recognition of an artist's work comes from a fellow artist, one too great for jealousy, rather than from the finest critic ever born. It needed a Swinburne to use the right words about Victor Hugo and Walter Savage Landor. It needed a Duse to tell how ceaseless and untiring had been the labor which Ellen Terry had given to her art before producing that supreme effect of nature. 'I ask nothing better than to honor you and to tell you so somehow,' wrote Duse; and many years later the same desire to honor her comrade brought her all the way from Italy to join in the celebration of Ellen Terry's stage jubilee."



A PRE-RAPHAELITE ELLEN TERRY

W. Graham Robertson's portrait of the much-beloved actress before she became a superwoman and played Bernard Shaw.

All London went Olivia-mad; and it was then that Henry Irving, who also was having his successes in "The Bells," "Eugene Aram" and "Richelieu," engaged Ellen Terry "on hearsay" (he did not even go to see her act), for Ophelia in "Hamlet," which was to be the initial production at the Lyceum Theatre under his sole management. Says Mr. St. John:

"Portia at the Prince of Wales's, Olivia at the Court, Ophelia at the Lyceum—these are the significant events in Ellen Terry's artistic life, and of the three by far the most significant is Ophelia. Unconsciously, perhaps, but none the less surely, she abandoned, when she joined Henry Irving, all chances of empire. She started on the road which made her a queen-consort, not a queen, which led her to cherish glory only when it served another's, which liberated her from the responsibility of enterprise while it robbed her of its great rewards.

"No very ambitious woman would have remained with Henry Irving for twenty-four years; yet it may be doubted if alone Ellen Terry would have achieved a greater fame. And would she ever have worked alone—worked selfishly, worked for her own aggrandizement and her own finan-

cial benefit in the manner of the properly constituted 'star' actress? No. She would have served some one. It was fortunate, then, that fate gave her a great master—on whose aims were dignified, and whose enterprises, if occasionally misguided, were always free from the taint of commercialism.

"The hour of Ophelia should have been a great hour for Ellen Terry. Then if ever she should have felt the state of grace, for on that night there seemed no fiber in her which did not give forth harmonious sound. Yet she left the theater before the performance of 'Hamlet' was over, crying out to the dear and faithful companion at her side, 'I have failed! I have failed!'"

But it was as Ophelia that Ellen Terry firmly established her great reputation. From then on till 1901, she "helped" Henry Irving make history for the English stage, when came their professional separation. This was "only stupendous to the looker-on," Mr. St. John assures us. There are no revelations to make. It was all very simple. "Henry Irving, a little cynical since his empire had declined and fallen into the hands of a syndicate, the thief by the wayside of all individual enterprise in modern

days—Henry Irving, whose takings had touched two millions, thought in 1901 of reviving 'Faust,' his best money-maker in the past. Ellen Terry was not young enough to play Margaret."

So Henry Irving went "on the road" as a syndicate star, and Ellen Terry began to make interesting experiments—in rather disastrous stage management (to please her clever children), in modern plays (to please Bernard Shaw), and as rollicking Mistress Page in Beerbohm Tree's "coronation production" of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" (maybe to please herself). Her "Jubilee" was one of the great stage events of 1906.

Ellen Terry was married for the third time while on her recent successful tour in America to Mr. James Carew, the "leading man" of her company. "Happily," as Mr. St. John says, "the time has not come to sum up her life or her character. She is still alive, still working, still strong in imagination and in power." But is she Bernard Shaw's "superwoman"?



## A THEATRICAL TRUST FOR THE WORLD



THE dramatic "trust" was until recently a very elusive thing from the outsider's point of view. But since the recent decision of Judge Rosalsky, of the Court of General Sessions, to the effect that theatrical productions are private enterprises to which the anti-trust law that forbids restraint of trade does not apply, the "octopus" has boldly lifted its head. It is even announced that the firm of Klaw & Erlanger, which stands at the head of the "trust," has organized a hundred million dollar company which is to bring under the control of the American syndicate the theaters of Germany, England and France.

Mr. Erlanger, in an interview published in the *New York Times*, defines the purposes and methods of the organization. The combination, we are told, will be in no sense a merger of existing theatrical organizations. Its distinct purpose is the purchase of theatrical property all over the world. Mr. Erlanger goes on to say:

"We have been offered a great many theaters in many parts of Europe, and if the terms can be agreed upon we shall purchase the properties outright and conduct these theaters on the American system. Our principal object is the purchase of vaudeville theaters.

"No one except the parties connected with our negotiations is in our confidence, and, it is hardly necessary for me to say, will be, because that is not the way big plans are formulated and carried out. The vaudeville theaters that are purchased will be operated by the United States Amusement Company, and the legitimate theaters that are acquired will be conducted in conjunction with the Theatrical Syndicate.

"I desire to be clearly and emphatically understood that the new corporation will be an institution entirely separate from the United States Amusement Company and the Syndicate. But it will work in harmony with and prove beneficial to both.

"Mr. Mayer, before sailing for Europe, had practically arranged for the capital. He will be the legal adviser, and the executive business will be placed in my charge."

Prominent English managers, among them Sir Charles Wyndham, Edwardes and Beerbohm Tree repudiate Mr. Erlanger's plan. Beerbohm Tree remarked that the suggestion is "preposterous" and facetiously added: "I presume that Baron Münchhausen, that distinguished financier, is to be chairman." At the same time Mr. Erlanger insists that he is in earnest, and, if we may believe the statement made by Mr. Meyerfeld, one of the largest vaudeville managers in the West, the

great amalgamation is assured so far, at least, as vaudeville interests are concerned. The organization is said to be much further advanced in France and Germany than in England. It will be some time before the English managers are lined up. England is the home of vaudeville, and the field there is so vast that all the managers are not expected to come in.

The press of both countries meanwhile regards the plan with grave apprehension. "It is difficult to believe," remarks the *Cleveland Plain-Dealer*, "that Klaw & Erlanger will succeed in their attempt to combine all the important theaters of Europe and America in one big trust. But it is possible, for these men have brains and money and audacity, and are flushed with their victory in the New York court, which, by declaring that their trust is not a trust, has made them supreme in the United States." Such a merger, it goes on to say, would be the greatest misfortune that has befallen the stage.

"Klaw & Erlanger have never shown much appreciation of dramatic art as art. Their motives and aims have been absolutely commercial, and they forced their ideals upon the subsidiary managers allied with them. The verdict is almost unanimous among the untrammelled professionals, who know, that they have, on the whole, lowered dramatic standards, prevented competition by violent and unfair methods, laid the heavy hand of dictatorship upon nearly all the theaters of the land, charged excessively for booking attractions, established absurd salary standards for players, encouraged the development of flashy, ephemeral 'money-making' plays and operas rather than those which appeal to the more discriminating public and have done vastly more to vitiate public taste by the cheap attractions forced upon good theaters than the 'independents' have been able to counteract by a policy which, on the whole, has been more worthy of their profession. It is hard to see where this evil will stop. There seems to be a possibility not far distant that all the theaters, plays, playwrights, operas, composers, actors, singers, musicians and managers in the world will be parts of one big trust, and dramatic and musical entertainments of all varieties will be handled with the mechanical precision and inflexibility of the steel trust, with every artistic ideal and aspiration subordinated to the necessity for bigger dividends."

The *New York World* treats the problem with less seriousness. It asks whether Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger have reckoned with the difficulties of such a venture? It goes on to say:

"To monopolize the drama in America, to drive Bernhardt into a tent in Texas and to force New York audiences to pay two dollars for ten, twenty and thirty cent performances, is one thing. The American public still indulges in amicable patience with those who humbug it on a large scale. But in Paris, Vienna, Dresden and Berlin there is a play-going public of a different order, one which takes the drama seriously and is hide-bound by standards of taste and traditions which date from Molière. There they know what acting is and what a play should be, and they hold in jealous regard the art which in Paris leads to the Legion of Honor and in London to knighthood."

At the same time it is remembered that the syndicate at the head of which Mr. Erlanger stands has already accomplished remarkable feats, and it is a matter of international interest to learn its modes of operation in the United States.

In an article by Frederick Boyd Stevenson in the New Orleans *Daily Picayune* we read that at the present time six men practically control the theaters in the United States. Their policies determine the character of the plays to be presented. They engage the leading players. They fix the salaries of these players. They fix the prices of admission to the theaters, and they have complete command of the booking arrangements, laying out without interference from any quarter routes and dates in the cities where the players are to appear. There are in America probably to-day seven hundred theaters owned and controlled by the Theatrical Trust, and, with very few exceptions, all the leading actors are directly or indirectly in its control.

Erlanger, the originator and controlling spirit, commenced in life as an opera-glass boy in Cleveland. About the same time Marc Klaw, a Louisville newspaper reporter, started out on a theatrical career. The two men met, and two years after their meeting the Klaw & Erlanger Theatrical Exchange was established on a borrowed capital of \$500, which was the beginning of the Theatrical Syndicate. Since then the two originators of the scheme have joined hands with Charles Frohman, Al Hayman, Samuel T. Nixon and J. F. Zimmerman.

Erlanger had dreamed for many years of a great theatrical syndicate. His first move was to buy out and reorganize on a business basis the old Taylor Booking Exchange. In an incredibly short time, he and his partner, Klaw, controlled the bookings of every important theater in the United States. Charles Frohman is one of the strongest members of the syndicate. At the time of the formation of the syndicate he was the only manager in

the combination who produced plays and controlled companies of the first rank on the road. With his associates he practically corners the plays of foreign playwrights and American authors of established fame. In the last few years, Mr. Stevenson informs us, Frohman has been getting a firmer grasp of the European situation. He controls a string of theaters in London, and like Klaw & Erlanger has established working arrangements with other big theatrical managers on the other side. Mr. Stevenson says on this point:

"The combination began connecting the American and European theatrical interests by importing the Drury Lane spectacles and pantomimes, and has since steadily increased its hold on English productions. Frohman already controls in London the Comedy Theater, the Duke of York, the Aldwych and the Hicks, where in the latter two are presented his American successes. George Edwardes, who has been associated with Frohman and has produced many plays in connection with him in New York, is the manager of the Gayety and Daly theaters in London, considered the two finest musical comedy houses in England. Other English managers, among them Beerbohm Tree, of His Majesty's Theater, the leading dramatic house in London; George Alexander, of the fashionable St. James; Frank Curzon, of the Prince of Wales and Wyndham, and Sir Charles Wyndham, who controls the New and the Criterion theaters, are also identified with the Syndicate."

Before Erlanger realized his project there were two important attempts to form theatrical trusts, both of which failed. Then, Mr. Stevenson tells us, Erlanger evolved his scheme. He and Klaw had obtained control of the bookings and established a theatrical clearing-house, eliminating rivalry between the local managers. They were now in a position to dictate where this show or that show should go and when it should go. They had an advantage over all rivals that could not be duplicated. Then they began to draw the lines of the Syndicate toward the little central organization with its headquarters in New York. To quote further:

"There were Nixon and Zimmerman controlling Philadelphia and many traveling combinations. There was Al Hayman, with his wide experience and his control of many millions, and there, foremost of all, were Klaw & Erlanger, with all the great productions of the United States under contract and tightly bottled up. The manager who 'bucked' the Theater Trust found himself with a showless house, and a showless house means a dollarless till."

"In the meantime the Syndicate has been getting stronger and stronger. Theatrical manager after theatrical manager who at first started out bravely to fight has yielded. In 1896 it was announced that thirty-seven first-class theaters were

controlled by the trust, and that to each of these houses thirty weeks of attractions had been guaranteed. Frohman was in command of the situation in New York. In the far West Hayman had control of many playhouses, and Klaw & Erlanger had control of the best houses on the route from Washington to New Orleans. Now, there are few companies strong enough financially to make a jump between Washington and New Orleans, and so as far as the Southern situation was concerned, with the finest theaters in Norfolk, Columbia, Richmond, Montgomery, Atlanta and Mobile in the Syndicate, the battle was won. A little later the trust had control of the houses on the route south through Ohio, Pennsylvania and Tennessee, and thus it had in its power all theatrical companies going from Cincinnati, Pittsburgh or Chicago to New Orleans. Down in New Orleans a manager named Greenwall tried his best to keep New Orleans open, but failed in this attempt.

"The same plans of operations were adopted in all parts of the country. To be under the Syndicate it is not necessary that a city shall have all its theaters tied up by the Syndicate. All that is necessary for the Syndicate to be in command of the situation is for it to block the routes leading to the city. For instance, in San Francisco, there could be an independent theater, but if all the big cities and towns on the way there were controlled by the Trust, it would not pay an independent company to make the jump across the continent for the mere sake of playing in a San Francisco theater."

Many bitter battles have been waged against the Syndicate. To-day only Belasco and Harrison Grey Fiske, among managers, have retained their complete independence. Their efforts in the past were aided by Maurice Campbell. His wife, Henrietta Crosman, as well as Mrs. Fiske, made speeches from the stage in various countries denouncing the organization. Other formidable opponents of the Syndicate among the actors were Francis Wilson and James K. Hackett. Both showed their hostility to the combination by making frequent stage talks. Four years ago Fiske, Campbell, Hackett and Weber & Fields formed a combination to down the Syndicate, but the movement fell through. About a year later the Shuberts joined forces with Belasco, Fiske and Henry Miller as independent producers, and this combination was in existence until recently, when the Shuberts made a working arrangement with the Syndicate. The Syndicate is now practically omnipotent in this country, the court decision already referred to having removed the last obstacle here. It is doubted, however, whether like a new Alexander, Mr. Erlanger will be able to conquer the world.

## ARE WOMEN SUPERSEDING MEN ON THE STAGE?



HERE was a time when no woman was permitted even to enter the theater, much less to enter a theatrical career. The feminine parts on the stage were taken by men and boys. Even Shakespeare never saw one of his female characters enacted by a woman. His Portias, Juliets, Desdemonas and Ophelias were taken by boys. Prof. Raleigh ascribes to this fact the mircalous development of the poetic drama in the days of Elizabeth. Archie Bell, a writer in *The Theatre Magazine*, brings out another aspect of the same question less favorable to boy-actors. Some of them, we are told were forty years of age and a jolly old chronicler informs us that real kings were sometimes kept waiting for the performance to begin on the stage because the stage-queens were delayed in shaving. To-day this state of affairs is reversed. Nowhere has woman's emancipation been more complete than on the boards. Woman, Mr. Bell declares, has done more for the theater than any other single force. The theater in return has done more for woman than any other institution, and at present her supremacy is almost unquestioned.

Womankind rejoices in the advance of the sex in politics; but she seems to forget that women were the powers behind the imperial thrones of Rome and France. Woman's attainment of literary laurels is foreshadowed by Sappho, and, in a sense, Cleopatra was as shrewd a business woman as the Hetty Greens of to-day. Woman's conquest of the stage alone is unrivaled. Four centuries ago she had no connection with the stage. To-day the theater would crumble into decay but for her. She found the theater a home of coarse jests, where men about town were wont to meet. Shylock and Hamlet were written for an audience of men; hence the contention that both characters were originally conceived in the spirit of broad comedy is plausible. The rôle of Juliet, for instance, is full of coarse retorts and vulgarities that may have been diverting to the wine-flushed assemblage that listened to the Elizabethan playwright. Then, says Mr. Bell, woman became Juliet and the world saw reflected in her character all the beautiful and sacred traits of feminine grace and modesty. The evolution of the Italian maiden is fairly

typical of what has resulted from the appearance of woman on the stage and her keener perceptions at work in the audience.

The first aim of the modern playwright is to please the women in the audience. The second thought is for the female characters in the play. If a play finds favor with the women, it is bound to be a success. The men will go if only because she is there or to act as her escort.

There is no question of women's rights on the stage. It is generally conceded, remarks the writer, that she has attained a full sway, and a crusade for "men's rights" in the plays of the day would be as à propos as the crusades that are now conducted with vigor by the opposite sex in other channels of life. "The reigning favorites of the day," he says, "could be counted on ten fingers if only male actors were to be named. Woman is predominant in influence and far in the majority in numbers." He goes on to say:

"The popularity of David Warfield, for instance, is easily equaled by Sarah Bernhardt. Richard Mansfield has never attained the pre-eminence accorded to Duse. E. H. Sothorn is eclipsed by Miss Marlowe. Ellen Terry easily leads Tree, Wyndham and Robertson, her principal male contemporaries in England. Comparisons between Miss Nethersole and Faversham would be unfavorable to the latter. The hold of Rejane on her public is stronger than that of Coquelin. Maude Adams runs far ahead of John Drew in popularity. On all points in their stellar positions in comic opera, Fritzi Scheff would outweigh Frank Daniels; Marie Cahill would eclipse James T. Powers; Marie Dressler rivals Eddie Foy at the game of clowning; Anna Held has no male

rival in her particular line of endeavor; Rose Stahl, Elsie Janis, Lulu Glaser, Camille D'Arville, Lillian Russell, Fay Templeton, Henrietta Crossman, Mrs. Fiske, Viola Allen, Eleanor Robson, Madge Carr Cooke, Clara Bloodgood, Blanche Bates, Blanch Walsh, Ethel Barrymore, Margaret Anglin—where are the men to stand apace with them in public favor? And if their equals can be named, the numbers far outbalance any contention that man has held his own in the race for favor, which is undeniably a race for the survival of the fittest."

Nordau contends that the future of poetry belongs to children and women. May the same be true of the stage? Mr. Bell evidently holds the belief that it will, which he bases upon the fact that not content with overshadowing man, woman even takes his best parts from him, and, in place of the boy-actor of former days, we have the woman appearing in masculine parts. Adelaide Keim as Hamlet, Maude Adams as Peter Pan and L'Aiglon, of this generation, and several women of the past century have given ample satisfaction in masculine rôles. The complete monopoly by the "weaker sex" of everything dramatic is not one of the impossibilities of the future. Likewise Sarah Bernhardt's recent announcement that she may add the rôle of Mephisto to her vast repertoire is not without significance in Mr. Bell's opinion. The chorus man, he concludes, is already counted the representative of the lowest caste, in theaterdom, and his more fortunate brothers are merely hanging on the thread of custom, which is likely to snap at any moment and leave them relics of the day when there were men actors on the stage of the theater.

## THE NEW ART OF IMPROVISATION



SEPARATION of stage and drama, this is the paradoxical and revolutionary idea espoused by Yvette Guilbert in the *London Daily Mail*.

At present the actor is largely a machine, repeating a hundred times over the words and gestures prescribed by an often inferior mind. The actor of the future in Guilbert's vision will enter the arena and the public will suggest to him certain characters to create. Plays will no longer be acted, but read. In view of the unpopularity of the closet drama, we can see, in the dismal vista of the years, Augustus Thomas arm in arm with Sudermann and Sardou upon the road to the poorhouse. But out of the chasm between the drama and the stage will rise triumphantly the New Art of Improvisation.

"How long," asks Madame Guilbert, "will it be before we have a theater of improvisors? How long before the possibility of showing in twenty minutes the artistic nobility of Sara Bernhardt, the humanity of La Duse, the wit of Réjane, the farce of Galipaux—distinction, beauty, ugliness, laughter, tears, love, life and death? When will that theater come into being?" She goes on to say:

"To ask us to listen to 'La Dame aux Camélias' moaning in patience and sweetness for four long hours! Is this not rather out of date with this age of motor cars, cinematograph and telegraph? A whole life could explain itself in twenty minutes as well as in four acts. Then why continue a form of theatrical convention which is losing its power owing to its long hours of useless verbiage, often as hollow as a sauce boat? The action it-



self is contained in twenty lines, sometimes less. What, then! Are the same details repeated over and over again in painting and in sculpture? Does Rodin play with his clay? No, he works with it. Thence his greatness.

"The dramatist is inspired by the actor. If I were an English dramatist I believe Mr. Hawtrey would inspire me with several plays. In Paris also actors and actresses, by their talent, suggest sentimental and gay comedies to those authors who are seduced by their grace or their wit; this is further proof of the actor's superiority over the author.

"It very often happens that an actor refuses to play a certain part, confessing his inability to do so. He has the consciousness of his inferiority, and suggests the name of a friend who is superior to him. He has the honest and upright desire to be on a level with his task, especially if he is to interpret an author of repute. But is there ever an author who expresses the fear of being inferior to his interpreter?

"The actor's career often depends upon the success of a single rôle. An author's reputation is seldom established by the success of one play. So long as actors and authors are alive, so long will the fight remain unequal. After death victory goes to the author. It is true, however, that dead authors are those whom independent artists will always prefer, for with them artists are always at peace."

In Guilbert's opinion the author furnishes only the soul, and this, she says, being imperceptible to the touch, is a poor contribution, at least in histrionic art. Never, she affirms, is a play produced as the author intends it. The dramatic art, we are told, to our surprise, is the poorest of all arts, for it passes through too many hands to retain its real value. It reaches the audience often after it has been trampled upon, cut to pieces and stripped of its beauty. The author who pores over his manuscript visualizes the play in his own individual manner. The manager who receives it looks at it with a different eye. The stage manager has an opinion of his own. The actor interprets it according to his means or temperament, while the public who welcome it stare at it with a fifth eye. To this number add another dozen or more accessory actors. "Poor author!" Madame Guilbert exclaims, "how could he expect to remain master of such an effort when so many collaborators are bound to upset the harmony?"

At the same time she holds that nothing better could possibly happen to an author than to be interpreted by an actor of genius. "The best interpreted author," Madame Guilbert affirms, "is the one who abandons himself to the hands of his interpreters—of course, if they are talented." To quote further:

"If they are artists they will easily employ the best means of utilizing his canvas. They will,

perhaps, find out certain effects which the author sought to convey, but if left to themselves will discover or create other impressions, which will contain more brilliancy and taste because they spring from a fount which produces masterpieces.

"The comedian's rôle in the drama is far superior to that of the dramatist. The comedian relies upon himself for success; he can do without the dramatist; he utilizes with ease his own forces for tragedy or comedy; if he has any talent he will use it wherever he thinks fit, and vary it whenever necessary. As Scaramouche before Molière, he will, without the help of others, reveal his true power, whether comical or tragic. There have always been from time immemorial certain 'grimacers' of genius who could act without the text of others! The day the comedian refuses to interpret his work the dramatist will simply starve. He will find himself faced with the alternative of interpreting his own plays like Shakespeare or Molière."

It is true that in comedies the creative touch of the actor is often in evidence. But for the galvanizing personality of Eddie Foy and Trixie Friganza, a play like "The Orchid," the most successful of recent musical comedies, would turn to dust and ashes like witches' gold the moment the spell is withdrawn. Nevertheless, the average actor, like the piano player and the singer, is merely an interpreter of other men's thoughts, whereas, it is conceivable that he might be composer and performer in one. This fantastic hope, the *New York Sun* points out, has been virtually realized by some geniuses of the music hall whose performances easily surpass the average performances at regular theaters in point of art. Again, some actors make a shift to turn every character into a sort of modification of their own personality, not always to the advantage of art. "Thus," remarks the *Sun*, "in Mr. Mansfield's hands *Peer Gynt*, *Julius Cæsar* and *Ivan the Terrible* are all converted into so many variations of Mr. Mansfield. The result is not exactly satisfactory, and, if we are to believe our playwrights, it is not easy to achieve satisfactory results with the help of actors." And here the flaw in Madame Guilbert's reasoning appears. There are few actors who combine in an equal measure the talent of author and interpreter. As a rule the dramatist furnishes the soul and the skeleton, the actor the flesh and motion. Dramatists, therefore, have no reason to tremble for their laurels or royalties. At the same time it is not impossible that along the lines indicated by Madame Guilbert a new art may develop and that the twentieth century may add to the nine companions of Apollo a tenth—the Muse of Improvisation.

# Science and Discovery

## AN ASTRONOMER'S STEREOSCOPIC CLUE TO THE UNIVERSE

**F**EW surprises of modern science can compare with that clue to the cosmogony so unexpectedly afforded by recent developments in stereoscopy, according to Dr. Max Wolf, the noted astronomer of Heidelberg University. To put the matter in its simplest form, he says, let us

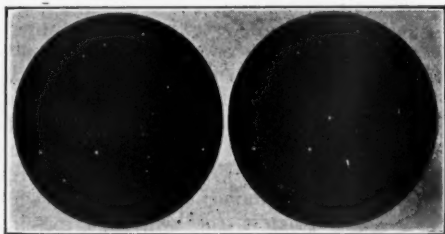


FIG. 1. A VARIABLE STAR

It is known to astronomers as "B Coronæ." The right-hand photograph was taken four years ago and shows the star of the seventh magnitude—comparatively bright. The left-hand picture shows the star dim, or what is called of the twelfth magnitude.

consider the same region of the sky in two photographs taken at different dates, well apart. Comparison of these two pictures in the stereoscope seems to yield more in the way of definite information on the subject of our universe than that afforded by all the labors of astronomers of the past taken together. So vast are the unlooked-for results of the adaptability of the stereoscope to the determination of differences between two photographs!

It would be puerile, of course, to indulge in that kind of scientific prophecy which atones for the barrenness of stereoscopic research in the recent past by heralding what we may expect of it in the future. Nevertheless, in the opinion of Dr. Wolf, it seems likely that in stereoscopy we have such a clue to the cosmogony as science has been vainly seeking ever since the age of Herschel. It must never be overlooked that as regards our knowledge of the material universe we have nothing that does not come to us through the senses. Of all the senses, that of sight is alone adapted for astronomical research. Astronomical research, again, is the grand avenue of knowledge of the cosmos.

No accident could be luckier, therefore, than

that of the adaptability of the spectroscope to the determination of differences between two photographs. This adaptability has been of advantage in the detection of forgeries and in the study of counterfeit banknotes. Comparison of star photographs in the stereoscope at once shows which constellations have altered in brightness, for in the photographs the diameters of the star disks vary according to the brightness of the stars. In this way a great many variable stars have already been discovered. In this way, too, it has been possible to gain notions of what, for want of a better term, may be called cosmical trend. We may even ascertain where we are in space and where we are going—a thing pronounced by Tycho Brahe undiscoverable.

For a practical illustration we may take the variable star called by astronomers B Coronæ, shown in the stereograph here reproduced and marked Figure 1. In one picture it appears bright. In the other it is dim. This difference is immediately recognized as a disturbance of the general effect. The right hand photograph, taken May 28, 1903, shows the star of the seventh magnitude, or comparatively bright. It was taken with the sixteen-inch telescope at Heidelberg, the time of exposure being three hours. The left-hand picture shows the star dim, of what astronomers call the twelfth magnitude. It was taken on May 7, 1905, with the same telescope and an exposure of 2 hours and 8 minutes. The faintest

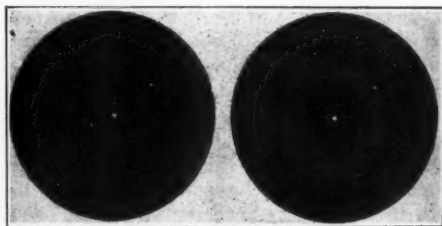


FIG. 2. THE PLANET SATURN AND TWO SATELLITES

Saturn occupies the center of each picture. In the stereoscope Saturn appears to float in front of the starry firmament. The displacement indicated by a comparison of the pictures enables important calculations to be made with instruments of precision.

stars visible in the pictures were of about the fourteenth magnitude.

The planet Saturn occupies the center of the picture marked Figure 2. In the stereoscope it appears to float in front of the starry firmament. Two satellites are visible, one very close to the disk of the planet at the left, the other more distant, at the right and behind. The photographs were taken with Heidelberg's six-inch telescope on two successive evenings. In consequence of the motions of the earth and Saturn, the apparent place of the planet among the stars was different on the two evenings. The combination of the pictures in the stereoscope gives the appearance which the planet and stars would present to a gigantic being whose eyes were more than 1,243,000 miles apart.

By measuring on the pictures the apparent displacement of Saturn with respect to the stars and taking account of the known real motion of the earth and apparent motion of Saturn, the distance of Saturn from the earth can be calculated. This displacement is measured, not directly but indirectly, with the aid of the stereoscopic effect. A mark is affixed to one picture and a similar mark is moved to and fro on the other until the combined image of the marks seen in the stereoscope appears to be at the same distance as the planet. The lateral displacement of the mark which is required to produce this effect can then be read off from a scale or dividing engine. From the pictures here reproduced it has been possible to compute the exact distance of Saturn—783,000,000 miles. Saturn's rings do not appear in these pictures, however. They are effaced by the light of the planet in consequence of the long exposure—a unique effect.

Coming next to the shooting star as revealed by this stereoscopic clue to the universe, Dr. Wolf writes in *The Scientific American*:

"If photographs of a shooting star can be taken simultaneously from two widely separated points, the distance of the meteor from the earth's surface can be determined without difficulty by measuring the distance between the apparent positions among the fixed stars occupied by the trace of the meteor in the two photographs. In the stereoscope this displacement (the parallax) produces the impression of spacial depth, so that the trace of the meteor appears to be drawn in front of the starry background.

"The pictures (Figure 3) here shown were made on August 12, 1904, with our two six-inch telescopes, with an exposure of five and a half hours. The background represents the constellation of Andromeda, and one degree occupies fourteen millimeters (nine-sixteenths inch.) It is possible that the stereoscopic effect is only apparent in this

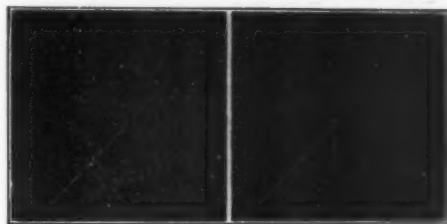


FIG. 3. A SHOOTING STAR

Andromeda is in the background. The pictures admirably illustrate the application of the stereoscope in cases where the effect is due entirely to parallax.

case, and due to an error in one of the photographs, but the pictures give a good illustration of this application of the stereoscope in cases where the effect is due entirely to parallax.

"The study of the relative motions of the stars is one of the chief objects of astronomical stereoscopy. In addition to their real motions, the stars undergo apparent displacements caused by the motion of the solar system through space. As trees near a railway appear, when viewed from a moving train, to overtake and pass more distant trees, so are the nearer stars apparently displaced, relatively to the more remote stars, in our flight through space, which is now known to be directed to a point near the bright star Vega.

"If two photographs of the same region of the sky taken several years apart are properly combined (Figure 4) in the stereoscope, the more displaced stars must appear to be, as they are, nearer than the others. In this way we can learn in time which stars are greatly displaced and, knowing the motion of the earth, we can even compute the distances of all such stars from us. It is merely a question of time. Hence it is very important that photographs of the heavens shall be carefully preserved for future use. Their value increases with each succeeding year.

"The central star in the accompanying pictures appears, in the stereoscope, far in advance of the rest. It is a star of the magnitude eight and one-half in the constellation of Orion, designated as Weisse I 5h. 592, which is known from meridian observations to have an annual apparent motion of two and one-quarter seconds of arc.

"The photographs were made with the Heidelberg six-inch telescope, the left-hand one on February 5, 1896, the right-hand one on December 19, 1900. The pictures here given are enlarged so that one millimeter (one twenty-fifth inch) corresponds to about thirty seconds of arc. Besides the above mentioned star the stereograph shows several others brought forward less prominently. Thus we see how helpful photography, combined with the stereoscope, is in the study of these phenomena, and there is no doubt that by its aid problems which are now rarely attacked by astronomers because of their difficulty can be solved with comparative ease."

Ever since the time of Herschel, astronomers have eagerly sought to determine the solid forms and the motions of nebulae, but as in all probability most of these wonderful objects are at immense distances from the earth

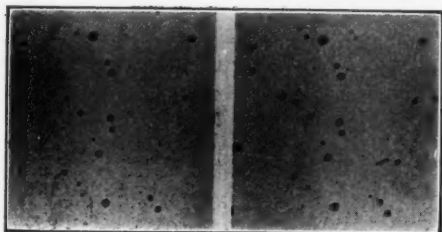


FIG. 4. PROPER MOTION OF THE STARS

If two photographs of the same region of the sky taken several years apart be compared in the stereoscope, star motion is deducible.

there is little prospect of learning much about them from direct observation. Spectrum analysis alone appears to promise any result. Therefore there is little hope of establishing the spacial relations of these distant worlds by means of the stereoscope. But, because of our rapid motion through space, it must be possible before long to determine the relative positions of stars situated between us and the nebulae, from which as a background the stars will be brought forward in the stereoscopic image, according to the principles already outlined.

These photographs (Figure 5) of the nebulae in Andromeda, taken in 1901 and in 1905 respectively, are to be regarded as an initial experiment of this kind:

"Altho they produce little plastic effect in the nebula itself, yet the binocular view of the great whorl is far more impressive than the image presented by a single picture, and the observer, after long study of the details, imagines that he perceives and understands the whole structure of the nebula. There are also everywhere indications of the relative arrangement of the stars in space. This arrangement is not perceived when two simultaneous photographs of the nebula are combined in the stereoscope.

"The left-hand photograph was taken August 18, 1901, with an exposure of three hours and forty minutes, the right-hand photograph December 26, 1905, with an exposure of four hours and twenty-one minutes, both with our sixteen-inch telescope. One degree occupies a length of about thirty-five millimeters (one and three-eighths inch)."

Finally, Dr. Wolf considers a remarkable illustration of a lunar landscape, the so-called Appennines and Alps of our satellite. The original plates from which these stereoscopic pictures were enlarged were made in Paris in 1900 and 1906 respectively. The stereoscopic effect is due to the fact that the face which the moon turned toward the earth was not exactly the same on the two dates. The steep Appennine Mountains at the top of the picture are separated from the mountains in the lower (northern) part by a plain which is bounded

on the left (west) by the Mare Serenitatis, and on the right by the Palus Putredinis:

"The conspicuous bright spot in the Mare Serenitatis is the crater Linnaeus. Of the two craters with deep shadows in the center, the upper is named Autolycus, the lower Aristillus. To their right the crater Archimedes gleams forth from the darkness. The westerly (left) edge of Aristillus rises about 1,500 meters (4,921 feet) above the plain, and the diameter of the wall of the crater is about 54 kilometers (33.5 miles). The range northwest of the Mare Serenitatis is the Caucasus, and below it the Alps extend to the right. The valley that bisects them obliquely can even be recognized. The interesting circular wall with an inner crater between the Caucasus and the Alps is the well-known Cassini. One centimeter on the picture corresponds to about 80 kilometers on the moon (1 inch to 8,000,000 inches, or 126 miles). The stereoscope not only brings out clearly the relative heights of the mountains but causes the lower part of the general surface to recede from the observer in consequence of the spherical form of the moon."

A stereoscopic slide, it should be remembered in any estimate of the result of these experiments, is simply a slip of cardboard. On this slip, side by side, are mounted two photographs of the same object, or at any rate of the same scene. To make the test ideal, photographs of this kind should be taken by similar lenses from points of view separated by a space equal to the distance between the eyes. That is the theoretical requirement. In actual practice, the space is apt to be increased in order to produce a greater effect. Of course, the astronomical photography of to-day greatly assists stereoscopy in the extreme accuracy of its results. As applied to astronomy, the spectroscopic loses none of its simplicity of principle, but its methods tend to become elaborate. As the lenses used for astronomical purposes are improved, it may be that spectroscopical astronomy will read the last riddle of the stellar universe.

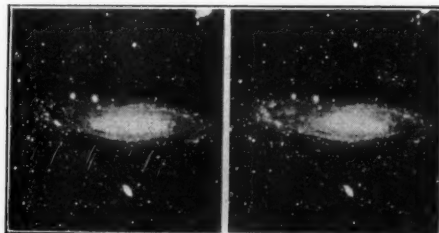


FIG. 5. NEBULA PICTURES TAKEN YEARS APART

It is the great nebula in Andromeda, and these two pictures are among the first stereoscopic experiments of this kind. The left-hand photograph was taken in 1901 with an exposure of three hours and forty minutes. The second picture was taken in 1905 with an exposure of four hours and twenty-one minutes.



## EXPLOSION OF A FUNDAMENTAL FALLACY IN DIET

**L**IEBIG, who ranks among chemists as Hannibal ranks among generals and as Dante ranks among poets, taught that muscular energy is derived from the assimilation of proteid foods. The organic foodstuffs, it must be remembered, are of three distinct types. Dr. Russell H. Chittenden, the famous physiological chemist of Yale classifies all digestible forms of nutrition into proteids or albuminous foodstuffs, carbohydrates and fats. "All animal and vegetable foods, whatever their nature and whatever their origin, are composed simply of representatives of one or more of these three classes of food principles." Now proteid substances, regarded with such an appreciative eye by Liebig, have the special characteristic of containing about sixteen per cent. of nitrogen. "In addition, they contain on an average 52 per cent. of carbon, 7 per cent. of hydrogen, 23 per cent. of oxygen and a slight percentage of sulfur." Proteid or albuminous substances constitute the chemical basis of all living cells, whether animal or vegetable. "This means, expressed in different language, that the organic substance of all organs and tissues, whether of animals or plants, is made up principally of proteid matter." Thus proteid substances occupy a special importance in human diet, of animal diet generally, in fact.

To say, as the scientific press is now practically saying, that the effect of Doctor Chittenden's new work\* on the nutrition of man is to prove the proposition that energy is more adequately derived from vegetable foods than from proteids, is to herald the collapse of a fundamental fallacy in diet. "The great weight of Liebig's authority," says London *Science*, "influenced physiologists even when Fick and Wislicenus in 1865 made an ascent of the Faulhorn on a diet which was free from nitrogen, and were able to show that vigorous and even severe muscular work does not necessarily increase the decomposition of proteid material." The source of muscular energy has been in dispute from that day until the appearance of Dr. Chittenden's work, a study which, as the authorities agree, settles the question against Liebig. "Dr. Chittenden's experiments compel us," writes a well-known authority on diet in the London *Athenaeum*, a paper whose scientific judgment car-

ries great weight, "to reject Liebig's teaching and to accept the more difficult proposition that nitrogenous tissue change in the body is fairly constant under all conditions, and that nitrogen equilibrium can easily be maintained on an amount of proteid food, which is not more than one-third of the minimum usually considered necessary." To the same effect writes the Paris *Revue Scientifique*, not to mention the London *Lancet* and medical organs of equal celebrity.

The upshot of Dr. Chittenden's work is that in any diet worthy of the name vegetable foods, containing relatively little nitrogen, should prevail. "Animal foods, with their higher nitrogen values, must be greatly subordinate if the nitrogen or proteid assimilation is to be maintained at a level commensurate with true physiological requirements." The practice of eating more than enough is thus represented as "the predominant dietetic sin." But with the contemporary standards of diet, as fixed by the gastronomical habits of every-day existence, there is reason to fear that the predominant dietetic sin of this age will be indulged in throughout a somewhat indefinite future. Underfeeding has its perils, but it is "comparatively rare." Not that Doctor Chittenden advocates any particular diet. He says the adoption of dietary habits that aim to accord with the physiological requirements of the body need not entail "a crucifying of the flesh" or a disregard of personal likes and dislikes. A reasonable intelligence combined with a disposition to exercise the same degree of judgment and care in the nutrition of the body as is expended on other matters of no greater importance pertaining to the individual, to the household or to business interests, are all that is needed to bring about harmony between every-day dietary habits and the nutritive requirements of the body. There is no occasion, unless one finds pleasure and satisfaction in so doing, to resort to a limited dietary of nuts and fruits, to become an ardent disciple of vegetarianism, to adopt a cereal diet, to abjure meats entirely or to follow in an intensive fashion any particular dietary hobby.

Doctor Chittenden's experiments were so scientifically carried out, in the opinion of those scientific organs which comment upon them, that there can be no cavil at the soundness of the conclusion to which they lead. He took thirteen men of the hospital corps of the

\*THE NUTRITION OF MAN. By Russell H. Chittenden. Frederick A. Stokes Company.


United States Army and submitted them to a course of diet for six months. The men were under military discipline throughout the experiment. The food administered to each was of known composition. The weight of proteid injected was known. This amount was reduced gradually. The amount of food was kept at such a volume as to insure each man enough to eat. The bodily weights of the individuals remained unaltered, practically. But the muscular tone and the muscular strength showed a surprising increase.

Eight university athletes were subjects of the second series of experiments. During their five months' dieting the daily intake of proteid food by each individual was reduced more than half. All showed gain in muscular power. All suffered less from fatigue after vigorous muscular effort than formerly. Physical and mental endurance increased.

The effect of a low proteid diet on dogs was ascertained through the final experiment. Dogs were available in the capacity of carni-

vores or "high proteid" animals. "It has been thought for years that dogs and other flesh-eaters could not long survive a marked diminution in the proteids of their food—an idea fostered by the experiments of Munk, Rosenheim, Watson and Hunter." Doctor Chittenden supplies arguments for the theory that the want of success in previous cases depended less on the reduction of the proteid than on the conditions of past experiments. He gave his dogs more freedom. He changed their food to a greater extent than was the case in the previous experiments. "A dog," he says, "does not thrive when restricted to a purely vegetable diet, and a little animal food seems necessary to keep up its health and strength, and this suffices even tho the daily nitrogen intake and fuel value of the diet are restricted to a level below that of the vegetable dietary." Altogether, then, as Doctor Chittenden sums the matter up, a diet which conforms to the true nutritive requirements of the body must necessarily lead toward vegetable foods.

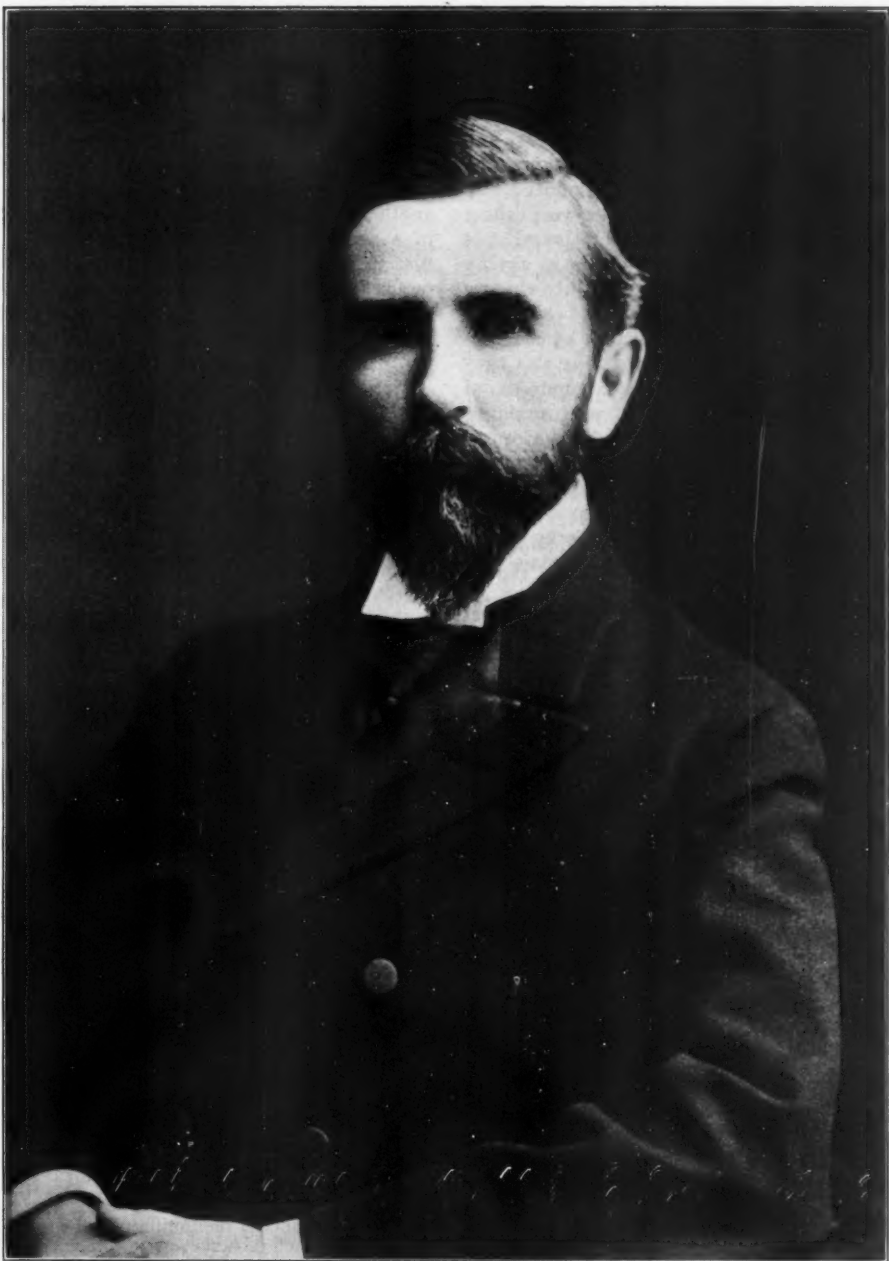
## THE INDIANA MODE OF EXTINGUISHING THE UNFIT

O MEASURE to prevent procreation of the humanly unfit could be more drastic, says the London *Lancet*, than the newly enacted statute framed by the legislature of Indiana. The preamble to the new law is scientific enough. "Whereas," it reads, "heredity plays a most important part in the transmission of crime, idiocy and imbecility." The enacting clause of the law provides that two skilled surgeons of recognized ability shall examine the confirmed criminals, idiots, imbeciles, and perpetrators of crimes of violence against women. If, in the judgment of the experts and the board of managers, "procreation is unadvisable and there is no probability of improvement of the mental condition," it shall be incumbent upon the experts to perform such a surgical operation as will answer the purpose of the new law. "But this operation shall not be performed except in cases that have been pronounced unimprovable." In no case shall the consultation fee be more than three dollars for each expert.

To the London *Lancet* this piece of legislation is worthy of the greatest amount of attention, for it is fraught with grave peril:

"It would seem difficult to comprehend the exact value of this piece of legislation, for apart from the criminal it is merely directed against the 'unimprovable' cases detained in the state insti-

tutions. Now in the vast majority of instances the 'unimprovable' patient remains the rest of his life in the asylum and it cannot be necessary to subject him to this somewhat severe operation, when all opportunities of procreation have been, or should have been withdrawn. It is an act which will not assist the early placing of patients under care, as it will add another, and in this instance a very real, horror to the asylum. The perplexing patients to deal with are those who have recurrent attacks of insanity and who frequently propagate their species between these attacks. Now these persons are apparently immune from this act. One of the great difficulties in carrying out this law will be that of deciding who are the 'unimprovable' cases. There is no time limit; therefore a patient may be emasculated in the first month of his residence in the institution, provided that the board and the experts agree that he belongs to the 'unimprovable' class. There is no appeal, neither does it appear that the relatives can intervene. Even were it possible to grant that this treatment is advisable and proper, surely this is a great power to place in the hands of that class of expert who would be willing to be consulted at \$3 per case. Further, it must be borne in mind that many persons, especially females, rapidly degenerate mentally after their reproductive organs have been removed. Therefore in eliminating the bare chance of a given patient begetting an insane offspring it will be within the bounds of possibility that she may be made chronically insane, whereas if not operated upon she might have recovered. We are not certain that it has been proved that a large proportion of the insane are the offspring of 'confirmed criminals, idiots, rapists or imbeciles.'"



Courtesy Frederick A. Stokes Co.

**THE SCIENTIST WHO HAS DISPLACED LIEBIG AS AN AUTHORITY ON DIET**

Dr. Russell H. Chittenden has conducted the most important series of experiments ever made in this country, and perhaps in the world, on the subject of the nutrition of man. The result of Dr. Chittenden's work is to throw an entirely new light upon that constituent in human diet known as "proteid."

## THE UNEXPECTED IN WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY



It was Professor Clerk Maxwell who first formulated the theory that electric waves could be sent through space as are waves of light and heat. For such waves no wires, no metallic conductors, are needed. Hertz produced and transmitted these vibrations over very short distances. His waves were set up by what is known as the electric spark, that is to say by an extremely rapid succession of electric flashes. Many other scientists of eminence have contributed to the perfection of machinery for generating these oscillations and they can now be sent over sea for hundreds of miles. As Professor A. E. Kennelly explains, in his new work,\* waves of the kind in question have one inherent defect. They follow one another not like waves of the sea, in touch with each other, but rather like so many arrows aimed at the same target—the target being the receiving instrument at some distant point.

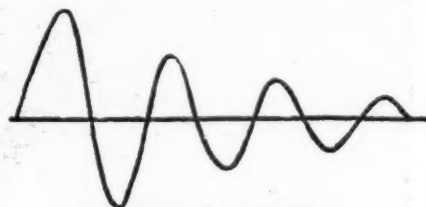
From the beginning, scientific theorists perceived that in a perfect system the waves must be continuous, linked together, with no breaks between them. An idea of the difference of the two classes of waves will be conveyed by the figure of continuous and discontinuous, or, as they are technically called, "damped" and "undamped" waves or oscillations. The diagram illustrates them to the eye.

In the first of these illustrations the wave is discontinuous. It would be followed by other similar waves, with gaps between them. The swing of these oscillations, as will be seen, falls off rapidly. They lose energy as they proceed from the place where they are produced. In the second order of waves, the continuous or "undamped," the loss of energy is far less.

The question, therefore, of prime importance for wireless telegraphy, as we read in *London Knowledge*, is how to generate continuous undamped waves. Toward the solution of this problem the first step, and a most valuable one, has recently been taken by the well-known expert in "wireless" technique, Mr. Duddell. He has discovered experimentally that when an alternating electric current—that is, a current of electricity which changes its direction, going first one way and then another hundreds or thousands of times per second—is connected with an electric arc, it

produces a succession of practically continuous waves. An arc is, of course, that bridge of luminosity with which the public are familiar in the arc electric lamp. It is an electric flame formed wherever a powerful current jumps across a gap between one carbon point and another. Duddell got as many as 30,000 waves in a second from his arc. But as electricity flies through space at the rate of 186,000 miles per second his waves were too long, too few.

Such was the situation when Dr. Valdemar Poulsen, the celebrated Danish physicist, made his most noteworthy of all recent improve-



*Damped Oscillations*



*Undamped Oscillations*

ments in wireless, or, as it would seem now necessary to say, "etheric" telegraphy and telephony. Dr. Poulsen's discovery is that when Mr. Duddell's electric arc is surrounded by an atmosphere of hydrogen, one can get a million or more waves or etheric vibrations per second, which are undamped or continuous and therefore suited for electric signaling, arc as against spark, undamped as against damped etheric waves—and, so far as can be seen at the present moment, unless some new wonder awaits us, the future lies with the arc or, at any rate, with the undamped wave:

"Of equal value from a practical point of view is the assurance that wireless messages can be printed as rapidly as an operator can transmit. The impulse of etheric vibrations is almost inconceivably minute; too feeble to work the apparatus which produces the impressions of the Morse code. They suffice, however, to affect the receiving instrument, which is marvelously sensitive, and thus to bring into action a relay of electricity which works the printing instruments.

"A still more astonishing achievement is duplex wireless telegraphy. It has been found possible for a station on Mr. Poulsen's system to send a message in one direction and receive another coming in the opposite direction at the same time."

\*WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY. By A. E. Kennelly. Moffatt, Yard & Company.



## THE ATMOSPHERIC CRISIS WITH WHICH CIVILIZATION IS THREATENED

**U**NTIL a few years ago atmospheric air was supposed to consist of about 79 per cent. of nitrogen and 21 per cent. of oxygen, with no appreciable admixture of other gases except small and varying quantities of water vapor and carbon dioxide. Then it was proved that air contains one per cent. of an inert gas called argon. Soon afterward there were obtained from liquid air by fractional distillation very small quantities of three other inert gases: neon, krypton and xenon. Hydrogen and helium, the latter a product of the disintegration of radium, have been obtained from air by the same process.

In addition to these ingredients, which exist in nearly constant proportion at all times and in every part of the world, the atmosphere contains three others which are of immense importance, altho they occur in exceedingly small and varying amounts. These are: the vapor of water, which plays a great part in the regulation of temperature and the phenomena of life; carbon dioxide, the principal food of plants, and ozone, which has been regarded as an efficient agent in the purification of the air since 1840, when its presence in the atmosphere was discovered.

The chemical composition of the atmosphere is now, therefore, very well known; but one point has always remained a mystery of mysteries—the alteration of the air by human agencies, a topic fraught with more portents for mankind, in the opinion of Dr. H. Henriet, from whose paper read at the Sorbonne, Paris, and printed in the transactions of the Royal Society, we copy, than the problem of population or the food supply. The alteration of the air by human agencies is assumed to be negligible, he observes. Comforting reflections are derived from the immense mass of the atmosphere. Nevertheless, appreciable local alteration does occur in a large city with a population of metropolitan proportions and a multitude of chimneys discharging gaseous impurities in great volumes. The depressing effect and relative insalubrity of city air have generally been attributed to organic and other dust. The truth is that the problem is chemical. With the development of urban systems, the providing of adequate water supplies, the improvement of transportation facilities, the humanization of urban conditions, the atmos-

phere of the great city has been converted into a deleterious vapor, the unheeded warning of social peril yet to be manifest, altho it is already effective. In a deleterious atmosphere we can not digest our food, nor can we sleep with refreshment. It might be even plausibly argued that the destruction of child life in civilization is due to atmospheric conditions rather than to the nature of food supplies. At any rate, certain organic diseases, more especially those affecting the lungs, the kidneys and the stomach, show a remarkable increase with the progressive deterioration of atmospheres in large centers of population. In a word, the race is facing, with the growth of urban conditions in every quarter of the globe, an atmospheric crisis of such severity that all the resources of chemistry may be inadequate to cope with it:

"But why are not the contaminations of city air promptly carried away by the winds and mingled with the general atmosphere? I have devoted several years to the study of this question and the mechanism of atmospheric pollution. I will now give a summary of my investigations.

"When the proportion of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere is determined by the usual method of passing a measured volume of air through an alkaline solution which is tested before and after the passage, about 3 volumes of carbon dioxide are always found in 10,000 volumes of air. City air, country air and sea air give very nearly the same result. But when Paris air is confined in a closed vessel for 24 hours in contact with caustic potash or soda a greater proportion of carbon dioxide, often 4 parts in 10,000, is apparently indicated. At a short distance from the city even this method gives the normal proportion of 3 parts in 10,000.

"I used a glass globe holding about 12 pints with a device for introducing the alkali without opening the vessel. When the globe was exhausted and filled with pure carbon dioxide mixed with pure oxygen or nitrogen all the carbon dioxide was absorbed in 10 minutes. The fact that a longer time is required when atmospheric air is employed proves that city air contains not only carbon dioxide but also substances which act very slowly upon alkalis. Again, the fact that even prolonged contact gives the normal result in the country proves that these substances do not exist there. They must therefore be produced by human agency.

"The gases discharged into the atmosphere of cities may be classed as products of respiration and products of combustion. We will first consider the products of respiration.

"If two globes are filled with air taken from a room in which several persons have been for a considerable time and one specimen of air is left in contact with the alkali for 24 hours but

the other for only 10 minutes (long enough to absorb the carbon dioxide) the alkali will be more affected, indicating apparently a larger proportion of carbon dioxide in the first globe than in the second. The difference may be attributed to products of respiration if it can be shown that these act as weak acids and slowly neutralize alkalis.

"When air from the lungs is passed through a condensing worm a liquid of neutral reaction and great deoxidizing power is obtained. When this liquid is distilled over sulphuric acid volatile acids are set free, but when it is heated with potash it evolves volatile and strongly basic substances of pronounced ammoniacal odor. This experiment proves that the liquid and therefore the breath contain salts of volatile bases, which may conceivably be slowly decomposed by an alkali, which is thus neutralized by the acid of the salt while the volatile base escapes."

The contamination of the atmosphere by products of combustion, altho understood in a general way to be great, is not deemed by the layman any source of immediate peril to the physical development of the human race. It is time this error received its antidote, says Professor Henriet. Without entering into the chemical formulas upon which his conclusions are based, and without detailing the laboratory experiments by means of which he satisfied himself that the growth of manufacturing industries is bringing the world face to face with "a formaldehyde atmospheric crisis," we find Professor Henriet formulating these general "laws," as he deems them:

*"If a mixture of gases is discharged into the atmosphere of a city, those gases which are insoluble in water at atmospheric pressure become diffused throughout the mass of the atmosphere, while the soluble gases are condensed with the water vapor and carried down to the lower strata."*

"This statement presupposes that the air is at rest. Let us now examine the effect of winds.

"Daily analysis demonstrates the presence of reducing gases in the air of Paris in every kind of weather; dry, wet, calm and windy. The renewal of the air is probably retarded by buildings, but the topographical situation of the city is undoubtedly the most powerful factor. Viewed from the surrounding heights, Paris often appears as a great basin half filled with vapors. The winds that sweep over the basin stir but do not remove its contents. Hence we enunciate a second law:

*"In a large city, especially if it is situated in a valley, the lower layers of the atmosphere are stirred by the winds, but are not renewed as rapidly as they are polluted."*

"Sea air always contains water vapor, carbon dioxide and ozone, but it never contains deoxidizing gases. The air of mountains and sparsely inhabited districts approximates to this perfect type. In city air ozone is found only occasionally and in particular meteorological conditions. Deoxidizing gases occur in so much larger quantities than ozone that the ozone is entirely destroyed. This disproportion shows that the ozone of the atmosphere can not act as a purifying or

health-giving agent where these impurities are generated as they are generated in the interior of large cities.

"The general chemical difference between city air and pure air is this:

*"The air of the country and the sea always possesses strong oxidizing properties, but the air of large cities always exerts a deoxidizing action."*

"Here we have a sharply defined difference, which very probably contributes to the known physical inferiority of city dwellers to country dwellers."

With reference to the susceptibility of the human subject at different ages to atmospheric conditions, it would seem that woman responds more readily than man and childhood more quickly than maturity. The extinction of a city family after three generations may be connected with atmospheric conditions. This is a branch of the subject into which our authority enters rather cautiously. It might yield curious and important results, he thinks, if it were taken in hand as an investigation to be prosecuted for a term of years.

Nothing could be more unscientific than the attitude of the average city resident to the symptoms arising in him in consequence of the atmospheric environment forced upon him. He is taught to regard his nervousness, for instance, as the consequence of "strain" and "competition." It is nothing but atmosphere. The tendency of the city dweller to weaknesses of vision is attributed to the eye. It is the consequence of a vaporized atmosphere, which imposes a special labor upon the power of accommodation. It is difficult to see through a vapor, and the atmosphere of every large city is vaporized—using the term somewhat loosely. There is something significant, too, in the fact that the behavior of a mob of persons in a large city is quite different from the behavior of a mob in an unvitiated atmosphere. The psychology of crowds, as it has been called, depends apparently upon atmospheric conditions. To be sure, this subject is in its infancy. Experiments upon animals in different atmospheres have never been conducted with sufficient precision to make generalization safe. They modify remarkably, however, when transported from atmosphere to atmosphere, nor is there wanting reason for the theory that inoculation with the virus of disease is conditioned by atmospheric factors too little understood as yet. Nevertheless, it may be affirmed that in the near future the use of the atmosphere will be regulated with no less care in great cities than is at present the traffic in the streets. This seems the only possible solution of the atmospheric crisis with which civilization is threatened.

## THE PARASITE AS THE AGENT OF GREAT HISTORICAL CATASTROPHES



ANY accident having for its consequence the introduction into the United States (or a section thereof) of the tsetse fly would be a historical event of the utmost importance. The tsetse flies are found only in Africa at present. Some seven species in all are known. They are little bigger than a common housefly and much like it in color. They differ in appearance from the housefly in the fact that the wings, when the insect is at rest, are parallel to one another and slightly overlap in the middle line instead of being to a small extent divergent at their free extremities. The bite, like that of all flies, is rather a stab than a bite, and is effected by a beak-like process of the head, the blood of the animal pricked in this way being drawn into the fly's mouth by a sucking action of the gullet. Such is the insect, prevalent in some parts of Africa, which has rendered immense regions in a great continent uninhabitable by spreading sleeping sickness, the most mysterious of all the scourges afflicting humanity to-day, according to Dr. E. Ray Lankester, from whose paper in *Nature* we get the facts. The introduction of the tsetse fly into any other continent than Africa would work a historical catastrophe as truly as would the conquest of a civilized nation by a half civilized one. The result would be due to the relations between parasites and the organisms upon which they prey.

The relations of parasites to the organisms upon or in which they are parasitic, and the relation of man, once entered upon the first steps of his career of civilization, to the world of parasites, avers Dr. Lankester, form one of the most instructive and fascinating chapters of natural history. It can not be fully written yet, he adds, but already some of the conclusions to which the student is led in examining this subject have far-reaching importance and touch upon great general principles in an unexpected manner.

Before the arrival of man—the would-be controller, the disturber of nature—the adjustment of living things to their surrounding conditions and to one another has a certain appearance of perfection. Natural selection and the survival of the fittest in the struggle for existence led to the production of a degree of efficiency and harmonious interaction of the units of the living world which, being based

on the inexorable destruction of what is inadequate and inharmonious as soon as it appears, result in a smooth and orderly working of the great machine and the continuance by heredity of efficiency and a high degree of individual perfection.

Parasites, whether microscopic or of larger size, are not, in such circumstances, the cause of widespread disease or suffering. The weakly members of a species may be destroyed by parasites as others are destroyed by beasts of prey, but the general community of the species, thus weeded, is benefited by the operation. In the natural world the inhabitants of areas bounded by sea, mountain and river become adjusted to one another and a balance is established. The only disturbing factors are exceptional seasons, unusual cold, wet or drought. Such recurrent factors may from time to time increase the number of the weakly who are unable to cope with the invasions of minute destructive parasites and so reduce, even to extermination, the kinds of animals or plants especially susceptible to such influences. But anything like the epidemic diseases of parasitic origin with which civilized man is unhappily familiar seems to be due either to his own restless and ignorant activity or, in his absence, to great and probably somewhat sudden geological changes—changes of the connections, and therefore communications, of great land areas.

It is abundantly evident that animals or plants which have, by long ages of selection and adaptation, become adjusted to the parasites and the climatic conditions and the general company (so to speak) of one continent may be totally unfit to cope with those of another, just as the Martian giants of Mr. H. G. Wells, tho marvels of offensive and defensive development, were helpless in the presence of mundane putrefactive bacteria and were rapidly and surely destroyed by them. Accordingly, it is not improbable that such geologic changes as the junction of the North and South American continents, of North and South Africa and of various large islands and neighboring continents have, in ages before the advent of man, led to the development of disastrous epidemics. It is not a far-fetched hypothesis that the disappearance of the whole equine race from the American continent just before or coincidently with the advent of man

—a region where horses of all kinds had existed in greater variety than in any other part of the world—is due to the sudden introduction, by means of some geological change, of a deadly parasite which spread as an epidemic and extinguished the entire horse population:

"Whatever may have happened in past geological epochs, by force of great earth-movements which rapidly brought the adaptations of one continent into contact with the parasites of another, it is quite certain that man, proud man, ever since he has learnt to build a ship, and even before that, when he made up his mind to march aimlessly across continents till he could go no further, has played havoc with himself and all sort of his fellow-beings by mixing up the products of one area with those of another. Nowhere has man allowed himself—let alone other animals or even plants—to exist in fixed local conditions to which he or they have become adjusted. With ceaseless restlessness he has introduced men and beasts and plants from one land to another. He has constantly migrated with his herds and his horses from continent to continent. Parasites, in themselves beneficent purifiers of the race, have been thus converted into terrible scourges and the agents of disease. Europeans are decimated by the locally innocuous parasites of Africa; the South Sea Islanders are exterminated by the comparatively harmless measles of Europe.

"A striking example of the disasters brought about by man's blind dealings with nature—disasters which can and will hereafter be avoided by the aid of science—is to be found in the history of the insect phylloxera and the vine. In America the vine had become adjusted to the phylloxera larvae, so that when they nibbled its roots the American vine threw out new root-shoots and was none the worse for the little visitor. Man in his blundering way introduced the American vine, and with it the phylloxera, to Europe; and in three years half the vines in France and Italy were destroyed by the phylloxera, because the European vines had not been bred in association with this little pest and had not acquired the simple adjusting faculty of throwing out new shoots."

But it is not only by his reckless mixing up of incompatibles from all parts of the globe that the unscientific man has risked the conversion of paradise into a desert. In his greedy efforts to procure large quantities of animals and plants convenient for his purposes, and in his eagerness to mass and organize his own race for defense and conquest, man has accumulated unnatural swarms of one species in field and ranch and unnatural crowds of his own kind in towns and fortresses. Such undiluted masses of one organism serve as a ready field for the propagation of previously rare and unimportant parasites from individual to individual. Human epidemic diseases as well as those of cattle and crops are largely due to this.

A good instance of this is seen in the history of the coffee plantations of Ceylon, where a previously rare and obscure parasitic fungus, leading an uneventful life in the tropical forests of that island, suddenly found itself provided with an unlimited field of growth and exuberance in the coffee plantations. The coffee plantations were destroyed by this parasite, which has now returned to its pristine obscurity. Disharmonious, blundering man was responsible for its brief triumph and celebrity. Nature had not allowed the coffee fungus more than a very moderate scope. Man comes in and takes the reins. Disaster follows. There is no possibility of return to the old order of things. Man must make his blunders and retrieve them by further interference—by the full use of his intelligence, by the continually increasing ingenuity of his control of the physical world, which he has ventured to wrest from the old rule of natural selection and adaptation:

"The adjustment of all living things to their proper environment is one of great delicacy and often of surprising limitation. In no living things is this more remarkable than in parasites. The relation of a parasite to the 'host' or 'hosts' in which it can flourish (often the host is only one special species or even variety of plant or animal) is illustrated by the more familiar restriction of certain plants to a particular soil. Thus the Cornish heath only grows on soil overlying the chemically peculiar serpentine rocks of Cornwall. The two common parasitic tape-worms of man pass their early life the one in the pig and the other in bovine animals. But that which requires the pig as its first host cannot use a bovine animal as a substitute; nor can the other exist in a pig. Yet the difference of porcine and bovine flesh and juices is not a very patent one; it is one of small variations in highly complex organic chemical substances. A big earth-worm-like stomach-worm flourishes in man, and another kind similar to it in the horse. But that frequenting man cannot exist in the horse, nor that of the horse in man. Simpler parasites, such as are the molds, bacteria and again the blood-parasites, trypanosoma, etc., exhibit absolute restrictions as to the hosts in which they can or can not flourish without showing specific changes in their vital processes. Being far simpler in structure than the parasitic worms, they have less 'mechanism' at their disposal for bringing about adjustment to varied conditions of life. The microscopic parasites do not submit to alterations in the chemical character of their surroundings without themselves reacting and showing changed chemical activities. A change of soil (that is to say of host) may destroy them; but on the other hand it may lead to increased vigor and the most unexpected reaction on their part in the production of virulent chemical poisons."

We are justified in believing that until man introduced his artificially selected and transplanted breeds of cattle and horses into Africa



there was no such scourge as that which goes by the name of "nagana disease." The parasite of sleeping sickness—that most awful of maladies—lived in the blood of the big game in perfect harmony with its host. The sleeping sickness parasite, in other words, flourished innocently in a state of adjustment due to tolerance on the part of the aboriginal men and animals of western Africa. It was not until the Arab slave raiders, European explorers and india-rubber thieves stirred up the quiet populations of Central Africa and mixed by their violence the susceptible with the tolerant races that the sleeping sickness parasite became a deadly scourge—a "disharmony," to use the suggestive term introduced by Metchnikoff.

The adjustment of primeval populations to their conditions has also been broken down by "disharmonies" of another kind, due to man's restless invention. Not only does the human race within given areas become adjusted to

a variety of local parasites, but it acquires a tolerance of dangerous drugs, such as alcohol and opium, extracted by man's ingenuity from materials upon which he operates. A race thus provided and thus immune imposes, by its restless migrations, on unaccustomed races the deadly poisons to the consumption of which it is itself habituated. The unaccustomed races are deteriorated or even exterminated by the poison and the parasites thus introduced. The poison works havoc with the savage. The parasite is deadliest in its effect upon the civilized man. That gives the subject of parasitism its vast historical significance. The adjustment of the tsetse fly to an American environment, for instance, would be an event of scarcely less historical importance than the first appearance of the smallpox in Europe or the prevalence of leprosy in the Middle Ages. To what extent parasite life influenced the distribution of all other life on our planet we are only beginning to appreciate.

## FORCING PLANTS BY MEANS OF ANESTHETICS

**M**ORE recent and perhaps more sensational than any other development in modern horticulture is what may be described as the drugging of plants. Its results have been set forth by Dr. F. M. Johannsen, the eminent Danish authority on plant life, who introduced the practice a few years ago. The plants to be dealt with are placed by Dr. Johannsen on a bed of dry sand in an air-tight box. The plants themselves are reduced to a condition of extreme dryness. Under the cover of the air-tight box is suspended a small vessel into which ether is poured through a hole at the top. The hole is thereupon at once closed.

As the ether evaporates, according to the account by Dr. G. Clarke Nuttall, the botanist, in London *Nature*, the heavy vapor descends to the bottom of the box and envelops the plants lying there. After some forty-eight hours the plants are taken out and placed in a cool house and treated as usual. The result is that the buds and flowers at once begin to sprout far more rapidly than those of unanesthetized plants do and are finer than usual. Thus, after being etherized, lilacs had abundant flowers and leaves, and were quite decorative plants in thirteen days, while lilacs under normal treatment only had a few flowers and no leaves at all at the end of seventeen days.

Azaleas, lilies-of-the-valley and other plants

experimented upon all showed wonderful powers of early development after being under the influence of ether. Besides the earlier production of flowers, the advantages of forcing plants with anesthetics include a saving of fuel and a saving of labor. Yet there is one source of peril—a serious one—to be guarded against all the time. The vapor of ether is highly inflammable. A lighted cigar or the presence of heating apparatus would precipitate an accident.

Undoubtedly the effect of the ether or of the chloroform is to plunge the plant into a profound slumber. A repose is induced which must reinvigorate the plant for the moment of awaking. The plant seems to "come up" from the ether in a mode quite different from that of a patient anesthetized for a surgical operation.

There is a more subtle explanation. Anesthetic vapors have great drying powers over the plant tissues and tend to coagulate the protoplasm and the food reserves stored in the stem, especially in the base of the buds. This acts as a stimulant to growth directly the plants are in the fresh air again and enjoy the benefit of warmth and moisture. If this be so, comments Dr. Nuttall in the article from which we quote, then, perhaps, quicklime or some other drying agent might be placed in the box instead of ether. But this has yet to be proved.

# Recent Poetry



ANY poems, but little poetry—such is the record of the last few weeks. We scan volume after volume attractive to the eye, full of melodious lines and fine phrases, but uninspired and unoriginal. Aspiration is the dominant note in most of them, but aspiration without inspiration never produced a poem worthy of long life. The latter is one of the rarest things on earth; the former, thank heaven, is one of the commonest.

One of the most promising of our younger poets, Witter Bynner, has just published in book form (Small, Maynard & Company) a long "Ode to Harvard" and thirty or more short poems. All his poetical work has rarity. The touch is light and airy, the note is thin but pleasing. One feels in reading most of his verse much as one feels when looking upon the dancing sunlight that falls upon the grass through whispering leaves. It is bright and lively and has a certain witchery about it. Yet the volume as a whole is disappointing, and leaves us longing for a little more of life's diapason. We reprint but one of his poems—others have been reprinted by us recently.

## "SO KIND YOU ARE"

BY WITTER BYNNER

You have an eye more warmly brown  
Than autumn days away from town,  
But will not let me speak my mind,  
So kind you are and so unkind.

You have a cheek as white and red  
As apple blossoms overhead,  
Just where the sunshine strikes me blind,  
So kind you are and so unkind.

You have a voice with all the moods  
Of twilights and of solitudes,  
But light to leave me as the wind,  
So kind you are and so unkind.

You have, however far I be,  
A trick of coming near to me—  
Tho out of sight, not out of mind,  
So kind you are and so unkind.

The way would seem not half so soon  
To reach your heart as reach the moon,  
Yet it's a way I'll surely find—  
So kind you are and so unkind.

"Who shall strike the wax of mystery from those priceless amphorae," wrote Maurice Thompson years ago of the poems of Sappho, "and give to the unsophisticated nostrils of the average reader the ravishing bouquet of wine pressed in a garden in Mitylene twenty-five centuries ago?"

Mr. John Myers O'Hara is the latest bard to essay the task of interpreting Sappho in English. The interpretation is rarely well done and merits generous recognition. The interest that attaches to the work is, however, academic in the main. The poems almost inevitably lack the spontaneity that is essential to vital verse. We reprint one of the happiest efforts:

## THE FIRST KISS

AFTER SAPPHO, BY JOHN MYERS O'HARA

And down I set the cushion  
Upon the couch that she,  
Relaxed supine upon it,  
Might give her lips to me.

As some enamored priestess  
At Aphrodite's shrine,  
Entranced I bent above her  
With sense of the divine.

She had, by nature nubile,  
In years a child, no hint  
Of any secret knowledge  
Of passion's least intent.

Her mouth for immolation  
Was ripe, and mine the art;  
And one long kiss of passion  
Deflowered her virgin heart.

More than one generation has read the poems of William Winter; but it is very seldom that we have a chance nowadays to read anything new from his lyrical pen. Yet in the following stanzas, taken from the August *Scribner's*, there is no sign of a wavering hand or of weakening lyric skill. It is a beautiful but rather pathetic little poem that goes to the heart because it came from the heart:

## AGE

BY WILLIAM WINTER

Snow and stars, the same as ever  
In the days when I was young;  
But their silver song, ah, never,  
Never now is sung!

Cold the stars are, cold the earth is,  
Everything is grim and cold!  
Strange and drear the sound of mirth is—  
Life and I are old!

The St. Louis *Mirror* has done much to encourage real poets in America and to quicken the public appreciation of their work. It itself frequently gives to the world poetry which is superior to that of the magazines. There is nothing better in any of the August magazines than the following from its pages:

## GUENEVERE

BY SARA TEASDALE

I was a queen, and I have lost my crown,  
 A wife, and I have broken all my vows,  
 A lover, and I ruined him I loved:—  
 There is no other havoc left to do.  
 A little month ago I was a queen,  
 And mothers held their babies up to see,  
 When I came riding out of Camelot.  
 The women smiled, and all the world smiled too.  
 And now, what woman's eyes would smile on me?  
 I still am beautiful, and yet what child  
 Would think of me as some high, heaven-sent  
 thing,

An angel, clad in gold and miniver?  
 The world would run from me, and yet am I  
 No different from the queen they used to love.  
 If water, flowing silver over stones,  
 Is forded, and beneath the horses' feet  
 Grows turbid suddenly, it clears again,  
 And men will drink it with no thought of harm.  
 Yet I am branded for a single fault.

I was the flower amid a toiling world,  
 Where people smiled to see one happy thing,  
 And they were proud and glad to raise me high;  
 They only asked that I should be right fair,  
 A little kind, and gown'd wondrously,  
 And surely it were little praise to me  
 If I had done it well throughout my life.

I was a queen, the daughter of a king.  
 The crown was never heavy on my head,  
 It was my right, and was a part of me.  
 The women thought me proud, the men were  
 kind,

And bowed right gallantly to kiss my hand,  
 And watched me as I passed them calmly by,  
 Along the halls I shall not tread again.  
 What if, to-night, I should revisit them?  
 The warders at the gates, the kitchen-maids,  
 The very beggars would stand off from me,  
 And I, their queen, would climb the stairs alone,  
 Pass thro' the banquet hall, a loathed thing,  
 And seek my chambers for a hiding-place,  
 And I should find them but a sepulcher,  
 The very rushes rotted on the floors,  
 The fire in ashes on the freezing hearth.

I was queen, and he who loved me best  
 Made me a woman for a night and day,  
 And now I go unqueened forevermore.  
 A queen should never dream on summer eves,  
 When hovering spells are heavy in the dusk:—  
 I think no night was ever quite so still,  
 So smoothly lit with red along the west,  
 So deeply hushed with quiet thro' and thro',  
 And strangely clear, and deeply dyed with light.  
 The trees stood straight against a paling sky,  
 With Venus burning lamp-like in the west.

I walked alone amid a thousand flowers,  
 That drooped their heads and drowzed beneath  
 the dew,

And all my thoughts were quieted to sleep.  
 Behind me, on the walk, I heard a step,—  
 I did not know my heart could tell his tread,  
 I did not know I loved him till that hour.  
 Within my heart I felt a wild, sick pain,  
 The garden reeled a little, I was weak,  
 And quick he came behind me, caught my arms,  
 That ached beneath his touch; and then I swayed,  
 My head fell backward and I saw his face.

All this grows bitter that was once so sweet,  
 And many mouths must drain the dregs of it,  
 And none will pity me, nor pity him  
 Whom Love so lashed, and with such cruel  
 thongs.

Ever since poets began singing they have exulted in their proprietorship of nature, and they will continue to do so until the last chanty has been heard. It is a thought to make any one exultant that is embodied in this poem from *The Atlantic Monthly*:

## THE HERITAGE

BY "FREDERIC LORN"

For me with dew-spread gossamers—  
 Before the winds have stirred  
 Or Dawn awaked her choristers—  
 The grass is diapered;  
 For me from all the dappled trees  
 And the green woodland way  
 Birds chant in full voiced harmonies  
 Their hymn to-day.

My eyes are to the East: her face  
 The magic secret knows;  
 For look! how flushed the dome of space  
 With petal'd seas of rose!  
 The swaying vault's high void unrolls  
 To one vast fan of flame;  
 For me all life on earth extols  
 Day's awful name.

My tears are in the rain; my wrath  
 Is in the wind-vexed sea;  
 And in the sun's star-border'd path  
 Is laughter made for me;  
 Lo! at mid-blossoming of morn  
 Beyond the meadow-ways  
 My thought is in quick spirals born  
 Of spangling haze.

For me at eve in circling dance  
 The coiling mist-wraiths blend  
 In silent valleys of Romance  
 Where through slow streams descend.  
 My eyes are to the West, and swim  
 In fiery lakes of light,  
 For now her flaming seraphim  
 Announce the night.

So, on the day's o'erarching scroll  
 Unseen, moves night's away;  
 As night doth from her depths unroll  
 The banner of the day.  
 And, tho in riddles men may deal,  
 I watch, in all, through all;  
 And know that none can from me steal  
 Their sure recall.

So in waste winter's sheath there grows  
 The quivering bud of spring  
 That blooms to summer's splendid rose  
 Fine odors squandering;  
 And in the seed she scattereth  
 I mark the unending chain  
 Of Death-in-Life and Life-in-Death  
 To Life again.

Mine on uncharted hills the snow;  
 The unforded rivers mine;  
 Mine are the eldrich woods below  
 That break the valley-line.

For me the Air, and Sea, and Earth,  
The ocean shifts her mood;  
All Nature flaunts for my content  
Her hardihood.

For me the Air, and Sea, and Earth  
Are holy trinity;  
I own my God in their high worth  
And rich simplicity;  
For me the myriad cons told,  
The unnumbered ages run,  
Are nothing, for I own naught old  
Beneath the sun.

Not the sense of proprietorship, but the sense  
of identity with nature, finds expression in Mr.  
Lloyd Roberts's fine swinging stanzas in *Ap-  
pleton's*:

#### THE MADNESS OF WINDS

BY LLOYD ROBERTS

On all the upland pastures the strong winds gal-  
lop free,  
Trampling down the flowered stalks sleepy in  
the sun,  
Whirl away in blue and gold all their finery,  
'Till naked crouch the gentle hosts where the  
winds have run.

Along the rocking hillsides shaggy heads are  
bent;  
Out upon the tawny plains tortured dust leaps  
high;  
The red roof of the sunset is torn awry and rent,  
And chaos lifts the heavy sea and bends the  
hollow sky.

The winds are drunk with freedom—the crowded  
valleys roar—  
The madness surges through their veins, and  
when they gallop out  
The black rain follows close behind, the pale sun  
flees before,  
And recklessly across the world goes all the  
broken rout.

I was striding on the uplands when the host was  
running mad,  
I saw them threshing through the leaves and  
daisy tops below,  
And as their feet came up the hill, my tired heart  
grew glad—  
'Till at the music of their throats I knew that  
I must go.

So the winds are now my brothers, they have  
joined me to their ranks;  
And when their rampant strength wells up and  
drives them singing forth,  
I am with them when they roll the fog across  
the oily Banks,  
And tumble out the sleeping bergs that crowd  
beyond the North.

The woods are drenched with moonlight and  
every leaf's awake;  
The little beads of dew sit white on every twig  
and blade;  
A thousand stars are scattered thick beneath the  
forest lake:  
We pass,—and only laughter for the havoc we  
have made.

There's not a wind that brushes the long bright  
fields of corn,  
Or shrieking drives the broken wreck beneath  
a blackened sea;  
There's not a wind that draws the rain across  
the face of morn,  
That does not rise when I arise and sink again  
with me.

Still another note is sounded in the poem be-  
low, taken from *The New Age*. It is a poem  
that bears re-reading, and the meaning of it is  
deeper than a first reading may divulge:

#### I KNOW A WOOD

BY GERALD GOULD

I know a wood where the winds make all day  
long  
A sighing sound and a sobbing sound, and  
keep  
Their sorrows unassuaged of any song,  
Hopeless of death and ignorant of sleep;  
I lie in the wood, and look up at the blue sky  
Between the branches leafy or bare above,  
And the hunger of wood and wind and season  
is I,  
But the blue deeps are the blue eyes of my love.

Gray cascades in the breast of a brown hill  
Feed the stream that here is friends with me;  
It dreams of a faery lake that it shall fill,  
And finds only the salt and barren sea;  
I watch the shadows shift and the gleams go by,  
Obscure with the pools below and clouds above,  
And the trouble of earth and air and water is I,  
But the heart of the stream is the strange  
heart of my love.

The ancient battle goes on by the river's marge—  
The sunlight on the plumes of knights and  
lords,  
The blowing of trumpets, the clatter and clash  
of the charge,  
The glancing of lances and the breaking of  
swords.  
I hear a song in praise of them that die,  
I see the light of the bright flag flown above,  
And the old quest and the old desire is I,  
But the voice of the call, as of old, is the love  
of my love.

Brian Hooker joins the nature-choir with some  
noble Wordsworthian stanzas in *The Forum*:

#### LILACS IN THE CITY

BY BRIAN HOOKER

Amid the rush and fever of the street,  
The snarl and clash of countless quarreling  
bells,  
And the sick heavy heat,  
The hissing footsteps, and the hateful smells,  
I found you, speaking quietly  
Of sunlit hill-horizons and clean earth;  
While the pale multitude that may not dare  
To pause and live a moment, lest they die,  
Swarmed onward with hot eyes, and left you  
there—  
An armful of God's glory, nothing worth.



You are more beautiful than I can know.

Even one loving you might look an hour  
Nor learn the perfect flow

Of line and tint in one small, purple flower.  
There are no two of you the same,  
And every one is wonderful and new—

Poor baby-blossoms that have died unblown,  
And you that droop yourselves as if for shame,  
You too are perfect. I had hardly known  
The grace of your glad sisters but for you.

You myriad of little litanies!

Not as our bitter piety, subdued  
To cold creed that denies

Or lying law that severs glad and good;  
But like a child's eyes, after sleep

Uplifted; like a girl's first wordless prayer  
Close-held by him who loves her—no distress  
Nor storm of supplication, but a deep,  
Dear heart-ache of such utter happiness  
As only utter purity can bear.

For you are all the robin feels at dawn,

The meaning of green dimness, and calm noons  
On high fields far withdrawn,

Where the haze glimmers and the wild bee  
croons.

You are the soul of a June night:—

Intimate joy of moon-swept vale and glade,  
Warm fragrance breathing upward from the  
ground,

And eager winds tremulous with sharp delight  
Till all the tense-tuned gloom thrills like a  
sound—

Mystery of sweet passion unafraid.

O sweet, sweet, sweet! you are the proof of all  
That over-truth our dreams have memory of  
That day cannot recall:

Work without weariness, and tearless love,  
And taintless laughter. While we run

To measure dust, and sounding names are  
hurled

Into the nothingness of days unborn,

You hold your little hearts up to the sun,  
Quietly beautiful amid our scorn—

God's answer to the wisdom of this world.

The death of Ernest H. Crosby left in the hearts of his friends a feeling of regret for a life unfulfilled. What he did seemed so inadequate when measured by what he was. He has done some excellent things in the poetic line, and one of them has but recently come to light, which was written shortly before his death and is published in the pamphlet containing the addresses delivered at the memorial meeting held in his honor in Cooper Union, March 7. The poem has no title. We have taken the liberty of giving it one.

#### THE LAND OF SHADOWS

BY ERNEST HOWARD CROSBY

For we are vague and unsubstantial shadows  
Cast for a moment by our larger selves  
Upon this whirling globe, itself mere semblance,  
Which some adventurous, wandering ray of truth  
Paints with a wayward stroke on heaven's wall.  
In vain we sleep and waken, thinking thus  
To escape the land of shadows. If by night  
We singly dream, by day we dream together—  
And all is dream—save when a sudden flood

Of calm conviction, surging from beneath,  
Uprises through the fountain of our being,  
And overflows the temporal world of sense—  
A flood that in receding leaves behind  
Imperishable hints of broader life,  
Transcendent truth and supernatural substance  
Beyond the pale of dreams. Our universe  
Treads in the skirts of unimagined grandeur.

So, as a barnacled and battered keel,  
Long buffeted by lapse of rushing waters,  
Dank seaweed and the world of scale and fin,  
Might, in the throb and tremor of its frame,  
Feel a faint whispering of slant towering masts  
(Friends to the sun), of zephyr-haunted sails,  
And spacious bulwarks in an element  
Undreamt-of, incommensurate—so may we  
Thrill at the touch of our supernal selves  
Which loom up dim in regions adequate  
Beneath an unknown sky.

Mr. Crosby's conception of this life as the land of shadows is unusual. The reverse is the conception that has usually found expression—that when we die we leave the light and enter the darkness. That is the conception that is also embodied in a little poem in *Ainslie's* that has a finality of expression that seems to us most admirable.

#### THE DANCE

BY EDWARD LUCAS WHITE

The lamp of silver and the lamp of gold  
Make all the shifting prospect fair and bright.  
We meet, we gaze, each other's hands we hold,  
We clasp and move together in the light.

When laughter, talk, and movement shall be done  
We may not linger past the hour's mark,  
We must depart, unhelped by moon or sun,  
Alone and separate through the utter dark.

From *The People's Magazine* comes the following simple but effective little poem:

#### UNCHANGED BY TIME

BY EUGENE C. DOLSON

While in her happy home she sees,  
With pride and joy, her children dear  
To manhood come, and womanhood,  
From year to year—

Still, still, enshrined within her heart,  
One face can never older grow—  
The little child she loved and lost  
So long ago!

Very sweet and winsome is this which we find, somewhat surprizedly, in *The Smart Set*,—surprizedly because it lacks the Bohemian effect we expect from that magazine:

#### CONTENTMENT

BY EMMA A. LENTE

She saw the busy world go by;  
"And I will go along!" she said,  
"For life is only worth the while  
Where thousands tread!"

She saw the merry world go by;  
"Pass on; I do not care!" she said.  
"I have a cot where sunshine lies  
Upon a baby's head!"

# Recent Fiction and the Critics



LIZABETH of the German Garden has found a delightful successor in the person of Fräulein Schmidt.\* Fräulein Schmidt is the daughter of a poverty-stricken German scholar in Jena, "a town of 20,000 inhabitants of which 19,000 are professors."

FRAULEIN  
SCHMIDT AND  
MR. ANS-  
TRUTHER

Mr. Anstruther, a young Englishman, nephew of a peer, is brushing up his German at the little university town. He lives at the home of the Schmidts and incidentally makes love to the girl. On his return to England, however, he meets a girl of wealth and position and asks Fräulein Schmidt to release him. She is heartbroken, but consents, and, after the passage of a few months, resumes a sisterly correspondence with the faithless lover. The story, as far as we can speak of one, is told in the letters in which her lovable character and that of the over-cultured young Englishman are admirably portrayed. Fräulein Schmidt—Rosemarie is her first name—is meanwhile forced to live on a diet of lettuce and nuts owing to her father's financial embarrassments, and stirred by compassion and partly by the knowledge that in the arms of his English betrothed happiness still eludes him, Anstruther breaks his engagement, and once more offers his heart to the poor German girl. Rosemarie, however, is quite firm. "I would not see you," she writes; "I do not love you—I will never marry you; I shall not write again." Thus the book ends. *The Evening Post* detects here a psychological impossibility. "Elizabeth," it remarks, "with her talent for perversity might have done this, but not so the perfectly unembittered Rosemarie." "Still," the reviewer hints, "one is quite free to believe that even if the book be ended the story may perhaps go on more normally."

Fräulein Schmidt, however, is not identical with Elizabeth, or at least it is Elizabeth more matured, with less of her former egotism and sparkling hardness. The *Louisville Post* detects behind the thin little mask the author of Elizabeth herself and indicates that the latter is of high position. The letters, it says, are merely blinds meant solely as the vehicle of the author's piquant philosophy and entertaining impressions. It goes on to say:

"However, we gladly excuse her. For in Rosemarie and her love affair we have not the slight-

est interest, while in the impressions—not to speak of the philosophy—there is always something to amuse. It is pleasant, moreover, to find that the author is a little mellowed than she used to be. There is still, to be sure, a characteristic element of 'I,' but, after all, from a lady of high degree, in a place of somewhat solitary splendor, what else would justly be expected?"

Claudius Clear, on the other hand, informs us in *The British Weekly*, that the author is understood to be an Australian lady married in Germany. His sympathies seem to be in a measure with Mr. Anstruther, who is hardly fairly represented in this one-sided correspondence. William Marion Reedy again, like most critics, is in love with Fräulein Schmidt. The book, he writes editorially in the *St. Louis Mirror*, makes you feel better toward the whole world, including yourself. It's the latest of the Elizabeth books, and the best." To quote further:

"Fräulein Rosemarie is so witty, so innocent-wise, so searchingly critical, so tender, so loyal, so brave in disillusionment, so womanly strong in discernment, so sanely sweet and so little sorry for herself that suffers underneath her cheeriness. Her letters are charmingly direct and honest and full of genuine goodness that enables her to forgive the cad, the flabby-brained, the egotistic, the whimperingly self-pitiful, the loosely sentimental, the characterless, the undeniably and unmitigatedly contemptible Mr. Anstruther, who jilts her and then tries to crawl back into her affections."

Rosemarie, he concludes, is the supreme summer girl for the discriminating fiction reader this year, and one whose little romance, beginning in bubbling blitheness and ending in the strength that comes of suffering will not be forgotten for many a year to come.

Agnes Repplier in the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* is no less enthusiastic. "The new novel," she affirms, "is a good gray book which will have scant appeal to the large school girl clientèle which craves an abundance of tinsel on its mental furnishings. Fräulein Schmidt is one of the few women in novels who, in fact as well as in name, deserves the title of a heroine. With nothing to inspire and most things to daunt her, she lives a sordid life splendidly. There are many to appreciate courage but few to understand heroism, a quality that to the Philistine is foolishness and to the Materialist a stumbling block. Consequently it is unlikely that the book will have the popularity either of the author's celebrated garden book or the bewitching idyl which told how the Princess Priscilla ran away from the dull routine of a German court for a fortnight's freedom."

\*FRAULEIN SCHMIDT AND MR. ANSTRUTHER. By the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." Charles Scribner's Sons.

The book hardly belongs in the novel class. It is, in the critic's opinion, next in succession to that royal line of Autocrat, Professor and Poet at the Breakfast Table, a series which it frequently recalls. She says on this point:

"Fräulein Schmidt gives us a collection of thumb-nail essays, errant fancies and opinions on life, literature, Shakespeare and the musical glasses, science, religion, death, anything, in short, that chances momentarily to swim to the surface from the rich depths of the writer's subconscious mentality. As in the famous Holmes's books the ethical purpose and graceful bits of philosophizing are woven around the personalities of living men and women in order to hold the interest of readers whose fancy for the abstract is easily satisfied. The kind of people whom one would naturally meet in a German university town are touched vividly but briefly into the picture of Fräulein Schmidt's daily life. She had, however, the proud gift of being sufficient unto herself, and in common with all such masters in the art of living she is thus more than sufficient to encourage and inspire those who come in contact with her, whether within or without the book. Her daily prayer might have been a replica of the noble plea, 'Teach me to need no help of men that I may help such men as need.'

"The message of the book is very much the same as the problem—perhaps we should say a problem—of Shaw's 'Candida.' Which one is richer, the person whose wealth of opportunity serves to scatter self-reliance and the power of direct vision or the man who, having nothing, yet possesses all things? Fräulein Schmidt, like Eugene Marchbanks, was a virtuoso in that art of arts how to live without happiness, and her book stands as a guidepost to those who would become similarly adept."

Zangwill is a temperamental paradox. In his books pathos intermingles with sarcasm and humor, and we are often at loss to know whether we should laugh or cry. Of late much of his energy has been devoted to the Zionist movement. He also, as a recent critic remarked, is one of the strongest and most original forces in English fiction of the present time. Nowhere is the duality of his nature more freely and exquisitely revealed than in his latest collection of stories\* in which he accomplishes the rare feat of combining the functions of artist and partizan without loss to either. "Each story," remarks *The Nation*, "stands complete in itself, may be read by itself purely as a new example of his witty observation, as an amusing hit of character-sketching without reference to the reader's attitude toward the Jewish question. Taken as a whole, however, each story will prove to form a part of a wonderful piece of affectionate satire

and speculation upon the attitude of the Jewish world toward its own contemporary problems."

Zangwill, being of Heine's kindred, does not cultivate illusion. He strives, as far as he can, to see things as they are, and sees so fearlessly and yet so sympathetically that he often succeeds in distilling charm out of even the unloveliest attributes. This process is most plainly perceived in the first of these stories where a painter has found an ideal model for his "Man of Sorrows," and paints the noble figure and sorrow-haunted face as the symbol of "The Christ of the Peoples," a Christ incarnated in the race of Judah, only to discover that the model in question is a cringing fraud, an oily-tongued liar. And behold, he modifies his original conception and adds to the noble lines of sorrow of the portrait a low line of cunning. For the discovery reveals to him the real tragedy of the Jew, "the martyrdom of an Israel unworthy of her sufferings," "to have persisted sublimely and to be as sordidly perverted"—"to be king and knave in one." "That," remarks *The Saturday Review* (London) "is finely seen and finely said." The same delicate perception is evident in the sculptor's detection, in another story, of a root of anti-Semitism in the Jew himself. "It was merely a part of their general imitation of their neighbors—Jews reflecting everything had reflected even the dislike of the Jews." Thus he establishes in the person of Sir Asher, a rich Jewish merchant, the ironic trinity of the Briton, the Jew and the anti-Semite. This story suggests to *The Saturday Review* that in spite of his irrepressible and ineradicable peculiarities it is the strange chameleon quality in the Jew which has assisted most in his preservation, the power to persuade even himself of his capacity to assimilate an alien nationality, while most fiercely conscious of the immanence of his own. Mr. Zangwill dwells on both aspects and makes us conscious of an element of strangeness in cosmopolitan life which we are wont to neglect. G. S. Street, writing in the London *Academy*, says on this point:

"Once more, in reading this last book, I feel as when I read in its predecessors the strangeness and vividness of the fact he brings home so vividly—that in the midst of us, a mile from one's door, or only round the corner, is a community profoundly and consciously alien. Every time, as I came across the expression, I felt a pleasant little thrill of strangeness, that there are people we may meet and do business with habitually who regard us as 'the heathen,' their born inferiors, the born objective of their skill. It is wonderful to read of ritual, yet observed, which has been kept from father to son through all the wanderings and sojournings since it was ordained in the distant Eastern past, and wonderful are the comedies, and still more the tragedies, which come of the clash of all this with new contiguities and new

\*GHETTO COMEDIES. By Israel Zangwill. The Macmillan Company.

developments. One of Mr. Zangwill's best themes is the old Jewish man or woman who sees beloved children straying into 'heathen' ways, or even proposing 'heathen' marriage. Such a figure is the old mother in 'Anglicization.' And it is, by the way, with old people and with children that Mr. Zangwill is most understanding and therefore most tender; on striving and especially on successful men and women his touch is harder and sometimes indifferent."

It is Zangwill's sense of justice and the subtlety of his partizanship that brings the people of his Ghettoes nearer to our hearts. The Jew in fiction, observes Mary Moss, in *The Bookman*, suffers much from indiscreet champions. Shyllock is superior to Daniel Deronda or Sidonia. "The curious cumulative effect of these stories," Miss Moss goes on to say, "is that in spite of unsparing satire and the openness with which Mr. Zangwill treats the foibles of his people, he still gives a far more interesting and sympathetic impression than could be made by indiscriminate praise." To quote further:

"Throughout the tone is light (altho his earlier flippancy and over 'smartness' have entirely sloughed away), the dialog is full of wisdom, but swift, witty and without too much emphasis. In fact, with a few exceptions till the last story, he vindicates the title Comedies if not in always supplying the literal, happy ending, at least in giving a point of view colored by characteristic Jewish humor, the mellow and robust fun of his own inimitable 'King of the Schnorrers.'

"Mr. Zangwill has never been more serious than in this enigmatic volume, and never has his capacity showed more clearly than in his successful illumining of the unattractive and the absurd with an appreciative love, which establishes the existence of noble and lovable qualities in the very object of his satire. Never has he proved more plainly that a special theme in no way hampers an artist, if only the artist be sufficiently strong and fecund to resist over-specialization and to remain alive and sentient within his chosen field."

Norman Duncan's latest book\* is a story of Newfoundland, the American Ultima Thule. We gather from the publisher's announcement that the novel is "somewhat like Dickens, somewhat like Stevenson, somewhat like Barrie and yet absolutely unlike any of the stories of these great writers." A majority of the reviewers have merely spun out the glowing sentences thus set forth by the publishers into lengthy eulogies. There have been few reviews which possess an individuality or bear evidence of independent research between the covers of Mr. Duncan's book. One critic frankly reprints the publisher's estimate and accepts it. Not, however, content with this, he adds that the announcement

by no means exhausts the truth. "It tells nothing, for example, of the adroit manner in which Mr. Duncan covers up his plot, and ignores the rare charm of the manner of his writing. Indeed," he exclaims, in lyric ecstasy, "this is a book to which it is difficult to do justice. It has so many qualities which are as delicate as the song of the nightingale or the odor of the water-lily." Then follows half a column of picturesque bits of Mr. Duncan's description of the sea and life at Twist Tickle, and finally we are informed that while there may be some novel readers who will fail to appreciate the beauty of the story, they are to be pitied.

The story is romantic, the chief characters being a delightful ancient mariner by the name of Nicholas Top and a boy entrusted to him, in a shipwreck, whom he is bound to bring up as a gentleman in fear and admiration of the Bible and Lord Chesterfield. Old Nick himself is a drunkard and a roysterer, but his heart is in the right place and a more grotesque figure, the *Boston Transcript* informs us, never walked through the pages of fiction. We are introduced into this strange creature's home and see him bringing up his ward Dannie in comfort and luxury, while he himself in the small house lives a life of poverty and semi-privation. A tutor is imported directly from London to educate Dannie as a gentleman should be educated. We watch the development of Dannie's love for the little girl Judith and its disastrous effect upon the tutor, and read of a dozen happenings, stretching from the ridiculous to the sublime, that have no direct bearing upon the story, but which, nevertheless, while we are reading them, seem to be an integral part of it. And all the while persists this strange contrast between Nicholas Top and Dannie—the uncouth and vulgar sailor companioned by a dainty lad whose attire reaches such extravagance that he becomes the laughing stock of the people of St. Johns on his semi-annual visit to that city. But the money that meets the expenses of the little lad's education is gotten by blackmail from the man who was responsible for the wrecking of the boat in which Dannie's father lost his life. When toward the end Judith disappears in the tumult of love-making, the *Shining Light*, a boat, is rigged and Dannie starts in pursuit of his golden girl and finally wins her. The story speaks, in the *Transcript's* opinion, "in the first place for its author's gifts—we had almost said genius—as a narrator and a delineator of character." The real secret of his charm seems to us to consist in the fact that, as the same reviewer goes on to say, his story is the very antithesis of realism. "Dealing with real people in a real portion of the earth at a definite

\*THE CRUISE OF THE SHINING LIGHT. By Norman Duncan. Harper's.



period of time, it nevertheless cloaks them in the mantle of the romantic so absolutely that we read the story on and on to the very end in the same state of mind wherewith a fairytale absorbs us."

*The Evening Post* discovers in the book something both of Mr. Jacobs and Mr. Phillpotts. This, it insists, implies no charge of plagiarism, but is a tribute to the convincing quality of the book. There is something of Phillpotts's peculiar intensity and also of the curious moral twist that we are apt to associate with that author's saturnine tales. *The Evening Post* reviewer differs from the *Transcript* in that the story leaves upon his mind the additional impression of force and individuality, if not photographic truth. "Perhaps," he adds, "upon another retina the life at Twist Tickle might make a less harsh impression of a community rife with unwedded mothers, unfathered children. But whatever the literal fact, no one can doubt that Mr. Duncan reflects the shadow cast by facts upon his own special individuality. Hence, 'The Cruise of the Shining Light' may lay definite claim to be considered as a real book—that indefinable result of original personal impulse and conservative literary tradition."

It is not impossible that Maxim Gorky's new novel,\* ably translated by Thomas Seltzer, may in some degree redeem the gifted Russian in the eyes of the American public. At the time of Gorky's unfortunate sojourn in the United States, it was not generally recognized that the lady whose presence caused so much mischievous comment was regarded in Russia and by Gorky himself as his legal conjugal companion. However this may be, in this novel, written in our midst, Tolstoy's great contemporary proves that in whatever strange night-refuges his body may have strayed he still possesses the vision of a poet and the heart of a child.

It is not a gripping novel, this book. It is not pleasant to read. At times it is distinctly dull. But there is masterly delineation of character in it, there are marvelous bits of description, and every now and then there seems to rise from the pages the sweet sorrowing face of a woman—the Universal Mother, a symbol of the most chaste and most unselfish of loves.

Reviewers differ in their estimate of the book as a work of art. The majority praise it; some find fault with it; one or two are enthusiastic. William Marion Reedy, of the *St. Louis Mirror*, discovers in it something of Hugo's humanity and his incisiveness. "Mother," he remarks, "is a book that Victor Hugo would gladly have fath-

ered. It is *the* book of the year." The scrappy but bright literary critic of *The Musical Leader and Concertgoer* (Chicago) speaks likewise of the novel as a "great, a very great book, one of the greatest published in our time." "Gorky," he or she says, "is a literary Titan." To quote further:

"Here is a book that makes one sneer at the recollection of many a novel that in its day has seemed not negligible. In his poignant, at times well nigh unendurably poignant, pages, we get a Dantesque picture of the great revolutionary movement now convulsing the land of the Czar. His book is an Homeric epic of Russian poverty and bureaucratic brutality."

*The Nation* observes that a general public which connects the name of Gorky with squalid realism and moral laxity should read this moving and human story. "Hardly elsewhere has Socialism spoken with a voice at once so deep and so gentle."

*The Saturday Review of Books* describes the heroine of Gorky's book as a "dazed, cowed creature, beaten into a dumb acceptance of her lot:"

"Her youth had passed ere the death of the beast, her husband, released her from the fear which had mastered all other feeling, even love for her only child. From this son she expected little. 'Mothers are not pitied. She knew it.' But when first she saw that 'he was sorry for his mother,' a dim, inarticulate new emotion was born within her. 'His eyes, his face, his words—it all clutched at her heart, filling her with a sense of pride for her son, who truly understood the life of his mother, and spoke the truth about her and her sufferings, and pitied her.' And then, as he opened to her his heart, his young enthusiasms, his purpose to 'study and then teach others,' to help his fellow-workingmen to understand why life was so hard for them all, and to fight with them against its injustice, her mind long stricken into mute submission began to stir in response to his. Trembling and afraid, she accepted his comrades and his vocation as hers, until at last her spirit was awake and fearless. Consecrated to the cause which absorbed her boy, she even sprang before him to the altar of sacrifice."

Yet, the reviewer affirms, the author's aim is not merely to point out the profound soul of motherhood. Those who listened to this mother's narrative of "her poor life, her wrongs and patient sufferings," were not merely stirred to pity for her; they were "impressed by the deep significance of the unadorned story of a human being who was regarded as cattle are regarded, and who, without a murmur, for a long time felt herself to be that which she was held to be. It seemed to them as if thousands, nay millions, of lives spoke through her mouth. Her existence had been commonplace and simple, but such is the simple ordinary existence of the multitudes, and her story, assuming ever large proportions in their eyes, took on the significance of a symbol." Gorky's book is, in a sense, the story of modern Russia.

\*MOTHER. By Maxim Gorky. D. Appleton & Company.

## The Transfiguration of Miss Philura

This little story\* by Florence Morse Kingsley has been dramatized by Henry Blossom (of "The Red Mill" fame) and is announced for presentation on the stage the coming season. It was first published six years ago in *The Saturday Evening Post* and afterward appeared in book form with the imprint of Funk & Wagnalls Company, with whose permission it is here printed in full. The author has decided ideas on the subject of the "New Thought," but it is next to impossible to tell from this story whether she meant it as a gentle satire or as a humorous defense of the philosophy of Ralph Waldo Trine and his school. We doubt if she herself can tell. We understand, however, that the disciples of the "New Thought" take very kindly to the tale and that young marriageable ladies have in more than one locality formed themselves into Philura Clubs for the purpose of testing the capacity of "the All-Encircling Good" to gratify their various desires. As a matter of fact a number of young ladies now happily married have written to Mrs. Kingsley attributing their matrimonial success to the use of Miss Philura's tactics!

### CHAPTER I



MISS PHILURA RICE tied her faded bonnet strings under her faded chin with hands that trembled a little; then she leaned forward and gazed anxiously at the reflection which confronted her. A somewhat pinched and wistful face it was, with large, light-lashed blue eyes, arched over with a mere pretense at eyebrows. More than once in her twenties Miss Philura had ventured to eke out this scanty provision of Nature with a modicum of burned match stealthily applied in the privacy of her virgin chamber. But the twenties, with their attendant dreams and follies, were definitely past; just how long past no one knew exactly—Miss Philura never informed the curious on this point.

As for the insufficient eyebrows, they symbolized, as it were, a meager and restricted life, vaguely acknowledged as the dispensation of an obscurely hostile but consistent Providence; a Providence far too awful and exalted—as well as hostile—to interest itself benignantly in so small and neutral a personality as stared back at her from the large, dim mirror of Cousin Maria Van Deuser's third-story back bedroom. Not that Miss Philura ever admitted such dubious thoughts to the select circle of her conscious reflections; more years ago than she cared to count she had grappled with her discontent, had thrust it resolutely out of sight, and on the top of it she had planted a big stone marked Resignation. Nevertheless, at times the stone heaved and trembled ominously.

At sound of a brisk tap at her chamber door the lady turned with a guilty start to find the fresh-colored, impertinent face of the French maid obtruding itself into the room.

"Ze madame waits," announced this individual, and with a coldly comprehensive eye swept the small figure from head to foot.

"Yes, yes, my dear, I am quite ready—I am coming at once!" faltered Miss Philura, with a propitiatory smile, and more than ever painfully aware that the skirt of her best black gown was irremediably short and scant, that her waist was too flat, her shoulders too sloping, her complexion faded, her forehead wrinkled, and her bonnet unbecoming.

As she stepped uncertainly down the dark, narrow stairway she rebuked herself severely for these vain and worldly thoughts. "To be a church member, in good and regular standing, and a useful member of society," she assured herself strenuously, "should be and *is* sufficient for me."

Ten minutes later, Miss Philura, looking smaller and more insignificant than usual, was seated in the carriage opposite Mrs. J. Mortimer Van Deuser—a large, heavily upholstered lady of majestic deportment, paying diligent heed to the words of wisdom which fell from the lips of her hostess and kinswoman.

"During your short stay in Boston," that lady was remarking impressively, "you will, of course, wish to avail yourself of those means of culture and advancement so sadly lacking in your own environment. This, my dear Philura, is preeminently the era of progressive thought. We can have at best, I fear, but a faint conception of the degree to which mankind will be able, in the years of the coming century, to shake off the gross and material limitations of sense."

Mrs. Van Deuser paused to settle her sables preliminary to recognizing with an expansive smile an acquaintance who flashed by them in a victoria; after which she adjusted the diamonds in her large, pink ears, and proceeded with unctuous tranquillity. "On this occasion, my dear Philura, you will have the pleasure of listening to an address by Mrs. B. Isabelle Smart, one of our most advanced thinkers along this line. You will, I trust, be able to derive from her words aliment which will influence the entire trend of your individual experience."

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"Where—in what place will the lady speak—I mean, will it be in the church?" ventured Miss Philura in a depressed whisper. She sighed apprehensively as she glanced down at the tips of her shabby gloves.

"The lecture will take place in the drawing-room of the Woman's Ontological Club," responded Mrs. Van Deuser, adding with austere sweetness of tone: "The club deals exclusively with those conceptions or principles which lie at the base of all phenomena; including being, reality, substance, time, space, motion, change, identity, difference and cause—in a word, my dear Philura, with ultimate metaphysical philosophy." A majestic and conclusive sweep of a perfectly gloved hand suggested infinity and reduced Miss Philura into shrinking silence.

When Mrs. B. Isabelle Smart began to speak she became almost directly aware of a small, wistful face, with faded blue eyes and a shabby, unbecoming bonnet, which, surrounded as it was on all sides by tossing plumes, rich velvets and sparkling gems, with their accompaniments of full-fleshed, patrician countenances, took to itself a look of positive distinction. Mrs. Smart's theme, as announced by the president of the Ontological Club, was Thought Forces and the Infinite, a somewhat formidable-sounding subject, but one which the pale, slight, plainly dressed but singularly bright-eyed lady, put forward as the speaker of the afternoon, showed no hesitancy in attacking.

Before three minutes had passed Miss Philura Rice had forgotten that such things as shabby gloves, ill-fitting gowns, unbecoming bonnets and superfluous birthdays existed. In ten minutes more she was leaning forward in breathless attention, the faded eyes aglow, the unbecoming bonnet pushed back from a face more wistful than ever, but flushed with a joyful excitement.

"This unseen Good hems us about on every side," the speaker was saying, with a comprehensive sweep of her capable-looking hands. "It presses upon us, more limitless, more inexhaustible, more free than the air that we breathe! Out of it *every* need, *every* want, *every* yearning of humanity can be, must be, supplied. To you, who have hitherto led starved lives, hungering, longing for the good things which you believe a distant and indifferent God has denied you—to you I declare that in this encircling, ever-present, invisible, exhaustless Beneficence is already provided a lavish abundance of everything which you can possibly want or think! Nay, desire itself is but God—Good—Love, knocking at the door of your consciousness. It is impossible for you to

desire anything that is not already your own! It only remains for you to bring the invisible into visibility—to take of the everlasting substance what you will!

"And how must you do this? Ask, and *believe that you have!* You have asked many times, perhaps, and have failed to receive. Why? You have failed to *believe*. Ask, then, for what you will! Ask, and at once return thanks for what you have asked! In the asking and *believing* is the thing itself made manifest. Declare that it is yours! Expect it! Believe it! Hold to it without wavering—no matter how empty your hands may seem! *It is yours*, and God's infinite creation shall lapse into nothingness; His stars shall fall from high Heaven like withered leaves sooner than that you shall fail to obtain all that you have asked!"

When, at the close of the lecture, Mrs. B. Isabelle Smart became the center of a polite yet insistent crush of satins, velvets and broadcloths, permeated by an aroma of violets and a gentle hum of delicate flattery, she was aware of a timid hand upon her arm, and turned to look into the small eager face under the unfashionable bonnet.

"You—you meant religious gifts, did you not?" faltered the faint, discouraged voice; "faith, hope and—and—the—the being resigned to God's will, and—and endeavoring to bear the cross with patience."

"I meant *everything* that you want," answered the bright-eyed one with deliberate emphasis, the bright eyes softening as they took in more completely the pinched outlines and the eager child's look shining from out the worn and faded woman's face.

"But—but there is so much! I—I never had anything that I really wanted—things, you know, that one could hardly mention in one's prayers."

"Have them now. Have them all. God is all. All is God. You are God's. God is yours!"

Then the billowing surges of silk and velvet swept the small, inquiring face into the background with the accustomed ease and relentlessness of billowing surges.

Having partaken copiously of certain "material beliefs" consisting of salads and sandwiches, accompanied by divers cups of strong coffee, Mrs. J. Mortimer Van Deuser had become pleasantly flushed and expansive. "A most unique, comprehensive and uplifting view of our spiritual environment," she remarked to Miss Philura when the two ladies found themselves on their homeward way. Her best society smile still lingered blandly about the curves and creases of her stolid, high-colored visage; the dying violets on

her massive satin bosom gave forth their sweetest parting breath.

The little lady on the front seat of the carriage sat very erect; red spots glowed upon her faded cheeks. "I think," she said tremulously, "that it was just—wonderful! I—I am so very happy to have heard it. Thank you a thousand times, dear Cousin Maria, for taking me."

Mrs. Van Deuser raised her gold-rimmed glasses and settled them under arching brows, while the society smile faded quite away. "Of course," she said coldly, "one should make due and proper allowance for facts—as they exist. And also—er—consider above all what interpretation is best suited to one's individual station in life. Truth, my dear Philura, adapts itself freely to the needs of the poor and lowly as well as to the demands of those upon whom devolve the higher responsibilities of wealth and position; our dear Master Himself spoke of the poor as always with us, you will remember. A lowly but pious life, passed in humble recognition of God's chastening providence, is doubtless good and proper for many worthy persons."

Miss Philura's blue eyes flashed rebelliously for perhaps the first time in uncounted years. She made no answer. As for the long and presumably instructive homily on the duties and prerogatives of the lowly, lasting quite up to the moment when the carriage stopped before the door of Mrs. Van Deuser's residence, it fell upon ears which heard not. Indeed, her next remark was so entirely irrelevant that her august kinswoman stared in displeased amazement. "I am going to purchase some—some necessities tomorrow, Cousin Maria; I should like Fifine to go with me."

Miss Philura acknowledged to herself, with a truthfulness which she felt to be almost brazen, that her uppermost yearnings were of a wholly mundane character.

During a busy and joyous evening she endeavored to formulate these thronging desires; by bedtime she had even ventured—with the aid of a stubbed lead pencil—to indite the most immediate and urgent of these wants as they knocked at the door of her consciousness. The list, hidden guiltily away in the depths of her shabby purse, read somewhat as follows:

"I wish to be beautiful and admired. I want two new dresses; a hat with plumes and a silk petticoat that rustles. I want some new kid gloves and a feather boa (a long one made of ostrich feathers). I wish—" The small, blunt pencil had been lifted in air for the space of three minutes before it again descended; then, with cheeks that burned, Miss Philura had writ-

ten the fateful words: "I wish to have a lover and to be married."

"There, I have done it!" she said to herself, her little fingers trembling with agitation. "He must already exist in the encircling Good. He is mine. I am engaged to be married at this very moment!"

To lay this singular memorandum before her Maker appeared to Miss Philura little short of sacrilegious; but the thought of the mysterious Abundance of which the seeress had spoken, urging itself, as it were, upon her acceptance, encouraged her. She arose from her evening orisons with a glowing face. "I have asked," she said aloud, "and I believe I shall have."

Mademoiselle Fifine passed a very enjoyable morning with Miss Philura. To choose, to purchase, and above all to transform the ugly into the beautiful, filled the French woman's breast with enthusiasm. Her glance, as it rested upon her companion's face and figure, was no longer coldly critical, but cordially appreciative. "Ze madame," she declared, showing her white teeth in a pleasant smile, "has very many advantage. *L'oilà, ze hair—c'est admirable*, as any one may perceive! Pardon, while for one little minute I arrange! Ah—*mon Dieu!* Regard ze difference!"

The two were at this moment in a certain millinery shop conducted by a discreet and agreeable compatriot of Fifine's. This individual now produced a modest hat of black, garnished with plumes, which, set lightly on the loosened bands of golden-brown hair, completed the effect "*délicieusement!*" declared the French women in chorus.

With a beating heart Miss Philura stared into the mirror at her changed reflection. "It is quite—quite true!" she said aloud. "It is all true."

Fifine and the milliner exchanged delightful shrugs and grimaces. In truth, the small, erect figure, in its perfectly fitting gown, bore no resemblance to the plain, elderly Miss Philura of yesterday. As for the face beneath the nodding plumes, it was actually radiant—transfigured—with joy and hope.

Mrs. J. Mortimer Van Deuser regarded the apparition which greeted her at luncheon with open disapproval! This new Miss Philura, with the prettily flushed cheeks, the bright eyes, the fluff of waving hair, and—yes, actually a knot of fragrant violets at her breast, had given her an unpleasant shock of surprise. "I am sure I hope you can afford all this," was her comment, with a deliberate adjustment of eyebrows and glasses calculated to add mordant point and emphasis to her words.

"Oh, yes," replied Miss Philura tranquilly, but



with heightened color; "I can afford whatever I like now."

Mrs. Van Deuser stared hard at her guest. She found herself actually hesitating before Philura Rice. Then she drew her massive figure to its full height, and again bent the compelling light of her gold-rimmed glasses full upon the small person of her kinswoman. "What—er—I do not understand," she began lamely. "Where did you obtain the money for all this?"

Miss Philura raised her eyebrows ever so little—somehow they seemed to suit the clear blue eyes admirably to-day.

"The money?" she repeated, in a tone of surprise. "Why, out of the bank, of course."

Upon the fact that she had drawn out and expended in a single morning nearly the whole of the modest sum commonly made to supply her meager living for six months Miss Philura bestowed but a single thought. "In the all-encircling Good," she said to herself serenely, "there is plenty of money for me; why, then, should I not spend this?"

## CHAPTER II

The village of Innisfield was treated to a singular surprise on the Sunday morning following, when Miss Philura Rice, newly returned from her annual visit to Boston, walked down the aisle to her accustomed place in the singers' seat. Whispered comment and surmise flew from pew to pew, sandwiched irreverently between hymn, prayer and sermon. Indeed, the last-mentioned portion of the service, being of unusual length and dulness, was utilized by the female members of the congregation in making a minute inventory of the amazing changes which had taken place in the familiar figure of their townswoman.

"Philura's had money left her, I shouldn't wonder;" "Her Cousin Van Deuser's been fixin' her up;" "She's a-goin' to be married!" were some of the opinions, wholly at variance with the text of the discourse, which found their way from mouth to mouth.

Miss Electa Pratt attached herself with decision to her friend, Miss Rice, directly the service was at an end. "I'm just dying to hear all about it!" she exclaimed, with a fond pressure of the arm linked within her own—this after the two ladies had extricated themselves from the circle of curious and critical faces at the church door.

Miss Philura surveyed the speaker with meditative eyes; it seemed to her that Miss Pratt was curiously altered since she had seen her last.

"Have you had a fortune left you?" went on her inquisitor, blinking enviously at the nodding

plumes which shaded Miss Philura's blue eyes. "Everybody says you have; and that you are going to get married soon. I'm sure you'll tell me everything!"

Miss Philura hesitated for a moment. "I haven't exactly had money left me," she began; then her eyes brightened. "I have all that I need," she said, and straightened her small figure confidently.

"And are you going to be married, dear?"

"Yes," said Miss Philura distinctly.

"Well, I never—Philura Rice!" almost screamed her companion. "Do tell me *when*; and *who* is it?"

"I cannot tell you that—now," said Miss Philura simply. "He is in—" She was about to add "the encircling Good," but she reflected that Miss Pratt might fail to comprehend her. "I will introduce you to him—later," she concluded with dignity.

To follow the fortunes of Miss Philura during the ensuing weeks were a pleasant tho monotonous task; the encircling Good proved itself wholly adequate to the demands made upon it. Tho there was little money in the worn purse, there were numerous and pressing invitations to tea, to dinner, and to spend the day, from hosts of friends who had suddenly become warm, affectionate and cordially appreciative; and not even the new Methodist minister's wife could boast of such lavish donations, in the shape of new-laid eggs, frosted cakes, delicate biscuit, toothsome crullers and choice fruits as found their way to Miss Philura's door.

The recipient of these manifold favors walked, as it were, upon air. "For unto every one that hath shall be given," she read in the privacy of her own shabby little parlor, "and he shall have abundance."

"Everything that I want is mine!" cried the little lady, bedewing the pages of Holy Writ with happy tears. The thought of the lover and husband who, it is true, yet lingered in the invisible, brought a becoming blush to her cheek. "I shall see him soon," she reflected tranquilly. "He is mine—mine!"

At that very moment Miss Electa Pratt was seated in the awe-inspiring reception-room of Mrs. J. Mortimer Van Deuser's residence in Beacon street. The two ladies were engaged in earnest conversation.

"What you tell me with regard to Philura fills me with surprise and alarm," Mrs. Van Deuser was remarking with something more than her accustomed majesty of tone and mien. "Philura Rice certainly did *not* become engaged to be

married during her stay in Boston. Neither has she been the recipient of funds from myself, nor, to the best of my knowledge, from any other member of the family. Personally, I have always been averse to the encouragement of extravagance and vanity in those destined by a wise Providence to pass their lives in a humble station. I fear exceedingly that Philura's visits to Boston have failed to benefit her as I wished and intended."

"But she *said* that she had money, and that she was going to get married," persisted Miss Pratt. "You don't suppose"—lowering her strident tones to a whisper—"that the poor thing is going crazy?"

Mrs. Van Deuser had concentrated her intellectual and penetrating orbs upon a certain triangular knob that garnished the handle of her visitor's umbrella; she vouchsafed no reply. When she did speak, after the lapse of some moments, it was to dismiss that worthy person with a practiced ease and adroitness which permitted of nothing further, either in the way of information or conjecture.

"Philura is, after all, a distant relative of my own," soliloquized Mrs. Van Deuser, "and *as such* is entitled to consideration."

Her subsequent cogitations presently took shape to themselves and became a letter, dispatched in the evening mail and bearing the address of the Rev. Silas Pettibone, Innisfield. Mrs. Van Deuser recalled in this missive Miss Philura's "unfortunate visit" to the Ontological Club, and the patent indications of its equally unfortunate consequences. "I should be inclined to take myself severely to task in the matter," wrote the excellent and conscientious lady, "if I had not improved the opportunity to explain at length, in the hearing of my misguided relative, the nature and scope of God's controlling providence, as signally displayed in His dealings with the humbler classes of society. As an under-shepherd of the lowly flock to which Miss Rice belongs, my dear Mr. Pettibone, I lay her spiritual state before you, and beg that you will at once endeavor to set right her erroneous views of the overruling guidance of the Supreme Being. I shall myself intercede for Philura before the Throne of Grace."

The Rev. Silas Pettibone read this remarkable communication with interest; indeed, after returning it to its envelope and bestowing it in his most inaccessible coat pocket, the under-shepherd of the lowly flock of Innisfield gave himself the task of resurrecting and reperusing the succinct yet weighty words of Mrs. Van Deuser.

If the Rev. Silas had been blessed with a wife, to whose nimble wits he might have submitted the case, it is probable that he would not have sat for so long a time in his great chair brooding over the contents of the violet-tinted envelope from Boston. But unfortunately the good minister had been forced to lay his helpmate beneath the rough sods of the village churchyard some three years previous. Since this sad event, it is scarcely necessary to state, he had found it essential to his peace of mind to employ great discretion in his dealings with the female members of his flock. He viewed the matter in hand with vague misgivings. Strangely enough, he had not heard of Miss Philura's good fortune, and to his

masculine and impartial vision there had appeared no especial change in the aspect or conduct of the little woman.

"Let me think," he mused, passing his white hand through the thick, dark locks, just touched with gray, which shaded his perplexed forehead. He was a personable man, was the Rev. Silas Pettibone. "Let me think: Miss Philura has been very regular in her attendance at church and prayer meeting of late. No, I have observed nothing wrong—nothing blameworthy in her walk and conversation. But I cannot approve of these—ah—clubs." He again cast his eye upon the letter. "Ontology, now, is certainly not a fit subject for the consideration of the female mind."

Having delivered himself of this sapient opinion, the reverend gentleman made ready for a round of parochial visits. Foremost on his list appeared the name of Miss Philura Rice. As he stood upon the door-step, shaded on either side by fragrant lilac plumes, he resolved to be particularly brief, though impressive, in his pastoral ministrations. If this especial member of his flock had wandered from the straight and narrow way into forbidden by-paths, it was his manifest duty to restore her in the spirit of meekness; but he would waste no unnecessary time or words in the process.

The sunshine, pleasantly interrupted by snowy muslin curtains, streamed in through the open windows of Miss Philura's modest parlor, kindling into scarlet flame the blossoms of the thrifty geranium which stood upon the sill, and flickered gently on the brown head of the little mistress of the house, seated with her sewing in a favorite rocking-chair. Miss Philura was unaffectedly glad to see her pastor. She told him at once that last Sunday's sermon was inspiring; that she felt sure that after hearing it the unconverted could hardly fail to be convinced of the error of their ways.

The Rev. Silas Pettibone seated himself opposite Miss Philura and regarded her attentively. The second-best new dress was undeniably becoming; the blue eyes under the childish brows beamed upon him cordially. "I am pleased to learn—ah—that you can approve the discourse of Sabbath morning," he began in somewhat labored fashion. "I have had occasion to—that is—er, my attention has been called of late to the fact that certain members of the church have—well, to put it briefly, some have fallen grievously away from the faith."

Miss Philura's sympathy and concern were at once apparent. "I do not see," she said simply, "how one can fall away from the faith. It is so beautiful to believe!"

The small, upturned face shone with so sweet and serene a light that the under-shepherd of the Innisfield flock leaned forward and fixed his earnest brown eyes on the clear blue eyes of the lady. In treatises relating to the affections this stage of the proceedings is generally conceded to mark a crisis. It marked a crisis on this occasion; during that moment the Rev. Silas Pettibone forgot at once and for all time the violet-tinted envelope in his coat-tail pocket. It was discovered six months later and consigned to oblivion by—but let us not anticipate.

"God is so kind, so generous!" pursued Miss Philura softly. "If we once know Him as our Father we can never again be afraid, or lonely,

or poor, or lacking for any good thing. How is it possible to fall away? I do not understand. Is it not because they do not know Him?"

It is altogether likely that the pastor of the Innisfield Presbyterian Church found conditions in the spiritual state of Miss Philura which necessitated earnest and prolonged admonition; at all events, the sun was sinking behind the western horizon when the reverend gentleman slowly and thoughtfully made his way toward the parsonage. Curiously enough, this highly respectable domicil had taken on during his absence an aspect of gloom and loneliness unpleasantly apparent. "A scarlet geranium in the window might improve it," thought the vaguely dissatisfied proprietor, as he put on his dressing gown and thrust his feet into his newest pair of slippers. (Presented by Miss Electa Pratt "to my pastor, with grateful affection.")

"I believe I failed to draw Miss Philura's attention to the obvious relation between faith and works," cogitated the reverend Silas, as he sat before his lonely hearth, placidly scorching the soles of his new slippers before the cheerful blaze. "It will be altogether advisable, I think, to set her right on that point without delay. I will—ah—just look in again for a moment to-morrow afternoon."

"God's purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour.  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower!"

sang the choir of the Innisfield Presbyterian Church one Sunday morning a month later. And Miss Philura Rice—as was afterward remarked—sang the words with such enthusiasm and earnestness that her high soprano soared quite above all the other voices in the choir, and this despite the fact that Miss Electa Pratt was putting forth her nasal contralto with more than wonted insistence.

The last-mentioned lady found the sermon—on the text, "Little children, love one another, for love is of God"—so extremely convincing and her own subsequent spiritual state in such an agitated condition that she took occasion to seek a private conversation with her pastor in his study on that same Sunday afternoon.

"I don't know *when* I've been so wrought up!" declared Miss Pratt, with a preliminary display of immaculate handkerchief. "I cried and cried after I got home from church this morning. Ma she sez to me, sez she, 'What ails you Lecty?' And I sez to ma, sez I, 'Ma, it was that blessed sermon. I don't know *when* I ever heard anything like it! That dear pastor of ours is just ripening for a better world!'" Miss Electa paused a moment to shed copious tears over this statement. "It does seem to me, dear Mr. Pettibone," she resumed, with a tender glance and a comprehensive sniff, "that you ain't looking as well as usual. I said so to Philura Rice as we was coming out of church, and I really hate to tell you how she answered me; only I feel as tho it was my duty. 'Mr. Pettibone is perfectly well!' she says, and tossed those feathers of hers higher'n ever. Philura's awful worldly, I do grieve to say—*If not worse*. I've been a-thinking for some time that it was my Christian duty (however painful) to tell you what Miss Van Deuser, of Boston, said about——"

The Rev. Silas Pettibone frowned with awful dignity. He brought down his closed fist upon his open Bible with forensic force and suddenness. "Miss Philura Rice," he said emphatically, "is one of the most spiritual—the most lovely and consistent—Christian characters it has ever been my privilege to know. Her faith and unworldliness are absolutely beyond the comprehension of—of—many of my flock. I must further tell you that I hope to have the great happiness of leading Miss Rice to the matrimonial altar in the near future."

Miss Electa Pratt sank back in her chair petrified with astonishment. "Well, I *must* say!" she gasped. "And she was engaged to you *all this time* and I never knew it!"

The Rev. Pettibone bent his eyes coldly upon his agitated parishioner. "I am at a loss to comprehend your very strange comment, Miss Pratt," he said; "the engagement has been of such very short duration that I cannot regard it as surprising that you should not have heard of it. It—ah—took place only yesterday."

Miss Electa straightened her angular shoulders with a jerk. "Yesterday!" she almost screamed. "Well! I can tell *you* that Philura Rice told *me* that she was engaged to be married more than three months ago!"

"You are certainly mistaken, madam," began the minister in a somewhat perturbed tone, which did not escape the notice of the now flushed and triumphant spinster.

"More than three months ago!" she repeated with incisive emphasis. "Now maybe you'll listen to me while I tell you what I know about Philura Rice!"

But the lady had reckoned without her host. The Rev. Silas arose to his feet with decision. "I certainly will *not* listen to anything derogatory to Miss Rice," he said sternly. "She is my promised wife, you will remember." With that the prudent minister beat a hasty retreat, to entrench himself without apology or delay in the inner fastnesses of the parsonage.

Miss Electa rolled her greenish orbs about the chamber of learning with a thoughtful smile. "If Philura Rice ain't crazy," she said aloud; "an' I guess she ain't far from it, she's told a wicked lie! In either case, it's my Christian duty to see this thing put a stop to!"

That evening after service Miss Philura, her modest cheeks dyed with painful blushes, confessed to her promised husband that she had indeed announced her intentions of matrimony some three months previous. "I wanted somebody to—love me," she faltered; "somebody in particular, you know; and—and I asked God to give me—a husband. After I had asked, of course I believed that I had. He—he was already in the encircling Good, you know, or I should not have wanted him! When Electa asked me point blank, what could I say without—without denying—*God?*"

The brave voice faltered more than once during this recital; and finally broke down altogether when the Rev. Silas Pettibone, his brown eyes shining, exclaimed in joyful yet solemn tones, "and God sent me!"

The encircling Good was perfectly manifest at that moment in the shape of two strong arms. Miss Philura rested in them and was glad.

# Humor of Life

## RETORT DISCOURTEOUS

Miss A. (pointedly): "None but the brave, Mr. B., deserve the fair."

Mr. B.: "None but the brave can live with some of them."

## LANDED

The "Seeing London" automobile rolled out of Piccadilly in the direction of Hyde Park.

"That, ladies and gents," shouted the guide, as they passed an ancient edifice surrounded by a high brick wall, "that is the town house of the Duke of Dea, one of our largest landed proprietors."

The eyes of the beautiful American on the back seat were illumined with sudden interest.

"Who landed him?" she cried.—*London Tit-Bits.*

## GREW TOO CHESTY

CUSTOMER: "Look here! All the buttons came off this coat the first time I wore it."

AARONHEIMER (the tailor): "Yes? So many people admire dat coat dat you shwell mit pride and burst dose buttons off."

## A MINERAL SPRING WORTH WHILE

CITY CHAP: "That's a wonderful mineral spring. It has iron in it, I guess."

FARMER WAYBACK: "Indeed it has. Why, ole Sol Perkins's mare drank outer that there spring, and, by Jove, she hain't been shod since! Her shoes just grow out natcherel from her hoofs."

## IMPROBABLE

MISS SMITH: I understand your son is pursuing his studies at college.

MR. WIGGINS: Yes; but from what I can ascertain, I don't believe he will ever catch up with them.—*Judy.*

## AVOIDING TROUBLE

"Don't you have considerable trouble in keeping your wife dressed in the height of fashion?"

"Not at all. The trouble would come if I didn't!"

## A SUBSTITUTE

CHILD OF THE FOUR HUNDRED: "Mother, I don't feel a bit inclined to go to church this morning. Why can't we just send our cards?"—*Woman's Home Companion.*

## HIS UNLUCKY DAYS

Seated in a row on the porch of an old country inn, with their chairs tipped back, some old cronies were going on about unlucky days. After all had given what they considered their unlucky days a quiet old chap at one end spoke up:

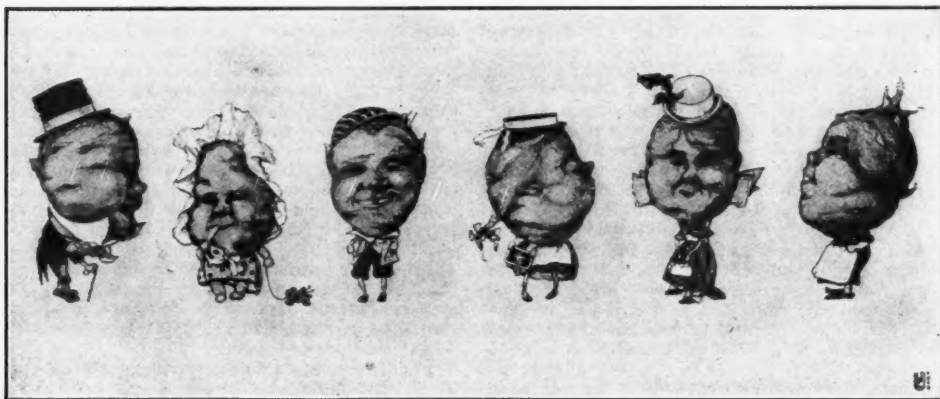
"Aa'll tell ye ma unlucky days. Aa's fund oot in ma time that it's unlucky to be struck wi' leetening on a Monday; or te be caught wiv a circular saw on a Tuesday; or te tumble owerboard on a Wednesday; or te be run ower by a motor car on a Thursday; or lose a ten-pun note on a Friday; or be bitten by a mad dog on a Saturday; and hev nowt for dinner on the Sunday!"—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

## HER LITTLE RABBIT

A story is told of Gounod which shows the difference between the French and the English style of regarding things. A music-mad young English lady was introduced to the great musician, and overwhelmed by the happiness of standing in the presence of the composer of "Faust," she addressed him thus:

"Oh, I am lost for words to express my admiration. Inspired musician, genius, mighty master, what shall I call you?" Gounod here interrupted her by patting her on the head and saying:

"Throw your arms around my neck and call me your little rabbit!"

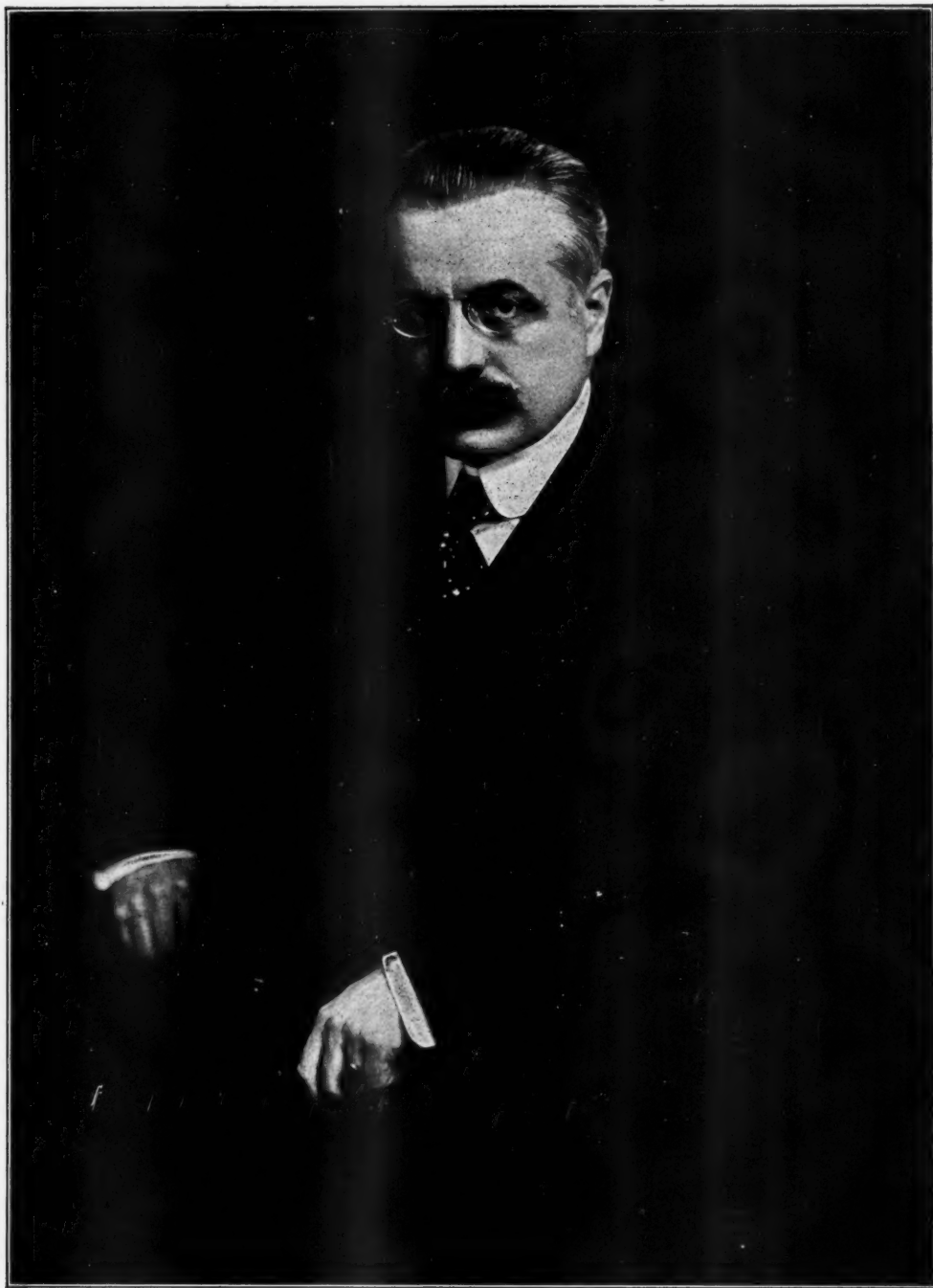


THE MURPHY FAMILY

—*Woman's Home Companion.*







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#### A METEORIC SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

The rapid rise of George Bruce Cortelyou is said to be unparalleled in American history. Eight years ago he was a stenographer and assistant secretary in the White House. In the last four years he has created one cabinet department, thoroly reorganized another, managed a presidential campaign with brilliant success, and is now discharging the duties of the second most important cabinet position.